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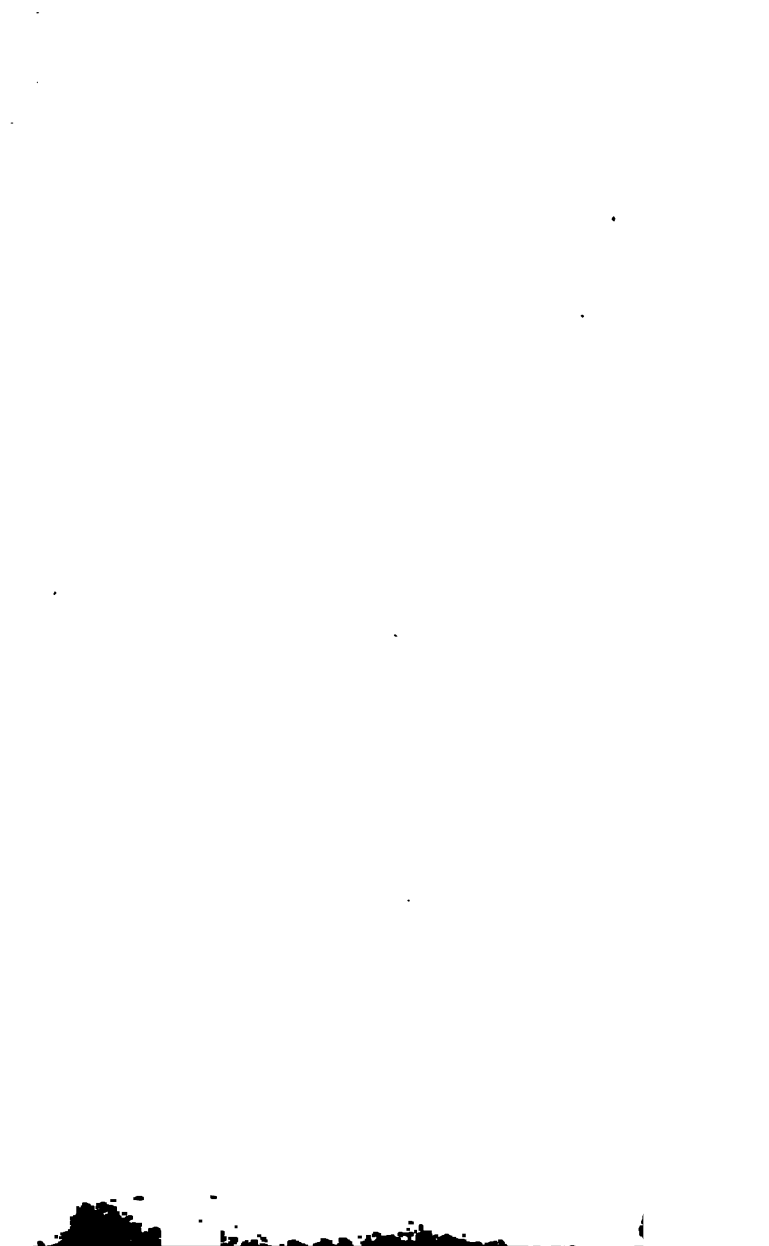
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Heaven was in him, before he was in heaven."

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“ Know, oh my Brothers ! that when I returned to the City of Baghdád, and met my Companions and my Family ; and was enjoying the utmost happiness and ease ; and had forgotten all that I had experienced ; and had become immersed in sport and mirth, leading the most delightful life ; my wicked soul suggested to me to . . . travel again to the Countries of other People.”

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TO
RICHARD GREENE, ESQ.
OF LICHFIELD.

MY DEAR GREENE,

IF regard for a fellow-citizen, esteem for his personal qualities, and respect for his liberal cultivation of the Fine Arts, be some apology for '*picking and stealing*' his Name,—you will not refuse me the benefit of that plea in thus allying *yours* with *mine*. But

“The Truth, dear Richard, needs no aid of speech,
So take it in the very Words of Creech.”*

“Libellum accipe, non multis quidem vigiliis et acri studiorum intentione,—aliquā tamen diligentia, elaboratum. Neque enim ad Te elegantissimi Ingenii Virum mitti aliquod debet, quod impolitum nimis foret et rude; Lepore, Vi, et Acumine omni destitutum.”

In plain English, believe me ever,

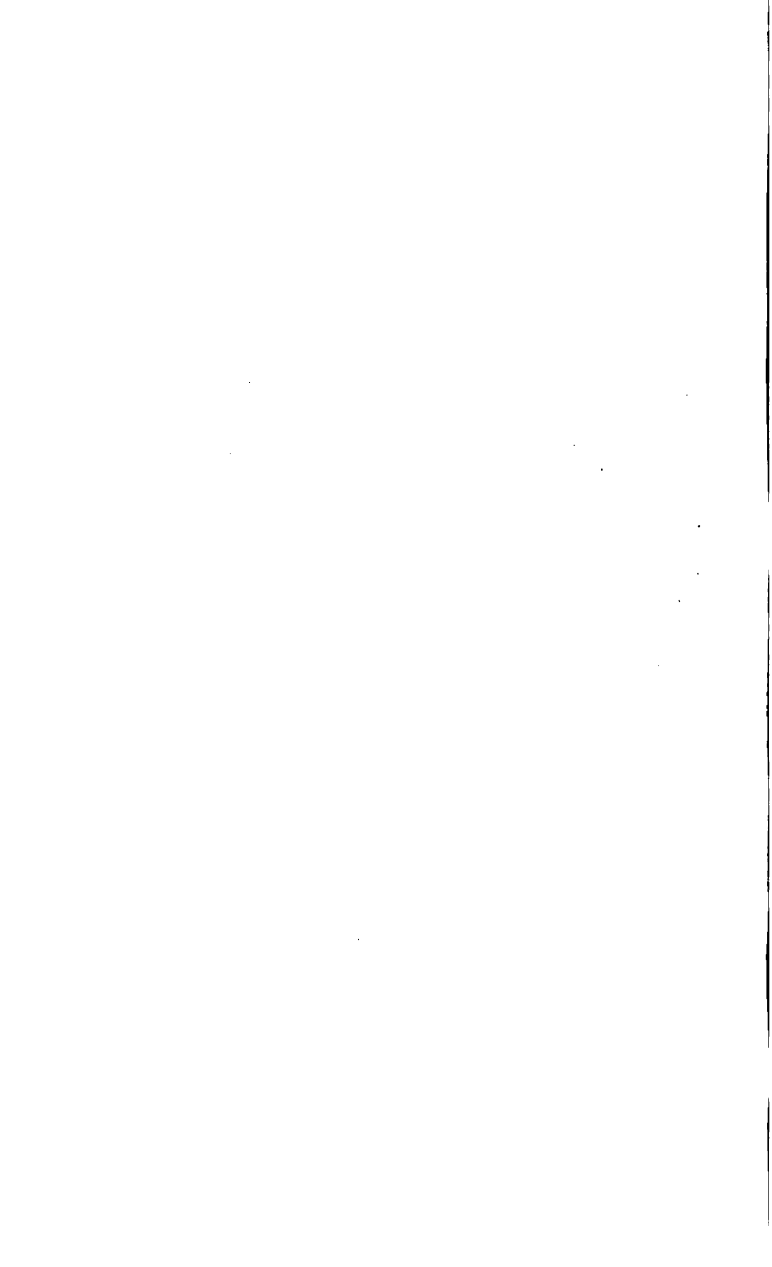
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* See his Preface to Lucretius.





PREFACE.

THERE is an *Old Saw* of which we have sundry *Modern Instances*,—

“ How many things are ill done because they are only once done !”

No one, however, appears to have been more bent on ascertaining the practical truth of this Adage than he of Baghdád :

“ Famed Mariner, whose merciless Narrations
Drove every Friend and Kinsman out of patience ;
Till fain to find a Guest who deem'd them shorter,
He deign'd to tell them over to a Porter.”*

Now I am pretty much in the worthy Sindbad's predicament, but still more in

* See Scott's Search after Happiness.

that of the celebrated John Bell, of whom it was affirmed that he had three "*hands o' write*", — one that he could read himself, — another which the privileged eye of his clerk alone could decypher, — and a third perfectly unintelligible to both.

Without, however, precisely criminating myself to this extent, one thing is clear, that no mortal would have waded through my fluctuating Penmanship, even supposing I could have endured the sight of my Vagrant Offspring in such an Erysipelas of Scrawl.

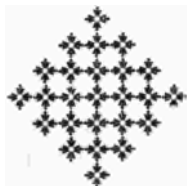
"I can read your Print-hand very well," saith Goldsmith's booby Squire; "but here there are such handles and shanks and dashes, that one can scarce tell the head from the tail!"

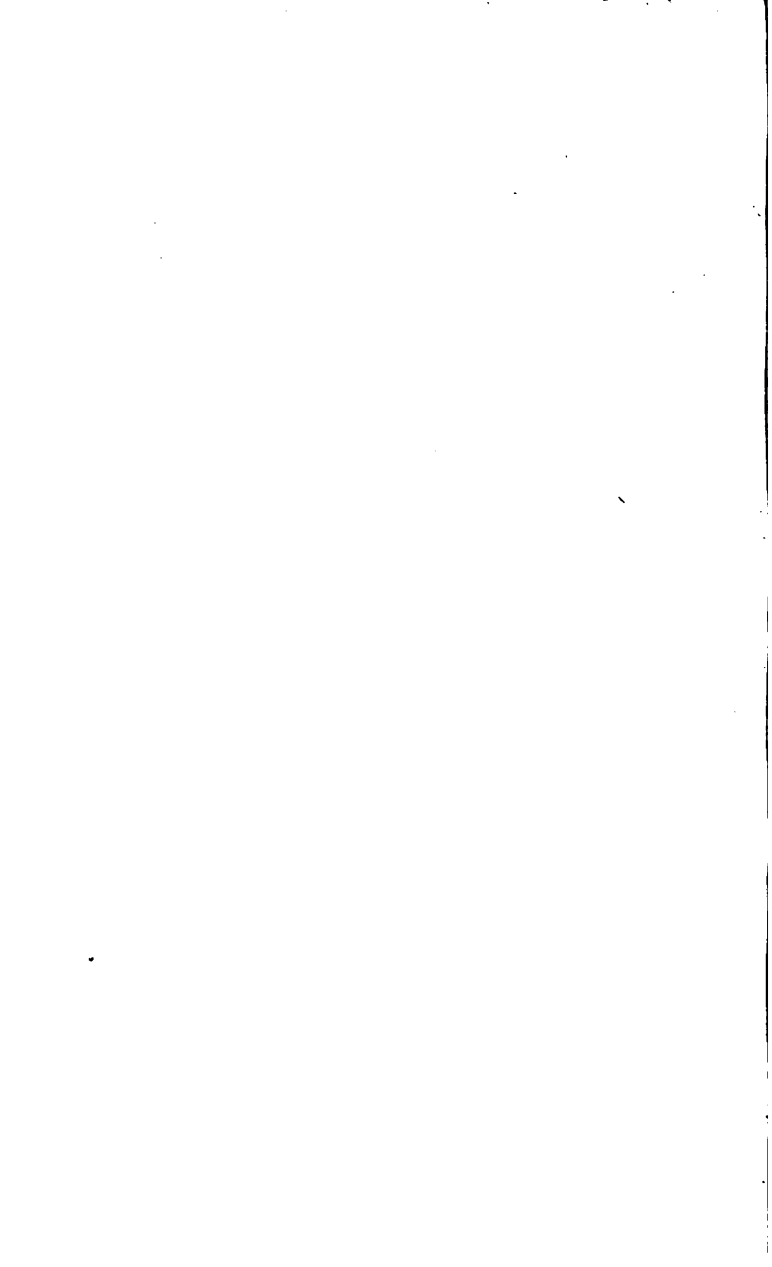
It is because I cordially entertain the admirable Tony Lumpkin's ideas on this subject, and am laudably desirous that others should take pleasure in reading what I have taken some pains in writing, that I hasten to emancipate my pages from the Fetters of

Manuscript, and array them in fair Typographical Garlands.

“ Ut enim Pictores, et ii qui Signa fabricantur, et vero etiam Poetæ, suum quisque Opus a Vulgo considerari vult, ut si quid reprehensum sit a pluribus, id corrigatur: hique et secum et cum aliis quid in eo peccatum sit exquirunt: sic aliorum iudicio permulta nobis et facienda et non facienda, et mutanda, et corrigenda sunt.—

CICERO DE OFFICIIS, L. I. C. 41.







A PILGRIM'S RELIQUARY.

Paris, 17th April, 1844.

ENFORST to seeke some covert nigh at hand,
A shadie grove not farr away they spide,
That promist ayde the tempest to withstand;
Whose loftie trees, yclad with sommer's pride,
Did spred so broad, that they heaven's light did hide,
Not perceable with power of any start:
And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward farre:
Faire harbour that them seems." FAERIE QUEENE.

FOR the first time in my life I now behold
green trees upon my birthday.

You, my dear —, who have so frequently
seen my table loaded on similar occasions, and so
munificently contributed to the costly accumu-
lation, will yet believe me when I declare that no
gift of natural affection or benevolent feeling ever
swelled my portfolio or embarrassed my book-
shelves so completely to my satisfaction as this
morning's salutation from the magnificent garden
groves of the Tuilleries.

Meurice has mounted us à cinqième, and for that too I am thankful, for looking forth from our exalted windows, we see to full advantage that ocean of leafy verdure, its vast surface undulating to each capricious air. The silvery poplar, pale brown oak leaf, exuberant chestnut, and sedately feathery elm, emulate each other in their efforts to attract the capricious zephyr to its own tender shade. Every day this royal wood is deepening into a richer hue. Every day (according to its rank in the encampment of Dame Nature) bourgeoning into a more superb luxuriance of fluttering silky green. Yes! every sunrise bears witness to the subtle fingers of Fauna, who, reversing the pious artifice of Penelope, has wonderfully increased her embroidery during the night. Soft airs, exuberant showers, and balmy gleams attend sweet handmaidens to her pleasurable toil. And then those pensive colourings of every pilgrim Eve as they flush the façade of the palace, striking the central Clock-dome and its sister pavilions of Flora and Marsan with harmless lightning, are evermore pausing upon their way to caress affectionately those venerable groves whose regal brows so gracefully acknowledge the visitations of the vernal incense.

• You, I am sure, my dear —, do not expect me (and if you did, you would reckon without your host) to write about Paris; but I cannot refrain from expressing in good set terms my admi-

ration of that Cybele of the Seine. A Cybele indeed not only in her Tiara of tourelles, but also in the glorious, grand, and majestic "Lions," (forgive the high crime and misdemeanour of a pun) which she has yoked to her municipal car.

Paris is the living Energy, as Rome is the Sepulchral Sentiment of Romance.

Entranced amid the calm glitter, the contradictory attractions of her places and streets, where the dimly cowed Past seems idly to rend asunder the veil between the time-hallowed horrors of ancient atrocity, and the raw disgust inspired by more recent bloodshed,—I strove in vain to call up all the scenes of terror and cruelty of which Paris had been the theatre, from the skirmishes of the Fronde, and the battles of the League, to the cold blooded atrocities of Robespierre's reign, and the triumphal Occupation of the Allies.

The Place de la Concorde, which, from my childhood, I had held accursed, as the fell abattoir of the best of the Bourbons, now flashing with silver fountains, and glittering with gaudy gilded pillars, environed with façades and porticoes, worthy of the Parthenon or the Pantheon, and overshadowed with newly blossomed groves of magnificent chestnut trees, looked as smiling, as pretty, as frivolously gay as if it had never beheld the blue shine of the Guillotine Knife. Even the Place de la Grève,

"That fatal Retreat of the unfortunate Brave,"

adorned with its splendid Hotel de Ville, and composed of tall fantastic mansions, brightened by a spring tide sunshine, looking down upon the shrubby banks of the Seine, and not at all overgloomed by the steeples of Notre Dame, and the Burgundian peaks of those Prison turrets, the Palais de Justice, failed to convey the very feeblest notion of those horrors of the Ancien Regime, those wheels and quartering blocks, those pincers and searing irons, those luckless assassins in their shirts, and those groans and screams which fire and steel tore from them when *without* their shirts.

All the murky midnight terrors of my youth, whereof Paris hath ever been the favourite scene, vanished from before the paramount effulgence of its meridian Palmy state, which even to my antiquarian taste superseded the temples, the palaces, and the dungeon towers of the Olden Time. They seemed only a subordinate part in this pageant of architecture, just as the Conquerors of Republican Rome compelled her vanquished Kings and Queens to become a foil to their Triumphal processions.

It is true, that while gazing on the façade of the Hotel de Sully, luxuriant of Cinque cento ornament, in the noble Rue Saint Antoine, I was beginning to get up a little reverie, which however was nipped in the bud, by a prospect of my speedily joining the illustrious De Rosny in Elysium. Whether my *spirit* would have found him, out I know not, but my *body* must inevitably

been unfitted for any earthly purpose by the collision of two huge drays, of whose snorting Norman stallions, and blaspheming drivers, I seemed to be the centre of attraction.

Much therefore as I admired the Great Duke, I was not sorry, by a timely retreat, to evade a visiting acquaintance, although at the expense of the only touch of the heroic I had indulged in Paris. We leave this lovely, this superb enchanting city to-morrow; but before we depart, (for the mere credit of doing it) I charge you to pay your earliest respects to the Hotel de Cluny.

A mansion of the highest antiquarian pretensions, and enriched with all the tourelles, gloriettes, porches, and oriels, which distinguish such romantic piles; with diamond lattices of such stained and storied crystal, as our ancestors loved wherewithal to enshroud the dark deeds of their chambers, and then to *blush for them*,—the Hotel de Cluny - - - as I live by food, I am beginning a description, but in that beginning it shall *end*.

Nevertheless, do not omit to remark especially the Haute Chapelle, and the Basse Chapelle. You cannot fail to fall in love with that jewel of workmanship, their central column: and if in a torrent of ecstasy, you turn up your eyes, and exclaim, *Oh, Ciel!* you will scarcely regret that your celestial aspirations are arrested by “*Oh, those Cielings!*”

.

Innumerable pictures, of quaint costume, rack-
ing attitudes, and miraculous colouring—such as
He of Bavaria loveth—dispute the walls with
cabinets, and credences, and court-cupboards,
gloriously lofty stallwork, and wainscotting po-
lished with age, multitudes, multitudes of elabo-
rate fantasies ! While ever and anon, the wonder-
working arras devolves its voluminous pomps of
pictorial darkness, from the black ribbed Roof to
the Pavement.

“ For, round about, the walls yclothed were
With goodly arras of great majesty,
Woven with gold and silke so close and neare
That the rich metall lurked privily,
As faining to be hidd from envious eye ;
Yet here, and there, and everywhere, unwares
It shewed itselfe, and shone unwillingly,
Like to a discolour’d snake, whose hidden snares
Through the greene gras his long bright burnisht
back declares.”—*FÆRIE QUEENE.*

That illustrious appanage of this antique house,
the Roman Thermæ, will undoubtedly draw you
down into their arched abysmes. But nothing
satisfied my appetite for the ricoco, so entirely as
the Bedstead of Francis the First. Pierre de
Gondi, that Savoyard prelate, who loved to forget
the oppressive pomp of his mitre upon its downy
pillows, has blended his sacerdotal insignia and
family blazon, on the massive golden-wrought
furniture, with the mythological telamons, the
dolphins and the fleur-de-lys of the chivalrous

monarch. This magnificent Lair, built as it was for Morpheus, how often has it wanted his poppies! How many visions have appeared and vanished through the ivory gate of dreams, to allure and lull, to excite and to betray its princely occupant to that defeat and captivity of Pavia!

"Ces Lits," says the Parisian chronicler of Cluny, "ces lits, hospitaliers par leur taille, permettoient aux Princes d'y recevoir près d'eux les ambassadeurs ou d'autres Hôtes illustres."

Verily, there is nothing new under the Sun! Who has not heard of the negociation between two British statesmen, matured beneath the same blanket and counterpane? and what novelty is there now-a-days in the American method of *meeting for the dispatch of business* in one bed?

A SUNRISE upon the Rhone! What a bridal lamp to grace that great stream's union with the submissive Saone; the trembling naiad which glides so timidly into his embrace, glistening with all the diamonds of the dawn!

Oh, this royal Rhone! doubtless it is a venial rhodomontade of those Provençal writers to call it the Mer di Midi. How grandly, how haughtily he heaves his mighty breast to this vernal sky, mirroring its spotless azure, and multiplying its

refulgent sun. What a zodiac of castles and forests, monasteries, and gardens, towns, minsters, and vineyards, embroider those hills at whose base he condescends to trace the highway of his waters!—those banks so conscious of the distinction, that on right and left they have rejoiced from of old in the consecrated titles of Kingdom and Empire, as the Iron Crown claimed the allegiance of the one, or the Oriflamme waved its victorious folds above the other.

Too swiftly does that ugly, hissing, growling, roaring Dragon of Steam precipitate us down the glorious tide. A torrent rather than a stream, the supercilious Rhone seems contented with a glance at the Feudal and Ecclesiastical array, which, as with the wand of a magician, he has compelled within the necromantic circle of his shores; while tower and spire, and embattled rampart, and waving woodland seem to court with affectionate homage every wave of that vast Current, which to all their obsequious beauty contents himself with a disdainful Hail and Farewell.

And yet there are attractions on either side, which might induce a less inflexible flood to stay his headlong course. The echoes of those towered hills are the diapason of a sublime Antiquity. The beacon towers, the belfroys, the festal halls, the penitentiary cloisters, the dungeons, the very sepulchres themselves repeat to each other the reiterated glories of King and Kayser.

All the Great, the Wise, and the Glorious of the Middle Age, leaning upon their sceptres, their lances, and their shields, seem, from the highest of those ancient towers, pensively to regard the course of that magnificent river, whose every ripple is their Immortality.

From the hour that Vienne with her Cathedral rose sable against the sunrise, to the time that Avignon, old, haughty, gloomy, bloody Avignon received us, sweltering from the meridian blaze, within that garland of beautiful parapets, and grand machicolles, her towered walls, I had not eyes to survey, I had not breath to admire that gallant cavalcade of Art and Nature's most sublime productions ; much less had I time to ponder on those august Chronicles which the solemn voice of the Holy Roman Empire breathed into one ear, while the blandishments of lute and lay, and the clang of sword and burgonet, from the vineclad region of Knights and Troubadors, mingle their chimes in the other ; and that vast phantom, the Name of Charlemagne, overspread as with an eagle's sailbroad vans the illustrious shores of either realm. And yet such places as Vienne and Tournon, Valence, and Rochemaur, how it galls you to see them sweep one after another before your tantalized gaze. They remind you ridiculously of William Spencer's " Good bye and How d'ye do,"—wherein the latter lady complains, not without reason, of the former :

“ Whene’er I give one sunshine hour,
Your cloud comes o’er to shade it ;
Where’er I plant one bosom flower,
Your mildew drops to fade it.

Ere How d’ye do has tuned each tongue
To Hope’s delightful measure,
Good Bye in Friendship’s ear has rung
The knell of parting pleasure.”

Heralds of the Land whose sentinels they have ceased to be, they proclaim the deeds of terror, or of wonder, of infamy, or renown, which once illustrated their green hills, and which still, like the tatters of a particoloured garment, hang around the ruins, which those vermeil apple blossoms, and that dazzle of pearly hawthorn flower so much more daintily adorn.

The whole voyage was one radiant Mirage, attracting only to elude. A dream of fugitive sunshine. All that is sublime—Swiftness, Breadth, Heighth, Strength, and Fame. All that is beautiful—Form, Colour, and Romance. All that the marvellous could add of Fable to immortalize the wreck of Reality. The Feudal story, the tales of the desert Hermitage, and of Martyrs in the marketplace, traditions of Paladin and of Paynim, and whispered chronicles of murder and its inevitable Nemesis, all combine to weave their canopy of many colours, dusky with tarnished gold, above this mighty, this rejoicing Rhone.

But we have to wait till in the retirement of

our own home we turn over the leaves of its illuminated legends. There from every massy folio exhales the frankincense of cherished association, every page of sable and vermillion character becomes illuminated with the sunbeams of romantic memory. The castle-towers frown, the minster-bells ring, the green groves wave, and the blue Rhone glistens as we once heard and beheld them, and the local habitations and names of the olden time become accomplished to our willing credulity in all the pomp of their marvellous pretensions.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon, beneath the blaze of an almost intolerable sunshine, that, slowly rising from the broad blue Rhone into the flaming heavens, awful, unearthly, huge, as if its ghostly architecture, sepulchred for ages, had only then for the first time revisited the glimpses of the sun; and communicating to all the lovely landscape around the shadows of an uncongenial gloom—the Rome of Provence, the Asylum of Papal Christendom, the city of Petrarch and of Laura developed her grimly graces to our view.

It would be difficult to imagine a more majestic picture.

In front, you survey the four arches and dia-

mond wrought Tourelle of the broken bridge of Saint Benezette, once the jealously watched link of Languedoc with Provence.

On your right hand behold the antique town of Ville Neuve, all enwreathed and overshadowed with orchards of almond, mulberry, and figtrees, sentinelled by that one superb tower of noblest symmetry in its centre, and commanded by yon romantic Fortalice, the Castle of Saint André, which, gathering its cortege of turrets around the crest of a smooth turfey hill, proclaims itself the ancient Warder of Languedoc.

On the left a vast range of aged fortification, the boldness of whose machicolated cornice, embattled parapets, and most beautiful bastions of dun red stone, is in no small degree impaired by the disproportionate lowness of the ramparts, engirdles like a warrior's studded baldric that panoply of portentous towers, romanesque belfroys, and ornate old mansions, which needs no announcement. Nevertheless as Huissiers, in the expectant presence-chamber would, as the folding doors disclosed the approach of Royalty, exclaim: "The Queen! the Queen!" even as I have heard from the red wilderness tombs of the Campagna: "Eccola! Ecco Roma!" so to-day did twenty voices reiterate with solemn enthusiasm: "Voilà Avignon!" as if to introduce with fitting ceremony that Pontifical city to our reverential gaze.

Yet there is something heart-sinking about this

stately and highly storied city. Its very grandeur is of a sanguine complexion, its History is Horror, and Melancholy its Romance.

Lo ! flanked with enormous fabrics, shadowy and wild of stature as the colossal phantoms of its own dark epoch, its surface impictured by ages with all the pageantry of autumnal foliage, while in every recess of its moody chambers hangs, like some time-haunted tapestry, the memory of its demoniac Drama : Lo ! that red Cyclopean Palace of the Popes, whose guest was Petrarch the Laureate, and whose prisoner, Rienzi, the Tribune of Rome. High and inscrutable with a cruel domineering aspect, scowling over the fantastic intricacies of its monastic town, the Pontifical Palace of Avignon appears to realize in stone the picture of Satan ;

“ He above the rest,
In shape and gesture proudly eminent, ,
Stood like a tower ; his form had not yet lost
All her original brightness, nor appeared
Less than archangel ruined, and the excess
Of glory obscured ; as when the sun, new risen,
Looks through the horizontal misty air,
Shorn of his beams ; or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations. Darkened so, yet shone
Above them all the archangel : but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care
Sat on his faded cheek.”

There is one particular, however, in which this

evil-spoken pile differs most essentially from its diabolical counterpart.

Ungainly in form, unornamental in detail, this Mammoth of buildings, honest in its very ugliness, looks just the appalling thing it really once was. Yes! this alternate home of Catholicity and Schism, the asylum of seven legitimate, and the throne of three pretending Popes, exhibits the most singular triumph of bulk over beauty, it is possible to conceive. Who needs to be told, that yonder bugbear of a Donjon, standing apart from his fellows, as if even *they* shrunk from the pollution of his bad preeminence, was the Tower of the Inquisition? Who does not see in its sinister aspect, its oblique squint of intimidation, the place of torment, whose inmates were murderers or victims; whose beds were iron racks; whose shuddering echoes knew only the language of cruelty; and whose unfathomable vaults reeked with the sweat of human agony!

It was from the lofty pavement in front of this prodigious pile that I beheld the most delicious landscape conceivable.

A faint carnation hue suffused that burning vault from which the sun had just departed. All the harsh glare, all the oppressive heat, all the tumultuous toilsomeness of day had disappeared. The signal note of a solitary bugle from the palace, or the sonorous strokes from the fine old clock-tower of the Hotel de Ville, or the Cathedral Campanile, enhanced rather than interrupted the

silence. A rich horizon of amber, violet, and vermilion streaks reposed on those islands of dusky green embroidery, uniting as with an enchanted belt the shores of Languedoc and Provence. Calm in its glittering swiftness, delighted to exchange its daylight azure for the gorgeous hues of evening,—the Sea of the South vanished from our eyes amidst a retinue of woods in the far-gleaming pavilions of the ambrosial firmament.

A star, the worship of astrologers, or a constellation, the immortality of paganism, began gradually to tell us their stories of the glorious Past, or to anticipate our dreams of the uncertain Future.

All that the noon had emblazoned, the evening had veiled. All that the busy occupations of day had deemed trivial, the approach of night rendered profound; all that the sun had insulted or exposed, the twilight soothed and almost sanctified. The poplar Valley of the Sorgues, the purple Mountains of Vaucluse, reposed in the clear distance: while the Durance, the choleric, the tyrannical, the terrible Durance, that scourge of the adjacent vales, whose dangerous lunes, incalculable as they are tremendous, originated the old proverb,

“ Le Gouvernement, le Parlement et la Durance,
Ces trois ont gasté la Provence,”

glided beyond the intricate streets and dusky ram-
parts of the city, pallid and submissive, as if

overawed by the presence of his august lord paramount, into whose majestic channel he was about to precipitate his wasteful waters.

In despite of the monstrous crimes of which it has been the theatre, and the overpowering spell of gravity and gloom, which the aspect and character of Avignon conspire to produce, I could not forbear smiling, as I recalled the classical tirade of Petrarch against this renowned sanctuary of the Popedom: "*L'empia Babilonia*," as he calls it, in allusion to its exile from Rome.

"All that they say of Assyrian and Egyptian Babylon, of the four Labyrinths, of the Avernian and Tartarian lakes, are nothing in comparison with this hell. We have here a Nimrod, powerful on the earth, and a mighty hunter before the Lord, who attempts to scale heaven with raising his superb towers; a Semiramis with her quiver; a Cambyzes, more extravagant than the Cambyzes of old. You may here behold the inflexible Minos; Rhadamanthus; the greedy Cerberus; Pasiphae, and the Minotaur. All that is vile and execrable is assembled in this place."

Here was an earthquake of anathema for this aged abode of the Papal plague! strong enough to shake to their foundation its three hundred towers, and to stir all the clappers of Rabelais "*Ville Sonante*" into one beflustered jangle of indignation and dismay!

Bell, book, and candle could not have done it better!

WE set off this morning for a visit to Vaucuse, and our pathway extended beneath long fluttering willow groves and avenues of poplars, whose dainty vernal foliage, scintillating with lustre, afforded us but a feeble protection from the sun of Provence, especially whenever it pleased the early zephyr to stir the trembling head-gear of those Sisters of Phaeton.

The material picture of this renowned Region, the lineaments (so to say) of its locale are familiar to most readers. But in order not merely to *realize* but to *appropriate* the impressions its aspect and traditions are calculated to create, in order to test by idiosyncrasy, its enchanting characteristics, it is necessary to be present in the body at Vaucuse. You must have seen, ay, you must have retraced through the long vistas of Memory, in visions of the night, and in reveries by day, that Haunt of Petrarch before you can fairly appreciate the influence it must exert over your affections and your intellect!

Ought we to be elated or humbled? Should we rejoice or regret that the workmanship of Nature, let it be ever so transcendent, receives from the Deeds and Memories of Man, be they good or evil, their last distinction shall I say? much more! the very Spirit that illustrates the spot, that communicating to its inert creations of

elementary matter the Promethean fire of Fame, first awakens it into life, and then consecrates it to Immortality.

That emeraldine Sorgue sparkling over its clear brown strand, that ruddy Chateau, meeting the sun midway in the meridian heavens; the awful barricades of the Ravine below, wherein the Genius of the place vigilantly guarding his beloved Nymph, hath prohibited the approach of Apollo himself, to her dedicated Stream! that deep purple Fountain, gleaming like an eye from a peacock's train, that immense romantic range of Rocks, wherein those Artificers of Ruin, Time, and Tempest, reversing their accustomed operations, have thought fit to amuse themselves with sundry masonic vagaries, splitting them into turrets and pinnacles, adorning them with porches, carving out windows, nay, tracing galleries and esplanades, and stairs along their rugged Façade, till they resemble some antediluvian city, some obsolete architecture of the Anakim! those profound Grottoes, which it requires no great stretch of superstition, Gothic or Arabian, to colonize with Fairies and Demons, Goules and Afrites; that lofty hemicycle which enshrines the Spring, where the eye toiling upwards to the scanty canopy of Sky above, almost expects to see the spectral Vulture of Oriental Lore, obliterating the blue space above with her stupendous pinions, as she swoops upon the rash adventurer, who has ventured among her invio-

lable haunts. Those wrinkled Mulberry trunks, already beginning to fill the Valley with their golden bursting foliage, the wild Flora of its turfy banks, but above all, the gushing agonies of the Fountain, as, compelled to abandon the threshold of its domestic cavern, it plunges into a vortex of foaming waters, like a beloved Child, sent forth upon a troubled world from the safe recesses of a peaceful home,—all these creatures of Beauty and Love would have remained admirable had no eye seen them but His who “saw everything that He had made, and behold it was very good;”—but would the vicissitudes of the Seasons, the visitations of Day and Night, the voices of the Sun and his Planets, universal as their language, would the flowers and the herbage, the trees and the waters, although incessant in their chaunt of praise, would they have endowed this remote region with that wondrous spell which the very name of Petrarch, his friendships, and his every day domestic life, have woven for the valley of Vaucluse.

For my own part, much as I honour this *cul de sac* of Nature, for her own sake, I love her best of all, because for her it remained to exhibit the power of exorcising the Belial fiend from our beloved, our good, our truly great, but too susceptible Petrarch. Yes! it is in the shadows of Vaucluse that we first behold the Archdeacon of Parma, emancipated from the sentiment of a for-

bidden passion ; no longer the simple sonneteer of Laura, he sees her, it is true, in visions, but they are visions of affright. It was in Vacluse that Petrarch immortalized the finest hours of his friendship with that excellent Prelate, Philip de Cabassoles. And we love to think, that it was also in the hallowed precincts of Vacluse that he more than ever indulged his idolatry of the Ancients, and from their illustrious example, extracted strength and motive for his own aspirations after virtue, his own uncompromising patriotism,

“ Filling up,
As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries,
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not, till the place
Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the Great of Old,
Those dead but sceptred sovereigns, which still rule
Our spirits from their urns.”

It was in Vacluse that Petrarch's pleasurable pains of intellect were relieved and enlivened, by his keen enjoyment of natural beauties, and his energetic pursuit of rural recreation. It was in his broad-roofed cottage, among his two gardens, his fig tree, and his bay laurel, that Petrarch discovered rivals, (at least) to his pedantic pruriency for Laura de Sade. And that he found there objects of more rational esteem we discover in those most amusing descriptions of his domestic establishment worthy of Pliny or Montaigne

himself;—those portraits of the Fisherman and his Wife, who attached themselves to his modest ménage after the abandonment of his Avignon domestics, who would not (of course they would not, what purple clad footman could !) who would not endure the solitude of Vacluse. I would willingly give you these two admirable pictures at full length, but I have neither time nor space. I can only tell you that, of the fisherman he remarks: “ To say simply he was faithful, would be too little, he was Fidelity itself.”

And of his wife : “ If Helen, Lucretia, or Virginia, had possessed faces like hers, Troy would have existed still ; Tarquin would not have been driven from his kingdom ; nor Appius died in prison. But though the face of my farmer’s wife be black, nothing can be whiter than her soul. To look on her, you would even say it became her to be ugly !”

It is scarcely possible to communicate, either by pen or pencil, an imagination of the scenery between Nice and Genoa.

By land you traverse that sumptuous revival of the Via Æmilia—the Cornicè—a signal proof among a thousand, of the energetic zeal for

public improvement which distinguishes the Sardinian Sovereign.

We were destined to traverse that interval by water; and it is no trifling testimonial to the superlative beauty of this luxuriant coast, to aver, that not even the annoyances of steam, the turbulence of a boisterous Mistrale, and the ungente tossing of the blue Ligurian sea, could disparage in our opinion its features of Fairyland.

These dazzling shores of amphitheatric figure, sweeping upward from the Gulf of Genoa, resemble, to a fanciful eye, some immense Mosaic-work of the gaudiest colours, or the florid imagery of some tapestried chamber.

“ The purple there that Tyrian cauldrons knew,
Shifts in fine shades its variegated hue;
Thus, pierced with solar beams, the stormy bow
Stains with huge arc the sky's cærulean glow;
There, though a thousand various colours vie,
The soft transitions cheat the admiring eye.
Where the streaks join, the tinctures seem the same,
But, as they spread, a separate title claim.
Thus through the tapestry shoots the plastic gold,
And the rich loom prolongs the Tales of Old.”

TRANS. FROM OVID'S METAM.

Alternately revealed and vanishing, (gray Olive woods, and groves of Cypress, solemnly overshadowing every space between) you distinguish large glittering links of towns and castles, churches and palaces, betraying their enamelled argentry of many colours, like the burnished

spires of some great serpent, while terraces, balustrades, and gardens intermingle their fascinations of form and colour amongst the most refulgent tissue of foliage and fruits. Sovereigns of the scene, and recognized in their separate stateliness from the distant waters, the landscape receives its supreme distinction from the colossal trunks and massive verdure of the Pinaster, and the airy feathery branches of the Oriental Palm.

It was midnight ; precisely as the bells of every campanile were chiming for " Lauds," that we cast anchor in that crescent of the Gulf, which, with the Bay of Naples, and the Golden Horn of Constantinople, completes the "*Graces*" of our European Harbours.

The roar of the emancipated monster steam had ceased, the voice of the waters agonizing beneath the wheels was no more ; the cries of the sailors had successively died away, and before me reposed, in necromantic slumbers, the City of the "*Clarissimi*" flinging out eastward and westward, her long low silver horns, which she gathered up with queenly pride into a superb central tiara of lofty palaces, all illumined with the magic of Moonlight, all hallowed by the spell of her sister Silence.

" Enquire for Strada Nova," saith an old MS. in the Harleian Miscellany, " in which street are twelve most excellent fair Palaces, built all of square pieces, being white and black marblestone

richly adorned with pleasant gardens, and certain of them have houses of artillery, well furnished, and stately antiquities and statues."

A TRUE DESCRIPTION AND DIRECTION OF WHAT IS MOST WORTHY TO BE SEEN IN ALL ITALY.

And so runs on the *title-page* of a pamphlet which exceeds the length of its pompous harbinger, pretty nearly as much as the Spring does the note of the cuckoo, which heralds her approach; that is to say, the one is about as long as the other.

Think of this worthy wanderer of the Sixteenth Century, going to bed with a safe conscience, that he had *written* all which need be *read* about Italy! think of him, I say, visited in dreams by the awful spectres of future voyageurs; only fancy his sapient self-satisfied pate, pelted and bruised by the pondrous quartos of Misson, Blainville, Keysler and Stolberg; the visionary octavos of Eustace,

" Injured name,
The glory of the Classics, and the shame."

the heavy artillery of Forsyth, the epigrammatic shafts of poor dear Matthews, and the random darts of those Velites of Literature,

" The mob of gentlemen who write with ease."

The main difficulty, to a desperate enthusiast like myself, in striving to make another *fancy* as I *feel* the intense magnificence of Genoa, con-

sists absolutely in the *equality* of its lordly piles ; the *universal suffrage* of its palatial mansions, in behalf of the magnificence, the affluence, and the taste of those prince-merchants, who bade them rise and shine.

You look around in vain for three or four objects, distinguished from the rest whereon you may

“ Hang the web of lucubration ;”

but there are none greater or less than another of these most sumptuous Ligurian palaces. You find it impossible to *select* ; to take an inventory will never do !

The Carignano, lofty and noble as it looks, and the Pharos, useful and beautiful as it is, would scarcely yield the palm of preeminence one to the other. And the marvellous fabrics which enfilade that peerless Strada Nuova on either side of a smooth pavement, of broad granite slabs, as if they were the walls of some vast chamber, will not endure more than a general panegyric upon the gigantesque frontispieces, their telamonian doors and massive window-frames, their portly architraves, and the solemn elaboration of ornament which brocade their glowing stonework ; while the rosy flush of the Oleander, and the scarlet lamps of the Pomegranate, the blossoms and fruitage of Orange and Lemon trees gleam indiscriminately amidst the terraces and loggie of all.

Undoubtedly Genoa is as much an architectural as she once was a political republic; and you pass from the Palazzo Durazzo, to the grand Duomo with its magpie marbles; from that superb combination of antique grandeur with modern luxury, the Palazzo Palavicino, to the moody majesty of the turretted Palazzo Ducale; from the Brignole Rosso, with its illumination of paintings, to that golden assemblage of open-arched corridors, and pillared courts, embowered with trellices of vines and fig-trees—the Doria Tursi, and what do you see? verily, a display of palatial glory, which dazzles the eye, but whose magnificence is so monotonous, that even your admiration cries for “quarter;”

“And Memory (the warder of the brain)
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only!”

And what can you say? Why, simply, congratulate Genoa, that not a single knosp has dropped from her mural coronet, that not a fold of her antique golden garment with the purple bordure is tarnished, but that, embraced by her glorious Bay, embroidered by her mighty palaces, and exalted above her peers in the unrivalled dignity of her tall sculptured streets, she is still externally at least *Genova la Superba*.

Perhaps the Banca di San Giorgio is sufficiently prominent to demand a separate notice, not only from the lead which Genoa took in the origination

of the banking system, but also from the very great excellence of the ancient hall, and its decorations.

But let him who has read with eager interest that curious anecdote in English chronicle, shewing that the influence of the London merchants was sufficiently powerful with the patrician usurers of Genoa to induce their withholding the advance of an enormous loan to Philip of Spain, indispensable to the sailing of the Invincible Armada; let him, I say, picture to himself a mighty and most venerable apartment umbered with the glorious gloom of centuries, let him embellish its vast walls with two tiers of statues, of admirable workmanship, and large as life, whose pictorial costumes, faithful to the epoch of each figure, are scarcely less interesting to the antiquary than their inscriptive tablets, immortalizing those acts of individual charity or municipal generosity, which procured them a niche in this Mausoleum of Good men; and he will have all that is necessary to inspire him with the profound respect I experienced for the time honoured Hall of the Bank of Saint George.

Petrarch, whose invectives and eulogiums are equally influenced by the poetical talisman, thus apostrophizes the Ligurian Commonwealth, in a sort of curtain lecture, upon her ruinous war with Venice.

“What a beautiful object towards the sea!

those towers which rose to Heaven, those palaces where art excelled nature, those hills covered with cedars, vines, and olives; those houses of marble built under the rocks; those delicious retreats on the shores, whose sand shines like gold. Can we behold without admiration the more than mortal figures that inhabited your city, and all the delights of life with which your woods and fields abounded. It might be said at this time of Genoa as anciently of Rome, it was the City of Kings!"

I HAVE already prepared you, my dear P——, for the beauties, the wonders, and the nuisances you are to expect in Naples, but by an unpardonable act of carelessness I have omitted to mention the chief marvel of its vicinity.

Yet how shall I speak of Pompeii? how depict that Sleeping Beauty among the cities, which the black enchanter, Vesuvius, cast into a slumber of almost twice a thousand years.

Of a surety he might have shut up many a fairer and many a nobler thing, but scarcely one more exactly calculated to place two remote *Æras*, with all their habitations, manners, and arts, in juxtaposition.

It is not Melancholy that affects you as you traverse the streets, and intrude into the houses, uninvited visitors, of Pompeii, for all is meretricious though elegant vanity, that glares at you upon every side; it is not Awe—for neither in their original proportions, nor in the detail of the buildings is there any pretensions to grandeur in this City of Hercules; and as for Compassion, I felt no more than I should for the harlot, whose rouged complexion, tinselled jewels, and artificial flowers daylight has overtaken and exposed. Curiosity is your prevailing sensation, and that is just sufficiently gratified to be tantalized! Antique, without being venerable, Pompeii wears a most unhappy aspect, and Time has amply indemnified himself for the compulsory arrest of his ordinary process by maliciously revealing her original voluptuousness in painful contrast with her present decay. Wandering through streets little wider than the back lanes of our provincial towns, and roaming from house to house, whose mean dimensions are encumbered with mockeries of those majestic diameters which still survive in Athens and in Rome, the eye is at once invaded and offended by a wilderness of colours, which, even in the freshness of their early glow, and notwithstanding their graces of design, must always have been gaudy, but which now merit an epithet, which, from the respect due to misfortune, I forbear to fix upon them. Littleness and prettiness must always

have been characteristics of Pompeii in her most palmy state; now the littleness remains, but as for the prettiness, alas! alas!—It is no great stretch to say that it seemed to me more like the model of a Greek town than the town itself. Villas, temples, theatre, forum, all elaborate of littleness, seem built to be beheld, but never to be inhabited.

Doubtless this city of the demigod suffers every disadvantage from the circumstances under which it meets the modern eye. The vaulted cieling, the draperies in dusky luxuriance, which no longer mitigate the startling violence of those scarlets, and yellows, and greens, must once have enhanced their magnificence, and mellowed down the glare of those ornamental paintings which undoubtedly were solely intended for the soothing medium of such glimmering and subdued lights. They seem designed to receive a perpetual twilight, such as the brilliance and heat of a Neapolitan atmosphere made necessary for comfort, and thus would communicate a species of gorgeous gloom all the day long.

And if with venial partiality we compare these little inconvenient edifices with the united grandeur, beauty, and comfort which distinguish the architecture and arrangements of modern habitations; still while beholding the exquisite loveliness of their pictorial designs, and their divine delineations of the human form,

“ Gods that with heroes leave their starry bowers,”

we must admit that if in the one instance we have left them immeasurably behind, we have but imperfectly kept pace with them in the other.

At any rate it is something to have trodden the Atrium, and reclined in the Tablinum, where Cicero and Atticus conversed and feasted, wrote and read ; to have paced the very stage where *Æschylus* and *Sophocles* bade

“ Gorgeous Tragedy
With sceptred pall come sweeping by :”

and to have identified oneself with the multitudes who in this very spot turned pale at the demon chorus that shook their snakes and torches round the couch of the haunted *Orestes* : thrilled with admiration at the filial piety of *Antigone*, or softened into tears at the heroic self devotion of *Alcestis*. All this we owe to *Vesuvius*. But for his fiery deluge, we must to the end of time have been content to trust the technical canons of *Vitruvius*, or the graphic descriptions of *Pliny* for those minute details in the domestic economy of the classic age, which so strikingly illustrate the pages of its poets, and impart a more familiar tone to its historians themselves.

Still I must confess that I explored this heirloom of antiquity with feelings far short of my anticipations ; and quitted it less pleased with its curious and exciting particulars, than dissatisfied with its deficiency as a whole, in that majesty

which we so naturally associate with Rome and her colossal empire.

Perhaps this feeling was not a little exaggerated by the contiguity of Pompeii to Naples, whose enormous buildings, sublime in their simplicity, developing their noble cubits, side by side as it were with the intricate gaudiness of her little sister, contribute so strikingly to this contrast between the ages of Heathenry and Christendom.

To the Theatres, however, the most perfect of the public edifices extant in this Apparition of the Past, these remarks are not equally applicable.

The great Tragic Theatre retains its chief lineaments, and its magnitude might well make it conspicuous even in the land of San Carlo, and La Scala. It was, *I may say* is capable of containing five thousand spectators, and its shape and symmetry exhibit a grandeur that would satisfy the most fastidious critic.

But the lesser theatre is an absolute jewel, every feature is so perfect, the tiers of wedgelike seats, the corridors, the orchestra, the platforms reserved for the proconsul and the vestal virgins, the proscaenium, the stage with its three doors, the illusion is complete, and you might fancy you beheld the gory spectre of the murdered Polydore emerging from the centre portal and uttering that sepulchral exordium of the Hecuba :

“Ὁκω Νεκρῶν κευθμῶνα καὶ Σκότου Πύλας.
Λιπῶν ἐν Ἀδης χωρὶς ὥκισται Θεῶν.”

The Amphitheatre is not inferior to its contemporaries of Verona and Nismes. Its circuit is of majestic amplitude, its form a beautiful oval, in length four hundred and thirty feet, in breadth three hundred and thirty five.

As I looked down upon its wild arena from the highest tier of seats, with a meridian sun blazing in the blue vault above me, vineyards and poplars mocking my burning brow with their naked branches and shadowless festoons, while my parched palate digested as it might the dust and ashes it had involuntarily gathered from Portici and Torre del Greco, a tantalizing breath of violets exhaled from the adjacent hedge banks; while the swift green lizards potted about the stone steps, apparently the only living thing that thoroughly enjoyed this noontide broil. Oh! how did I pant for those gorgeous Velabra wont in this very place to stretch their variegated cieling between the glowing firmament above and that ocean of heads that once billowed below. How provokingly vivid was that splendid passage in Lucretius, where, speaking of the magical metamorphosis of Light transmitted through coloured bodies, he instances the luminous refractions of the yellow, violet, and carnation tinctures in the great Amphitheatric Vail.

“ Et volgo faciunt id lutea, russaque Vela,
Et ferrugina, quom Magnis intenta Theatris
Per malos volgata, trabeisque trementia fluctant,

Namque ibi Consessum Caveaï subter, et omnem
Scenai speciem Patrum, Matrumque, Deorumque,
Inficiunt,—coguntque suo fluitare colore ;
Et quanto circum mage sunt inclusa Theatri
Mœnia tam magis hæc intus perfusa lepore
Omnia corident conrepta luce diei.”

It was on Friday, the third of May, that we landed at Civita Vecchia, and from thence posted to Rome. I was struck with the extreme loveliness, blooming on every side, from the Flora of that soft seabank, the Mediterranean Shore. The flowers of St. Mark wore their Tyrian purple raiment in its newest gloss ; snowy white, the vestal hawthorn was enshrouded with blossoms, and the tall broom rose like pavilions of vegetable gold among clusters of the oleaster and wild fig, all festooned in common with the vine, which everywhere insinuated his tender and beautiful foliage.

Scarcely deigning any notice of the gentle airs which touched but did not agitate her waters, the Mediterranean, floating in sunbeams, approached the very wheels of the carriage. Towers and Castles, like wearied and lonely sentinels, started up at every half mile upon the shrubby margin of that illustrious Sea ;—that Elder-born of Oceans (to human ken) which hath survived her antient titles, “ the Great Sea,” “ the Utmost Sea,” to

behold herself superseded by the Atlantic and the Pacific, and to hear herself called the Mediterranean !

But nothing took my fancy so much, nor toned so pleasantly with these modulated colourings in turf and tree, as those fragments of architecture, those yellow arches of the broken bridge, whose timestained blocks remain to indicate the original direction of The Aurelian Road, athwart the little stream, which, irritated by masses of fallen masonry, we find ever and anon murmuring and scolding, and crossing our path. How true spoke the fervent and affectionate Julia :

“ The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage ;
But when his fair course is not hinder'd,
He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage ;
And so by many winding nooks he strays
With willing sport to the wild Ocean.”

The amber coloured bridges, disclosing their ruins at intervals among the green knolls of wild thyme and trefoil, are in themselves most graceful ; while the mellow tinctures of their massive stonework harmonize very delicately with that exuberant foliage, which, like enamoured Fauns, following obsequiously the caprices of some beloved nymph, divulge the deep and shadowy dell which forms the channel of the stream.

There was a misty moon, and by its light, with-

out any previous notice of its neighbourhood, starting, like some sovereign phantom, with silent stare above the suburban villas and vineyards, the Dome of St. Peter's upheaved its venerable enormity.

While waiting in the Dogana, the stately forms of one or two columns in the Piazza saluted me, and, amidst the solemn pauses of that great temple Bell, striking eleven, my ear caught the enchanting ceaseless songs of its two Fountains.

And thus we entered Rome.

It is scarcely possible to conceive a more magnificent frontispiece to the glories of Rome than the Piazza del Popolo. Exhibiting a stately square, with the Obelisque of Sesostris in its centre, fountains and gardens, church, monastery, and palace emulate each other in those embellishments of which the Piazza is entirely composed.

The Monte Pincio, with its balustraded ascents, and the Villa Medici, with its evergreen groves, look down upon it on one side, and you behold the grand Rotunda of St. Angelo, looming sublimely in the distance, upon the other. This beautiful area forms as it were the reservoir of three main streets, central of which the Corso shoots out of it between the twin Domes of Sta. Maria di Miracoli, and Sta. Maria di Monte Santo, amidst a solemn parade of Mansions and Fanes, whose august dimensions and gloomy majesty have surely no rivals in the world. After sweeping past the

Pillar of Antonine, this stately street loses itself in the Piazza Veneta, so entitled from the palace, whose old baronial masses form two of its sides.

This huge and frowning edifice, long the habitation of Popes and Princes, and now the residence of the Austrian Ambassador, startles you by the contrast its broad machicolated battlements present to the eye so recently luxuriating in the ornate façades of that triple palace, the Doria Pamfili, whose freakish magnificence seems to gather an alien gloom from the lofty and solid solemnity of the strada they adorn.

Shelley must have had this palace in his eye, and the whirlwind of his imagination must have rushed through its corridors, revelled in its halls, and pondered amidst the exaggerated depths of its dungeons, when his muse inspired him with those wondrous lines :

“ There stands the pile, a Tower, amid the towers
And sacred domes. Each marble ribbed roof,
The brazen gated temples, and the bowers
Of solitary wealth ; the tempest proof
Pavilions of the dark Italian air
Are by its presence dimmed. They stand aloof
And are withdrawn, so that the world is bare ;
As if a spectre wrapt in shapeless terror,
Amidst a company of ladies fair,
Should glide and glow, till it became a mirror
Of all their Beauty.”

The Venetian Palace is the very emblem of Venice. Grim, mysterious, yet grand beyond con-

ception, from its mailed architecture, its Gothic vastness and prodigious strength,—this Lombardian pile owes its monstrous buildings to the granite which Paul II., himself a Venetian, tore from the corridors of the Colosseum.

The Obeliskes of Rome maintain a distinguished rank among its marvellous structures.

Independently of their peculiar and elegant form, independently of those mysterious Mythes, which their Hieroglyphic sculptures at once display and conceal, they demand irresistibly our veneration and awe, as relics of a Land grown old in the arcana of civilization, before one Parian Shaft had glittered on the Ilissus, and while the Acropolis was as yet overshadowed with its primeval olive woods.

These monuments of the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies are illustrated more or less with traditions of the strange and romantic circumstances which attended either their removal from Egypt, or their erection in the Eternal City, where their barbaric beauty supplies a ceaseless source of admiration. It is no infringement upon the claims of those magnificent Palaces and Basilicæ which embellish Rome, to say that her Obeliskes divide with her Fountains the distinctive insignia of her piazzas and colonnades.

There is a pretty love story connected with that beautiful Pyramid in the great Piazza of the Vatican, the tremendous achievement of whose

elevation *entire*, has immortalized .Dominico Fontano. And the Obelisque of Rameses, the lordliest of its brethren, seems to have been as capricious in its choice of a residence as the stone coffin of St. Cuthbert himself.

“ Till after many wanderings past,
He chose his lordly seat at last,”

beneath the Palace and Basilica of the Lateran.

Of the Pantheon, it is no disparagement to say, that Piranesi had fully prepared me for all its grandeur. It possesses, in fact, precisely that character of Architecture most easily conveyed by Painting: and while its Portico and Rotunda divide between them the title of sublime, they unite in bestowing upon the pile its principal distinction—Vastness.

Built of Oriental granite, the Portico would have delighted Pindar, who thus opens his Sixth Olympiad;

“ Χρυσέας ὑποστάντες ἐβ-
-τειχῆι Προθύρῳ θαλάμῳ
Κίονας, ὥς ὅτε θαητὸν Μέγαρον
Πάξομεν. ἀρχομένους δ' Ἔργου Πρόσωπον
Χρηθήμεν τηλαυγές.”

This splendid avenue of Corinthian columns looks a temple of itself; and never did the Acanthus

fold its lovely leaves over a statelier grove of capitals, than those that flourish here.

To this graceful Vestibule the Rotunda seems an ill assorted companion: still the surprising symmetry of its height and breadth, together with the native sublimity of that orbicular outline so beloved by Vitruvius, far more than atone for its harsh and rugged exterior. When it possessed its panoply of bronze and gold, it must indeed have been *THAAYTEΣ*!

Whoever wishes to see the Pantheon to advantage, should visit its interior, as we did last night, just after the twilight had withdrawn, and before the brazen lamps above its Seven Altars had attained their power of dispelling its gloom.

It is a fine thing, that confusion of light and darkness, and we enjoyed it here to the full.

The only time I had been here before, was beneath an April sun, whose bewildering glare, preventing the eye from appreciating that incomparable circlet, served only to detect the riven and worn state of its sumptuous marbles. But at this hour, all was invested with that doubtful gloom, which, at once reverential and compassionate, shadowed forth all its original magnificence, while it veiled the ravages of its old age. The gigantic pillars of Giallo, fluted and crowned with their deathless Acanthus, towered beyond the toiling eye, as if to demonstrate the truth of the old adage, and teach us to seek in *uncertainty* at least one

source of the *sublime* : and that stupendous Dome, meet emblem of the Universe, overvaulted, in darkness, the proud old pile, a firmament without its stars ! Man doth indeed here both look and feel himself an insect ; and it is good to encourage the thought, that, in erecting such colossal fabrics to the glory of the Deity, he meant, at the same time, to convey a lesson of humiliation to himself.

It was then from hence, it was from this vast quarry of marble, from this mine of antique brass, that those snaky pillars of St. Peters Baldechin were derived ! It was from hence the peaceful successors of the Fisherman moulded the dread artillery of St. Angelo ! Ay, and but for the spoliations of that prince of robbers, the Barberini Pontiff, Agrippa's dome would still have worn the dusky glories of its bronze coffer work.

Patience ! Patience ! those old metalline gates, that have sustained the storms, defied the spoilers, and welcomed the worshippers of a Thousand Years, are still spared to the Pantheon ; still does that grand Corinthian Portico at once protect and sanctify its approach ; still the celestial sweep of its Rotunda, suggest all that should be grand and graceful in a temple ; and still do the Ashes of Raffaele and Annibale bestow upon its walls the immortality of their own great Names, which will survive to consecrate the spot, when Tradition alone can say, “ Here stood the Pantheon.”

To-day we have been upon a pilgrimage to the Tombs of the Scipios. From my schoolboy days, I have always loved that illustrious, amiable, upright, and (of course) ill-requited Family of Republican Rome.

It was a dreary dripping day; and the rain became a torrent as I entered the vineyard leading to those old intricate caverns, melancholy survivors of all their sepulchral trophies. In these mean and mouldering vaults, miserably lighted by a smoky taper, my old "Lunes" quickly seized me, and I beheld the Founder of the House, supplying to his blind and ancient Sire the office of a Staff; (ΣΚΗΗΤΡΟΝ) and by this act of filial piety bequeathing the name of Scipio to his family. I saw the Elder Africanus, the hero of Zama, that Waterloo of other days, where Scipio and Hannibal, like Wellington and Napoleon, fought army to army,—dying in his indignant seclusion at Liternum. I thought of Æmilius, whom as the conqueror of king Perseus, Rome honoured with a Triumph; and of his son, the second Africanus, (the ill-starred rival of his Grandsire's exploits) taken off by domestic treason. In my "phrenesy sublime," those wild and melancholy Caves became illuminated with imageries of integrity, of

valour, of tender friendship, saint-like continence, and childlike love.

“ And richly were my solemn trances hung
With gorgeous tapestries of pictured pomp.”

That beautiful sarcophagus of Peperino marble, with which England is now so familiar, from the models constantly brought over from Italy, adorns the Vatican. It commemorates a comparatively obscure individual of the family. No matter! never did marbles and bronzes appear so valueless, never was the utter insignificance of tombs, statues, arches, and columns so obvious, as in these rude and murky recesses, illuminated only by a WORD!

I went away murmuring to myself that eloquent declaration in Cicero's “ *Dream* :” “ *Omnibus qui Patriam conservarint, adjuverint, auxerint, certum esse in Cælo definitum locum ubi Beati ævo sempiterno fruuntur.*”

THOUGH not new to me, I had little conception of the intrinsic loveliness of the Villa Borghese till to-day. Picture to yourself a large village of the most variegated and romantic character; Church, Casino Albergo, and Farm, scattered amidst the turfy glades of a forest; and that forest composed of such trees as the beech, the elm, the ilex, and

above all, the sovereign pinaster, whose enormous trunks seem to have *condescended* to arrange themselves into avenues ; the most charmingly artificial glades of the glossiest verdure, and vistas haunted by legions of dim waning statues ; Hero, or Demigod, Nymph or Faun, for ever intermingling but never interfering with each other ; their various places of rendezvous emblazed with flowers of a thousand colours, and flashing with fountains of the most graceful fancies possible ; while every vista discloses some antique portico, or rotunda, or vestibule of those gems that men call Temples ! Picture these scenes on some such May-day as this :

“ When God hath shower’d the earth,”

the dark evergreens rejoicing in the rain-drops, and the new-born leaves of silky green, transparent with the moisture, which had reluctantly ceased to shine on their delicate tapestries. Crown all this with a country palace, of lofty Italian magnificence, a treasure house of Antiquity, Painting, and Sculpture, disclosing the statues, frescoes, and gilding of its noble façade, and massive campaniles, at the extremity of its darkest grove of evergreens, glittering in this rainbow sunlight, and you may have some impression of the Villa Borghese. Even such a delicious seclusion Boccaccio would have narrated and Tasso sung. Yea, such

a paradise did Metastasio image, when he poured those delicious verses from the lips of Venus, descending from her chariot in his "Orti Esperide:"

" Fermete, ormai fermete,
Sul fortunato suolo,
Amorose Colombe, il vostro volo !
Gia, del roseato freno
Seguitando la legge,
Dal odorato Oriental soggiorno,
Fin, dove cade il giorno,
Tutta l'Eterea Mole
Abbastanza scorreste, emule del Sole."

Such silence and solemnity, that you would never dream you were near the busy haunt of men, were it not, that a long linked diapason of bells, modulated by every possible inflection of their lofty language, convinced you that you were basking, amidst all this voluptuous quiet, beneath the walls of a concealed city, and that city—**ROME!**—

On this bright and sultry afternoon, what a glorious effect had the broad masses of shadow and sunlight upon that prodigious range of arches, the Curia Hostilia !

As I paused beneath its uncouth arcades of monstrous granite blocks, which crown with their ruddy grandeur the Cælian Hill, not even that prodigality of architecture, which the City unveiled to my view, (although the Arch of Constantine, the Palace of the Cæsars, the Tower of

Nero, the Colosseum, and that marvel of old age, the Colonna Pine, disputed my regards,)—could dissipate that rapture of reverie, whereby this darkly storied building engrossed my mind. For this was that Senate House rebuilt by Sylla, on the ruins of the original fabric, of Tullus Hostilius, and burned to ashes by the Roman mob, with the gory corpse of the ruffian Clodius. What a feast for fancy does it furnish! What exciting pictures does it invoke! The calm loveliness of an Italian evening, the waving pinegroves of a Roman Villa, the Hostelry by the highway, where

“ Was naught around but images of rest,”

over which the purple Appenines presided as the tutelary Genii, all on a sudden disturbed by the approach, from opposite quarters, of the two Patrician antagonists with their train of vassals; the collision, the conflict, the assassination, the popular explosion over the corpse, and that sublime Insanity which dedicated to its mangled remains, no meaner funeral pyre than the Senate House itself! Well might Tully exclaim, “ Quid miserius, quid acerbius, quid luctuosius vidimus? Templum Sanctitatis, Amplitudinis, Mentis, Consilii publici, Caput Urbis, Aram Sociorum, Portum omnium Gentium, Sedem ab universo Populo Romano concessum uno Ordini, inflammari, exscindi, funestari!”

The Temple of Vesta is, to say the least, as attractive as it is conspicuous among the romantic melange of streets, gardens, and towered walls which embroider the banks of the Tiber. It possesses, moreover, the charm of singularity; for while every other object, whether ancient or modern, seems to have been built upon the Brobdignag scale, this lovely little toy of a temple might have been designed as a domicile for her pet Gulliver, by Glumdalclich herself.

Framed in the most delicate symmetry, and surrounded by a zone of Corinthian columns, which, like a file of guardian Vestals, encircle the Cell,—this beauteous Fane looks down upon the Roman river whose yellow waters might well wish themselves more transparent than they are, were it only for the pleasure of becoming a mirror to so graceful an Image. It is a perfect love, and seems built to be transferred, as, through its bronze and cork models, it so commonly is, to the tables of the museum, the library, and the boudoir,—there to be the paragon of marqueterie, as it is here the cynosure of all those gracious ruins which the Tiber worships still.

Its Christian title, Santa Maria di Sole, is as appropriate as pleasing: for the sun loves to salute its peristyle with his earliest and his latest look, and the soft breezes of the Gianicolo are for ever wafting fragrance and whispering affection from the pine woods and parterres of the Pamfili, to its virgin colonnade.

The Sepulchre of Caius Cestius is a very remarkable object among the multifarious forms in which Architecture once adorned, and by which Ruin still consecrates, the soil of the Eternal City. Its great Pyramis contrasts well with the ruddy brickwork of that stately labour of Belisarius, the Porta San Paolo, to which it is contiguous; and that immense Pine, rearing its trunk like a guardian Genius at its side, does by the sedate verdure of its thick tabular branches, contribute most favourably to the harmonious tone of colour, produced by the surrounding piles. The interior is as damp and dismal as a Burial Vault need be.

Hoarded amid the treasures of the Capitoline Museum, a single Foot alone remains of that colossal Bronze Statue, which Pride, stronger than Death, did not blush to erect above the Dust and Ashes, which it meant to immortalize, but only mocked.

The gorgeous frescoes which originally adorned the murky walls and cieling of this chamber of death, denoting by their subject, (the Lectisternia) the rank of Cestius, as one of the Epulones, or Religious Decemviri, are now all but effaced; and one gladly hurries from the doleful frivolity of a Pagan's obsequies, to the fresh airs, delicate turf, and bowers of plants, which wave over the lowly urns and sepulchres of the English Cemetery.

The haughty intolerance which impels the Church of Rome to spurn her Anglican Sister from

her emblazoned Aisles into this tranquil seclusion, was, in *effect*, as kind, as contumelious in *Motive*. Who would not prefer (if preference there be) the turf, dewy and rich with Nature's bounteous visitings, and protected by the Awful Shadow of that Gray House of Ages, where the voice of the nightingale is their requiem, the coo of the turtle their dirge; their shroud the red leaves of autumn, and tapestries of violets their pall; rather than the damp abyss ripped open in the pavement of some gloomy Church, the smoky glare of torches, the atmosphere heavy with frankincense, and the chant (anything but celestial) of droning monks. Surely, when the Spirit has returned to God who gave it, 'tis to such earth as this that it would most willingly bequeath its empty tabernacle.

While wandering, the other day, among the groves and gravestones of this fair field of the Dead, I was affected even to tears by the pathetic inscription on poor Miss Bathurst's monument.

The mysterious fate of her father, who disappeared so strangely on his way to Vienna, and her own miserable and instantaneous abruption, from amidst a company of joyous friends, into the tenacious gulfs of the Tiber, compose such a hideous aggravation of Calamity, as might well defy the pen of the most ready writer to depict. And yet in that long and beautiful Italian Epitaph, there is at once such exquisite feeling and such consummate taste, the piteous Story so for-

cibly developes its romance, and yet so wisely trusts to the simple circumstances for its effect, that it seems gently and imperceptibly to swell the heart until that burst of uncontrollable anguish, betrayed in those piercing words "*Madre Vedova*," "*Misero Monumento*," compels the full charged feelings to overflow.

This evening we visited the Colonna gardens, and I once more beheld with regret that gaunt wreck of its Medieval Pine, whose prodigious size and flourishing old age excited my reverence and admiration five years ago. It was planted in memory of several of the Colonna family assassinated under the Tribunate of Rienzi, early in the fourteenth century, and records also the revenge of this atrocious deed, in the following inscription attached on a marble block to the wall of the terrace, from which this ancient and traditionary tree discloses its uncouth beauty for miles.

All ora quando corre
vanno l'otto di Ottobre
1324—dopo essere
scavalcati ed uccisi
Giovanni, Stefano
e Pietro Agapiti ;
L'Ordine della Vittoria
istituto fuori di Porta
San Lorenzo fra la
Madonna, nel valoro
so Sangue Colonnese
Giugurta e Sciarretta
vendicati i loro uniti

accorte, Savella, colla
morte di Rienzi nel
Pontificato del V Clemente
erettosi Tribuno del
Popolo Romano in
Campidoglio.
Qui piantarono
questo Albero a
perenne Memoria
di sì
Fatale Questione.

Of Rienzi's brutal, or rather insane conduct on this occasion, Mrs. Dobson writes thus :

“ The Tribune went to the Church of St. Mary, to thank God for this success ;” and, alluding to the death of the Colonnas, he said, “ *I have this day cut off an ear, which neither the Pope nor Emperor was ever able to accomplish.*” The bodies of the Colonnas were carried to the Church of the Monastery of Sta. Maria d'Ara Celi, wherein was their Chapel. That of Stephen was so disfigured, it could not have been known, but for some signs of life still remaining. Several Ladies related to them ran in grief to the chapel, to pay their last duty, and attend their funeral rites. Rienzi ordered his guards to drive them out of the Church, and would not allow these illustrious persons any obsequies : he even threatened to have their bodies dragged to the place allotted for those of Malefactors.”

Such was the Tragedy, of which this noble tree is at once the contemporary and the chronicle.

The tempests of five Centuries have raged around his princely stature in vain ; and even that unhappy storm of last year, which tore away his strongest branches, has still left him such a vigorous trunk, and such a spreading coronal of verdure, that we may reasonably hope the monumental Pine of the murdered Colonnas will survive to tell their bloody story for years to come ; and yielding at last rather to the gentle advances of decay, than to the invasion of the elements, realize those beautiful lines of Dryden, when alluding to the death of King Polybus :

“ Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
But fell, like Autumn fruit, that mellow'd long,
Even wonder'd at, because he dropt no sooner ;
Fate seem'd to wind him up for fourscore years,
Yet freshly ran he on ten Winters more ;
Till like a Clock worn out with eating Time,
The wheels of weary Life at last stood still.”

ŒDIPUS, A. IV. S. I.

After surveying the vast gulfs of the Baths of Constantine, those ancient vaults which so long concealed the famous Equestrian Groups of Phidias and Praxiteles, we threaded the labyrinths of the Colonna gardens under an atmosphere heavy with the aroma of orange and lemon flowers ; and issued through a lofty massive hedge walk of clipped cypress and box trees, upon the Monte Cavallo, to compare the lustre of a cloudless sunset and a flashing fountain, which now

irradiates those wondrous Horses and Men of marble, and their coeval basin of adamant, with the murky gloom of those mouldering depths in which they slept for ages. Never did this splendid group look more worthy of their illustrious site ! To my fancy they seemed proudly conscious that the dreary term of their imprisonment was but as a drop in the ocean to the immortality of their present elevation. Laved in the placid sunshine, the golden walls of the Rospigliosi Casino appeared to emblemize the treasures of Painting, which its airy halls enclose ; while the Quirinal palace, and the gorgeous Palazzo della Cancelleria, with its marbles torn from the Colosseum, and its granite colonnade from the Theatre of Pompey, blazed and flushed beneath the deepest azure firmament that ever bent in mercy over this vale of tears.

Rome, May, 1844.

THIS morning Christina and I visited the Fountain of Egeria.

*" In Vallem Egeriæ descendimus, et speluncas
Dissimiles veris ; quanto præstantius esset
Nomen Aquæ, viridi si margine clauderet undas
Herba, nec ingenuum violarent Marmora Tophum."*

JUVENAL, L. 1. SA. 3.

Be at peace, Oh ! poetic moralist ! All is now

as thou couldst wish. The marbles thou didst denounce have either disappeared, or at least have so far surrendered their splendour of form and colour to the stern behest of time, or the more unkind mutilation of man; in short, have so bitterly paid the penalty of their artificial intrusion on the paramount sovereignty of Nature, that even thou, in this blooming season of Italian Spring, mightest visit Egeria's Fountain without a single qualm. All is shattered and deformed: the very arches and niches, once so revolting to thy rural taste, derive now their only beauty from the wilding bower of thick green trees that overcanopy their caves, the rare ferns that tapestry their walls, the luxuriant tufts of wild vine, fig, and ivy, that embroider their black moist brickwork, and the flowers of these deep meadows overtopping with their petals of scarlet, and white, and yellow, and purple, the rich tall blades of their unmown grasses.

I thought of " the Well of English undefiled :"

" Sprang up the Grass as thick ysett
And soft eke as any Velvett.
There sprang the Violet all new,
And fresh Pervinke rich of hewe,
And Flowris yalowe, white, and redde,
Such plenti grew ther ne'er in mead :
Full gay was all the Ground and queint,
And poudred as men had it peint."

ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE.

Even the Fountain gushing bright, pure, and

abundant as it is, neither receives nor requires any other ornament than that vision coeval with our existence of the secluded communings, amidst noontide heats or moonlight dews, between Numa and his beloved Egeria.

After all it scarcely needed a Poetic Fiction to consecrate to some benignant genius this delicious Grotto, whose rocky shadows, solemn groves, exuberant herbage, cold silver springs, and many odoured and many coloured Flora, must have impressed even the dullest traveller through these sunbright regions with sentiments of devout gratitude to that Great Power Whose gifts they are ; Who, when the wanderers' feet are burning with the dry dusty earth, and his brow beaded with moisture beneath the sweltering sky,

“ Maketh him to lie down in green pastures, and leadeth him beside the still waters.”

That well proportioned classic Fane, generally recognized as the temple of Bacchus, and now consecrated to Roman Catholic worship, soars amidst its waving groves on a swelling hill, amidst a chaos of old brick temples, the tutelary genius of this lowly Grotto ; while the Sepulchre of Cecilia, (with its incongruous retinue of the Gaetani Towers, and its old-world Pleasaunce, the Circus of Romulus, half classic and half barbaresque), predominates above this sylvan scene.

What a pity that Research should supplant

Tradition, and convert such pleasing objects as these into a sort of Architectural Lie ! Yet such is the case ; for, according to the genuine Antiquarian Code, no sooner has a Place or a Building acquired a Name, and felt itself warm and settled in its seat, than it behoves a new light to spring up, which, pronouncing its title usurped and false, doth oust it most unceremoniously to make room for some other name, doomed shortly in its turn to experience the fate of its predecessor. And thus,

“ Naught is every thing, and every thing is naught.”

So much for the Antiquary ; for my own part, in Rome, I believe in nothing but the Colosseum and the Cloaca Maxima ! I drank of the Fountain nevertheless.

Rome, 10th May, 1844.

THIS morning an intense and flaming sunshine, strangely united with pleasant nimble airs, allured us to the lemon groves and the saloons of the Rospigliosi Palace. The Aurora delighted my companion with the *novelty*, and me with the *freshness* of its beauty. The Andromeda of the same great master was new to both of us. That enchanting creature seems divided between terror at the monster, and exultation at the approach of her deliverer ; and as for those lily limbs swelling

from the canvass, one really rejoices that her champion is so close at hand; ten minutes more and the rheumatism or an ague must inevitably have anticipated the yawning jaws of the monster; so slight is that drapery of Tyrian purple which conceals rather than protects, and caresses far more than it covers her defenceless loveliness.

The Sophonisba of Calabrese is wonderful for its fidelity of horror. That manœuvring and singularly unsuccessful Lady, whose bridal altar proved her sepulchre, has just swallowed the mortal draught, and is in the act of returning the horrible marriage gift to the emissary of Masinissa. The livid pallor of her face and hands is indeed deathlike; you perceive at once that the subtle venom is already circulating in her veins. I cannot make up my mind to give a verdict of justification, on any of the four distinguished personages who figure in this tragic drama. The two Kings, the Queen, and the Proconsul, incur, each of them, a degree of opprobrium, more or less, which sadly tarnishes whatever lustre, rank, beauty, or renown, may have kindled round their Names. The most justifiable, because the most to be commiserated, was the revengeful fury of the Numidian Monarch; and that African venom of speech, at once cunning and killing, whereby his burning heart and chainless tongue compensated well the impotence of his manacled hands, was alone worthy of a Sovereign of those

“Souls made of fire, and Children of the Sun,
With whom Revenge is Virtue.” *

It was in fact the two-edged speech of Syphax, not the rebuke of Scipio, nor the poisoned bowl of Masinissa, which achieved the punishment of his rival and his faithless consort, by a single stroke. The beautiful daughter of Asdrubal appears to have been at least as perfidious as fair, and more audacious than either; she was decidedly a cool hand; nor does this appear more conspicuous in her catastrophe, than in the act which led directly to it; not only her *marrying*, but in fact, *soliciting* a second royal consort, under the very nose of her *first*!

A Traitor to his Country, whose ranks he deserted from personal considerations, it was not to be wondered at, that in the present instance, the conduct of King Masinissa should be influenced by that goodly company of vices, Arrogance, Lust, Selfishness, and the most sordid and unscrupulous Ambition. With regard to the illustrious Scipio himself, it was certainly out of the question that he should overlook that barefaced infringement of Divine and Human Law, which his young ally had so insolently committed: neither is there any contravening his assertion that “*it was the prerogative of the Senate and people of Rome, to determine the destiny of a Woman who was charged with having detached*

* Young.

a King from their Confederacy." But when we hear him glossing upon the sublimity of a victory over Appetite and Passion, who does not detect through all the cant of continence on his lip, the hollow voice of Murder in his heart? As for the duplicity of his *affectionate remonstrance* with Masinissa, for the rashness of that bloody act, which he had himself insinuated, it reminds one of King John and Hubert, touching the murder of poor Prince Arthur, or Elizabeth and Secretary Davidson, upon the execution of Mary Stuart.

Mark, moreover, how the very next day he remunerates the headstrong cruelty which he affected to deplore. The Assembly of the soldiers in the Market Place, the Solemn Tribunal, the Regal Salutation, the Curule Chair, the Ivory Sceptre, the Crown and Cup of Gold, the Embroidered Robe, and the Tunic wrought with Palm branches;—it was just as if one should reward a froward child for passionately destroying a prohibited play-thing! And that grandiloquent passage, "*Negue magnificentius quidquam apud Romanos, neque triumphantibus ampliorem, eo Ornatu, esse, quo unum omnium Externorum dignum Masinissam Populus Romanus ducat,*" adds little to one's opinion of the Great Africanus. But that a pageant such as this, reinforced by hopes of the Numidian throne, should have reconciled that unchivalrous Adventurer to the titles of Adulterer, Assassin, and Usurper, brands, as with a diadem of red hot iron, the memory of Masinissa.

The dying Samson of Ludovico Caracci is inexpressibly terrible. In my judgment, its most striking characteristic is the *Suddenness* of the fearful event, so admirably depicted, that, while, in one part of the fabric, pillars are tottering, and galleries are crashing, the greater portion of the Revellers are in various stages of suffering, of apprehension, or utter unconsciousness of the horrible fact ! Musicians are playing, golden goblets are being drained by the lips of some, and scornful jests are shooting from the tongues of others, at the very moment when the crushed, the maimed, or the mangled limbs of their associates bear dreadful testimony to the enormous weight of roof, cornice, and pillar, which, falling or fallen, break up the festal palace with their hideous ruin. Oh, the agonized convulsion of the Philistine Noble, whose belly is crushed by that down dashed column ! I never can forget his face, I have it now before me !

Milton thus paints the scene in Poesy,

“ This utter'd, straining all his nerves, he bow'd,
As with the force of winds and waters pent
When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars
With horrible convulsion to and fro.
He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came, and drew
The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder
Upon the heads of all who sat beneath ;
Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests,
Their choice nobility and flower, not only
Of this, but each Philistian city round
Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.”

SAMSON AGONISTES.

The gardens of the Villa Pamfili are laid out

like a tapestry in the armorial bearings and shields of the family, represented by variegated earths; the Eagles and Doves are everywhere conspicuous. The stately Casino, so antiquated and ghostly looking, with its latticed windows, brick floors, and old haggard statues, placed in wild contrast with the fresh colours and gilding of the fresco cielings, seems the very abode of a persecuted heroine. There is a glorious prospect from the battlements. Such clear colouring over every object to the very horizon, I never saw: never saw such greens, and yellows, and browns, and purples, and reds, as in those pastures, towers, forests, hills, and towns, and that celestial vault, which, as Coleridge says, "bends over all." No wonder Ausonia is the land of painters! The beautiful bulk of St. Peter's clothed in sunbeams, soared the acknowledged lord of this enchanting panorama. As for those enormous pinasters, (the massive surface of their clotted heads, fresh with their vernal greenness,) they resemble a broad undulating meadow, on which a village might stand, and men and women walk, rather than mere tree tops. It might have been in just such a scene as this that Theocritus composed that delicious piece of Italian painting in his Fifth Idyll,

Ουχ ἔρψω τῆναι· τουτῷ δρνες ὡδε κυπείρος
 Ωδε καλον βομβευντι ποτι σμανεσσι μελιτται·
 Ενθ' ὕδατος ψυχρῷ κραναῖ δυο· ται δ' ἐπι δενδρῷ
 Ορνιχες λαλαγευντι· και ἡ σκια εἰδεν ὁμοια
 Τα παρα τιν· βαλλει δε και ἡ Πιτυς ὑποθε κωνες.

We saw here for the first time a Columbarium, one of those sepulchral chambers, formed to receive the ashes of the lower orders or the dependants of Imperial and Patrician families. It is perhaps scarcely necessary to add, that they derived their name from the dovecot, or pigeon-house, whose numerous windows their little arches closely resemble. The sepulchre which contains them was disinterred from the accumulated mould of centuries beneath the turf of an antique Pleasaunce, surrounded with Ilex and Cypress trees, it is lofty, and extensive, and preserved with the most scrupulous care. The minute frescoes are excessively beautiful, exhibiting all the grace, and a good deal of the humour of the Pompeian Paintings.

Rome, 16th May, 1844.

ON the Feast of the Ascension, we repaired to the Basilica of St. John Lateran, to see the Pontifical procession; to *me* it was "stale," and "weary," and "flat," and to my associate very "unprofitable." We were struck, however, by a curious occurrence. When his Holiness and his ostrich fans had ascended to the lofty Loggia, and shewn themselves at the crimson clad balustrades of its central arch, the Papal blessing was duly bestowed, and the Cardinals proceeded to scatter the Indulgences among the people; but the white

papers that contained them declined the descent, and after fluttering hither and thither, lodged at last on different parts of the massive cornice and architrave. In vain were myriads of arms stretched upwards to arrest the capricious fugitives, they had thought proper to fix themselves upon an elevation, from whence nothing shorter than the arm of a Titan could take them down.

“ No Drury Lane for you to-day,”

saith Aunt Hannah, in the Rejected Addresses. “ *No Indulgence to-day!* ” saith the Papa to his disappointed Children. What eventually became of these precious papers, we were never able to discover.

We were however amply indemnified for the weariness occasioned by these perfunctory pomps, in a visit to the Corsini Chapel, the glory of this superb Cathedral. This beautiful recess, at once an Oratory and a Mausoleum, is adorned with an exuberant magnificence of Marble and Bronze, whose gorgeousness nothing but the touch of consummate Taste could have withheld from being gaudiness. Quitting the two lordly and life-like images of a Corsini Pope, and a Corsini Cardinal, that stupendous porphyry sarcophagus of the Pantheon, and those exquisite allegories in white marble ;—we descended to the low-browed melancholy Cemetery underneath, where, by the glimmering light of tapers, I beheld

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the matchless Cristo Morto of Bernini, a thing to weep over, a thing to love, almost to adore. I never saw expression in marble or colour surpassing the contrast between the prayerful agony of the Virgin Mother, and the lifeless tranquillity of that naked Form which had sucked life at her breast, which she had recently seen stretched out in the pangs of a hideous punishment, and which now lies in her lap, as calm as He once slept an infant on her bosom, with nothing to tell that He had lived and suffered save the swollen veins and muscles of those most beautiful arms. Yes, it is a sight for thankful and adoring tears !

Revisited the Basilica of San Lorenzo, from whose superb marbles and stately sculptures this fine old Church demands all their magic of Colour and Form to compensate the depressing aspect of a pile where Antiquity is labouring in the eclipse of neglect.

Thence to the Ponte Lamentano, a charming drive. As we turned from the towered arches of the bridge we were surprised by a dreadful thunder-storm ! The peals were appalling ; it was as if

“ *Fractus illabatur Orbis ;*”

and the rain fell in wreathed cataracts, whirled hither and thither by the furious wind which came and departed with this strangely sudden tempest. We saw the Storm Bell swinging in a Campanile

by the wayside, but his iron voice was drowned in the bellowing of the thunder and the howling of the blast.

Rome, 24th May, 1844.

ROME is remarkably melancholy in May. I need scarcely say that, to my fancy, it is a most pleasant, a most contemplative melancholy. That palsied City of Age! that Catacomb of Renown! the memory of whose Illustrious Dead seems more vigorous than the bodily presence of her Dead Alive! In Winter and Spring the English impart a species of galvanic gaiety utterly alien from her monumental gloom. But in May the glorious old Ghost flings away her gauds, wraps her solemn mantle around her, pulls down her cowl over her brow, and becomes once more the sublime Phantom she really is. With the exception of an ostentatious parade of paltry equipages, tarnished liveries, and wretched horses on the Corso, and a frantic attempt at an Opera, Rome, in May, is a picturesque receptacle for monks, and goatherds, and nightingales, and bells. Like some Haunted Place, it appears to be beloved and frequented only by the apparitions of an obsolete race. Yet many minds will find it infinitely more congenial thus, than amidst all the popular splendours of its Holy Week.

Her tranquillity, nay, her very desolation is

enchanting. The Summer's-day circuit of the Seven Hills seems all your own. You wander whither you will, meeting few, and disturbed by none. In short, the very Antiquity of the place is one perpetual novelty, and its grave monotony a serene recreation. I write this in the Villa Borghese, beneath groves of acacias, redolent with odours, and booming with myriads of bees, the yellow hay in aromatic quiles, pitched like pavilions below the old red walls of Rome, and nightingales and blackbirds, contending in gushes of ecstatic Song! Coleridge must have been here when he wrote thus :

" 'Tis the merry Nightingale
That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates,
With fast thick warble, his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His Lovechant, and disburthen his full soul
Of all its Music !

And I know a Grove
Of large extent, hard by a Castle huge,
Which the great Lord inhabits not ; and so
This Grove is wild with tangling underwood,
And the trim Walks are broken up ; and Grass,
Thin Grass and Kingcups grow within the paths.
But never elsewhere, in one place, I knew
So many Nightingales ; and far and near,
In Wood and Thicket, over the wide Grove,
They answer and provoke each others Song
With skirmish and capricious passagings."

There is moreover an Aviary near the Casino, devoted exclusively to Canary Birds. A cool

clear fountain, trees, turf, sand, gravel; everything of Nature for their enjoyment, united with much of Art for their protection. ' It was pretty to see the sweet little foreigners so safely confined, and yet as much at large as in their native Palm groves and forests of Cocoa. The yellow villains were singing themselves hoarse, undoubtedly emulous of those fiery bursts from the Nightingales, amidst their immense recesses of pine and ilex, which resounded on every side with their rich and varied modulations.

Nothing gives me a more favourable opinion of Human Nature, with all its infirmities and faults, than to notice the demeanour of the groupes that gather around the Dying Gladiator in the Capitol.

Amidst the most breathless silence, if you can for a moment withdraw your attention from that marvellous Effigy, you will see in the three or four assembled with yourself to gaze on its pathetic story, not only admiration and delight, but the most eloquent, the most affectionate indication of earnest sympathy. I have heard the murmured expression of sorrow, the suppressed sigh; nay, fancied I could detect a bursting tear from more than one manly heart; and I discovered in all these kindly and spontaneous emotions, the sublimest triumph of that mighty master, who possessed the power of linking the sympathies of flesh and blood with his own Dramatic Marble, and who

compelled the pulse of living men to fluctuate in unison with the throbbings of those quivering nerves and distended arteries, which only *seem* to suffer in stone! Yes! it makes one love one's fellow creatures better, and our complacency in witnessing the existence of such brotherly feelings nearly equals our admiration of that miraculous chisel which had influence enough to call them forth.

We have had to-day tremendous thunder and lightning, heavy rain, and boisterous winds.

By the way, one is apt to forget, amidst the comforts and enjoyments of this most excellent Hostel, that we sleep within a hundred yards of the spot where Nero's ashes were scattered to the four winds; that spot which, polluted by his infamous remains, was so horribly infested by the Phantoms of his victims, who nightly

“ Did squeal and gibber in the Roman streets ;”

that the Dominican Church and Monastery of Santa Maria del Popolo was built upon the spot as a sort of Masonic exorcism. Certainly if *one* fright may be said to expel *another*, this hideous Fane fully deserves the spectral origin to which Tradition traces its erection. Its interior, however, is so magnificent in design, so rich in exquisite sculptures and precious marbles, and so illustrious in Great and Good Names, that it may well be conceived to have originated in a kindly intention to pacify the poor Ghosts by offering them a

hallowed space, wherein to take their lamentable nightly walks, instead of affrighting the worthy Roman Citizen, by crossing his path with flaming eyes and gashed bosoms, as he returned from some rustic Fiera, or some church festival of his native village, to his Tibertine home. Only think upon that romantic picture of the Monster's nocturnal flight, in Tacitus :

“ Turpis Fuga, subito tremore terræ et fulgure adverso damnata, ad novas patet injurias. Proxima itineri Castra circumsonant clamoribus militum, Neroni adversa, Galbæ prospera ominantium. At is per diverticula, fruticeta inter ac vepres, occulto effossæ Cavernæ introitu, in Phaontis Suburbanum ægre irrepserat.”

ANN. LIB. 16.

The Frescoes of Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel are transcendent indeed ! While they staunch my deathfeud with that species of Painting, they make me more than ever deplore that such a sovereignty of Genius should have been entrusted to so fleeting, so faithless a representative. The gigantic figures of the Sibyls and the Philosophers unite the substance of sculpture with the life of painting. The whole, although somewhat waning from the bursting splendour of its original state, appears much less impaired by climate and by time than I had been led to expect.

The perfect symmetry of Dioclesian's Pinacotheca, though I have already seen it, entranced me with admiration. I was asked to-day which

Church I liked the most in Rome, and I could not immediately answer, for I had never even put the converse of the question to myself, which I *disliked the least*. The fact is, I am utterly sick of their gaudy, their theatric splendour. The very master-pieces which, with such reckless profusion, are compelled, by a species of Ecclesiastical Conscription, to adorn their aisles, seem degraded by coming in contact with the tasteless, the glittering, the unmeaning mummary which encumbers their noble proportions; nay, the precious marbles themselves, glowing in all their supremacy of colour, and holding at least the third rank after Painting and Sculpture, have always seemed to my poor judgment utterly out of place. But, were such an interrogatory to be repeated now, I would (with a little gulp at the thought of St. Peters), I would, I say, boldly answer, "*The Masterpiece of Michael Angelo, Santa Maria degli Angeli!*"—

It is that Greek Cross, that simple unobstructed space, with no petty parts to distract the eye from the grasp of its sublime whole, which constitutes the charm of this grand building! The marbles, the gildings, the glorious pictures,—(though Carlo Maratta and Domenichino have their Masterpieces here,) all are subordinate to that victorious effect which vastitude, governed by proportion, developes in this august Basilica. But then, as we descend from the contemplation of this great

outline, and examine its component parts, the soul sinks to see the most affecting, the most transcendent scenes of the Gospel side by side with those unintelligible Legends of Popish Fable. Is it not always so painful to be obliged to disbelieve! and yet this *mélange* of truth and falsehood was indiscriminately produced by the pencil of a master!

This afternoon we drove along the Via Appia Nova. The Sun, rolling his chariot amidst a cavalcade of wild clouds, along the ruddy array of shattered arches, variegating the grassy plain with its uncouth palatial, and sepulchral ruins, in ebony and gold, illuminating the purple and green recesses of the Sabine Hills, and caressing with capricious fleetness their woody towers and towns, bequeathed to the north a calm blue vault, wherein, as in some regal hall of state, the Dome of St. Peters, the Rotunda of the Colosseum, the vast Basilicas of Santa Maria Maggiore, and San Giovanni Laterano, that embattled Sepulchre of Cecilia, and those lofty masses of the Pamfili pine, which hovered in the horizon like a feathery vapour, proclaim the illustrious domicile of Rome.

The Temple of the Divus Rediculus (or whatever other title it may rejoice in) is one of those lovely little phantasies of Architecture that one might imagine a London citizen would have coveted for a summer-house. The brilliant contrast between its vermillion pilasters, and its pale

yellow wall, the delicate moulding of its slender bricks, and the elaborate elegance of its decoration, not to omit its pleasing though diminutive proportions, arising from the wild green turf of this melancholy region, can scarcely fail of affecting with at least a spark of fancy the flattest spirit of this work-day world. For my own part, I should be much less disposed to pronounce it a Temple than a Tomb, and in fact, the whole appearance of this wide dull tract seems eminently adapted to Sepulchral Piles. It is most melancholy, most funereal; and even that glorious Sun, and those majestic Aqueducts, soaring as they do, to salute his lustre, and to emulate his glory, cannot efface the feeling that such a scene, and such memorials should be visited only in the gloom of a sad and stormy sky; either amidst the sympathetic moans of an Autumnal tempest, or the waning and mournful glimpses of an Autumnal twilight.

“Globose and huge
Gray mouldering Temples swell, and wide o’ercast
The solitary landscape, hills, and woods,
And boundless wilds; while the vine-mantled brows
The pendent goats unveil, regardless they
Of hourly peril, though the clefted Domes
Tremble to every wind. The Pilgrim oft
At dead of night, midst his oraison, hears
Aghast the Voice of Time, disparting towers,
Tumbling all precipitate, down dashed
Rattling around, loud thundering to the moon;
While murmurs sooth each awful interval
Of ever-falling Waters!”

DYER.

On entering Rome, by the Gate of St. John,

the Stranger finds himself in the centre of such an assemblage of picturesque, superb, and hallowed buildings, as only the Republic, the Empire, or the Pontificate of Rome could have produced. To right and left, (its dark red Masonry begemmed with lichens, and plumed with their wilding foliage,) bursting at intervals into mighty towers, broad and slender, round and square, the Roman Rampart protects with dragon vigilance that ample area of turf and tree, and those commanding piles which it sustains. Wherever his eye wanders, he beholds some monument of Classic glory, or Christian devotion ; while, to crown the whole, two out of the Seven great Basilicas of Rome, San Giovanni Laterano, and Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, confront each other with their radiant façades, rivals as it were in the beauty of Holiness.

This has always been a favourite haunt of mine, and I have frequently observed, in passing to and fro, a yellow stuccoed pile, facing the Cathedral of St. John, having nothing more to command notice than a graceful Loggia of five arches, each containing a stately staircase, and exhibiting on its exterior wall a Tribuna with a flight of steps, whose meaning was to me utterly unintelligible, save that they might afford a closer view of that superb Mosaic, Our Saviour, St. Peter, and the Emperor Constantine, which, brilliant in gold and colour, as if a thousand years had not swept over it, enamels the Alcove. Steps, steps, steps ! evermore steps in Roman Catholic edifices. Now

were they introduced with a little less profusion, their monotony would not detract, as it frequently does, from their fine symbolical meaning. An Ascent of stairs must always be more than merely stately to the eye. It figures, to our imagination, the sublime and decorous degrees of rank subsisting in the celestial Hierarchy,

“Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,”*

and it can hardly fail to recall to our remembrance, that Vision of the wayworn Patriarch in Bethel, and that mystic Ladder thronged with the crimson wings and sun-clad shapes of glorious Seraphim, that golden chain connecting Heaven and Earth, by which prayers from below, and blessings from above are borne by the ambassadors of God. It is a shadow, an emblem of the gradations by which Angels help us amidst our trials and temptations to surmount by degrees our sorrows and our sins.

But here was a pile constructed for no earthly or heavenly purpose, but to contain a given number of staircases. I was puzzled. To-day, however, being Whitmonday, we stopt the carriage in front of the Loggie, and beheld a multitude of persons of every age, sex, and rank, ascending the central staircase upon their knees. All doubt and perplexity was now at an end. This was the Scala Santa.

* Paradise Lost.

Oh, where does Faith end, and Fanaticism begin? I defy any sincere and candid Christian to contemplate those aged sires and grandames, those lusty husbands and matrons, and those comely young men in the high vigour of manhood, mingled with blooming youths and maidens, as they in turn were followed by the beloved and blessed of Christ, little children, climbing zealously, on their knees, those Stairs which they believed their Saviour's feet had painfully ascended, without warmly sympathising in their mistaken feeling, their fervent though erroneous affection, and without wishing, from the very heart, that they had not been taught to consider this performance *a Merit!*

We have just emerged from the Baths of Titus. Those inexplicable and unexplored labyrinths of corridors and saloons, those problems of Extent and Height, to me, contain no feature so interesting as the buried Gardens of the Casa d'Oro. It is true they possessed nothing that to a philosophic mind would recall those delights of youth, the Gardens of the Wonderful Lamp. One never could say of this subterranean Pleasance, "*The trees of this garden were all full of the most extraordinary fruit. The white were pearls, the sparkling and transparent were diamonds, the deep red were rubies, the green emeralds, the blue torquises, the violets amethysts, those tinged with yellow, sapphire.*" All was moulder-

ing melancholy. The very colours of the Frescoes, brilliant as they were, and exquisite in their graces of execution and design, admitted only the long withdrawn dreams of a dubious daylight to their neglected recesses, and evidently abhorred the flambeaux that revealed them to the scrutiny of the stranger. But you saw that vast marble circlet, wherein men may even now discern the earth once variegated with a thousand flowers, and which Modern Antiquaries have with reason pronounced to have originally contained that enormous basin of Porphyry, which, in the Rotunda of the Vatican, endiads the great Mosaic Pavement of Otricoli. It is said to have been brought hither from the palace chambers built by the Stoic Emperor, with philosophic insolence, above the arrogant erections of his miserable predecessor. Of a truth, if the Ghost of Nero could have been sensible of the contumelious treatment which his leagues of pompous architecture experienced at the hands of the son of Vespasian, he would have exchanged his well known boast, "*Now I am lodged like a man!*" for that Numidian Usurper's* delirious pleasantry, "*Jupiter! how cold is this Bath of yours!*" Assuredly, it is mortifying enough to have one's own proud works demolished, to make

* Jugurtha: when naked to his skin, they were thrusting him down the steps of his Prison-tomb, the Mammertine Vault.

way for others; but to be built upon, to be sepulchred as it were by successive architects, to behold a marble nightmare piled above our elegant saloons, our luxurious cabinets, our colonnaded porticos, which have been only *plundered*, not *surpassed*; nay, to have the odoriferous retreats of our very groves and gardens (those blessings of the cottage and the palace) interdicted from the fresh air, the blue skies, and the glorious suns which had once illuminated their paintings, and wafted perfume to their *partêrres*—this is indeed to suffer not only a double burial, but a double death.

Oh, how the spectre of the Parricide must

“ grin horribly a ghastly smile ”

to behold the usurping towers and domes of his supercilious spoiler not only overthrown but actually protecting with their down fallen fragments his own despised foundations, forming as it were for his extravagant conceptions one gigantic Urn.

I have said that the jewelled flowers of Aladdin's garden flourished not in these uncouth vaults, but I must not forget that their cavernous Vestibule of dust and damp, worthy alone of Death's own Skeletons, is strewn with marbles of gemlike beauty; herein, however, Aladdin was more lucky than myself, he had no Magician at his elbow in the shape of a *Custode*, peremptorily to forbid his filling his pockets!

I had nearly forgotten to tell you, that the glory of the Vatican, the Laocöon group, was discovered in the gulfs of these enormous chambers, and that its present shrine is a faithful representation of the pedestal and alcove which it once occupied in the Baths of Titus.

All the world knows the scandalous imputation on Raphael respecting these Frescos, and half the world at least is by this time convinced of its falsehood.

The Columbarium of Pomponius Hylas is the largest hitherto discovered. Close to the Latin Gate, it was excavated in 1840, and its four sides, consisting of nine tiers each, together with the broad and stately pier in its centre, which contains a tall niche, with an urn or a tomb in each front, are as nearly as possible in the same state as when the last funeral pile had filled the last vase that occupied its numerous pigeon holes.

“As doves to their windows,” saith Isaiah of the multitudes destined to embrace the doctrine of the Cross; and as doves to their windows, so doth all this weary dust and ashes seem to have assembled for a long repose. Some of these miniature sepulchres are exquisite models; the Vases and Sarcophagi are particularly graceful; the small marble slabs have their epitaphs in a beautiful state of preservation; many of these are highly characteristic of the affection, or gratitude, or vanity of their writers; and there is one Urn,

remarkable both for its size and elegance, with this legend,

Ne tangito me, O
Mortalis ! Reverere
Deos Manes.

That awful phrase, “ *Diis Manibus*,” uniformly precedes every tabular and urnal inscription, at once an excitement to piety and a warning against profanation. One would imagine the worthy Romans had anticipated a visit from the English ! a *retributive* visit of course !

Well, these are certainly mighty pretty pavilions of the Dead ; the frescoes are gaily painted, and elegantly executed, although it appears strange that the most burlesque subjects are frequently introduced. Ah ! bitter satire of the levity of life, and the nothingness of death ! The most luxuriant orchards of fig and almond, waving over vineyards of the freshest green, surround this mournful House of Memory, which derives perhaps a more congenial shade from the fine thick grove of cypress trees that forms its avenue ; while the grim blockaded Porta Latina, with a vast sweep of tower and corridor, soaring in the particoloured brickwork of Aurelian’s wall, dignifies, at the same time that it protects, this interesting Cemetery.

Where did they bury the Emperors ? The puddle of Ignorance is often the fountain of Wisdom, and a note of interrogation, like the shepherd’s crook,

reclaims many a truant Fact. But where are the Sepulchres of the Cæsars? We have heard of the Mausoleum of Augustus. We have been compelled to disbelieve the reputed Sarcophagus of Nero, and that Imperial Rotunda, the Mole of Adrian, having long abandoned its Imperial name, derives at present its title to respect from that marvellous Girandola, which, at certain seasons, converts its embattled tiara into an artificial Vesuvius.

The aforesaid Mole of Adrian, with its commanding circle, and boldly machicolated brow, is one of the finest things in that City, whose edifices seem to have anticipated a return of the Titan Age, or at least to have emulated each other in symbolising the vast proportions of Roman Empire, and the gigantic cubits of Roman Renown. If magnitude exhibits The Sublime, the Castle of St. Angelo pleads with no mean pretension for that high sounding title. But what a transition from the mausoleum of an Emperor, to a scaffold for the Girandola! Surely this is that old proverbial step, from the sublime to the ridiculous. One should fancy that the

“ Animula, vagula, blandula,”

if it retains any consciousness with regard to the Receptacle of its Imperial clay, must feel intensely disgusted at the species of amusement to which Pontifical Rome has appropriated its old Tomb-

house! It reminds one of the Eton schoolboy, who, when entreated by the widow of a deceased Pyrotechnist, for an inscription on her husband's monument, gave her a travestie on Handel's celebrated epitaph :

" He is gone to that Place
Where only his own Fireworks
Can be excelled."

But where *did* they bury their Emperors? Was it that in spite of the monumental prodigies piled up above their sovereign dust and ashes, Destiny designed them no other memorial than the immortal works they accomplished in their lifetime? In truth, the Emperors of Rome are never buried. The Phantoms of their Virtues and their Crimes, alike gigantic, still stalk about this globe, or stand, funereal effigies, above the places which they have either glorified as demigods, or deformed as demons.

I have just been reading about that horrid murder of a Policeman, while discharging the perfunctory office of *Guardian* to a remote isolated old Mansion, in which a perverse and infatuated old Lady had thought proper to shut herself up from respectable society, and invite only such Visitors as might have an affection for her property, to try the security of her Bars and Locks.

Now, is it not perfectly astounding, my dear —, the predilection certain old people evince

for a violent death ! they appear absolutely enamoured of Murder, and predetermined to quit Life by some passage of distinguished horror ! A good decent "*fairstrae*" death is too dull and common place for them. Accordingly, no sooner do such elderly Bipedes begin to perceive that they are as frail and defenceless as any Burglar and Assassin could desire, than they forthwith cast about for some nook of special loneliness and peril, some of those "Dark Places of the Earth,"* where they may pretty clearly calculate upon ending their days (not in *peace*, but) in *pieces* !

This propensity for defenceless solitude is considerably strengthened by the circumstance of their possessing a round sum of Spade guineas in a certain red bag, or some ancestral teapot and tankard of massive silver, or, above all, an old India cabinet, which (gorgeous as its enamelled exterior and Pagoda fabric appear) derives its principal importance from the credit of holding an untold treasury of Jewels and Ingots within its labyrinths of Recesses, and Pannels, and Drawers.

And now, lest the chances should still be unfavourable to the consummation thus devoutly wished for, they take no protector to their solitary retreat, no hippogryph in the shape of a lionlike

* Psalm lxxiv.

mastiff, or brawny young servingman, to be some defence against the crapeclad Arimasian, whom they have reason to expect nightly upon a visit to their treasures; oh no! nothing is further from their thoughts! If indeed they do condescend to introduce an associate into their ominous seclusion, you may be sure it will be some asthmatic Butler, or paralytic Housekeeper, or perhaps a Child from the Charity school, for whom they furtively design a share in the grim honours of their own impending Apotheosis.

How graphically does Crabbe depict some such a dwelling as this :

“ With pleasing wonder I have oft-times stood
To view those turrets rising o’er the wood,
When Fancy to the halls and chambers flew,
Large, solemn, silent, that I must not view;
The Moat was there; and then o’er all the ground
Tall Elms and ancient Oaks stretch’d far around.
There, as I wander’d, Fancy’s forming eye
Could gloomy cells and dungeons dark espy;
Above the roof were raised the midnight storms,
And the wild lights betrayed the Shadowy Forms.”

TALES OF THE HALL.

There is a piece of impertinence in Forsyth respecting the famous Statue of Moses, which I must attempt to expose.

“ Here sits,” saith the Critic, in the tone of a true Showman, “ here sits the Moses of Michael Angelo, frowning with the terrific Eyebrows of an Olympian Jove. Homer, and Phidias,” &c. &c.

Then ensues a piece of hypercriticism, leavened with a silly sneer at the Church of England; but let that pass. I maintain that the expression of Moses' features, so far from the supercilious frown of the Heathen Thunderer, has only so much of majestic Gravity on his brow as may well indicate the weight of a Government exposed to perpetual rebellion, which presses on his mind; while the sweet expression of the lower part of his face, especially his mouth, perfectly corresponds with his character as "*the meekest of Men.*" As to the foolish remarks he quotes on the Beard and Dress, they would never have been of consequence, had not Forsyth, by his justly acquired authority, as a Critic, embalmed the things in the Amber of his generally admirable Judgment.

"Who would not smile if such a Man there be?
Who would not weep if Atticus were he?"

Those glorious old Columns in the Trastevere Church of St. Mary! I have seen them at last; and oh! how have I seen them! Their colossal Shafts and elaborate Capitals, where the florid loveliness of the Corinthian Acanthus scarcely exceeds the minute ornaments of busts and statues, which betray the Roman corruption of the Ionic Volute, were draperied with tinsel and red, so predominant in their tasteless glare, that even the deep gloom of the high old Temple seemed to lose half its reverential effect. As for the august Band

of Pillars themselves, they look at once ashamed at the insult thus offered to their ancient majesty, and indignantly appeal to some friendly hand to vindicate their outraged dignity, and once more exhibit them in their naked beauty of proportion and form. The marvel to me is, that, with so much of the sublime ancients of Heathendom about them, and so much of intellect and taste to appreciate and preserve its Monuments, these Italians have not the sense to see the incongruity, nay, the absurdity, of blending modern Decoration with antique Austerity.

How, oh! how could those Master Minds that delivered from their tombs the Buried of the Baths, whose munificence exercised the pencils of Painters and the chisels of Sculptors for their palaces and temples, whose Pride appropriated the choicest Relics of Athens and Rome to their halls, or whose Piety devoted their gigantic Remains to their churches,—how could they be so foolish or so unfeeling as to make the Captive Masterpieces stoop to be disguised in yards of red cloth, or tarnished with bandages of trumpery tinsel! Alas! it is the meretricious Spirit that like a leprosy pervades the Papal system, which spreads even over its Architecture.

“It seemeth to me there is, as it were, a Plague in the House.” “It is a fretting Leprosy in the House: it is unclean.”—*Leviticus* xiv. 35, &c.

Rome, 30th May, 1844.

ONCE more, then, I have seen the Laocöon ! Such a Struggle, and so beautiful ! Those noble features in such transports of Pain, yet rapt rather than distorted by it. The bodily Anguish is so evidently subordinate to the Parental throes. Why my Lord Byron calls him "the Old Man," I am at a loss to conceive. That frame, in its naked agony, discloses all the vigour of life's meridian. The left shoulder with its swelling veins, the broad palpitating breast,—oh ! it is enough to make one in love with Torture. This sublime conception affects one equally, but in quite a different way from the Dying Gladiator. They are each in different stages of suffering.

With the noble Creature of Ctesilas the worst is over. Light has left his eyes, Death is rapidly and mercifully supplanting Pain ; this world is no more for him ; its miseries have done their worst. But the Trojan Priest is writhing in his first agonies ; the deadly fangs of the Serpent gripe his manly Chest ; and, if one may judge from the tightened cordage of those deadly coils, each limb of that magnificent Frame is in the very act of being crushed. But this is little—evidently a secondary source of suffering to the Father, in whose ears his Children's shrieks are ringing, his Children involved in the same excruciating death, and

vainly appealing for help to that Parent whose keenest pang at that moment was his *Helplessness!* It is not from his own body that Laocöon cares to disengage the snaky fetters; he only wishes to be free his shrieking, dying Boys. I think it somewhat unfortunate for that dilettante Archer, the Belvidere Apollo, that such plain matter-of-fact pieces of Nature as the Dying Gladiator, the Laocoon, and the Antinous, should be extant at the same time with his very superlative Divinity.

The Galleria del Nilo is certainly one of the richest Corridors of the Vatican Museum. The arrangement of the Statues is most felicitous, each in his own stately niche, extending in a double range, each after each occupying a portion of the view till its sublime perspective dwindles into the distances, the *pillared* distances of more than two hundred feet! There are Statues here each deserving a Portico and a Cabinet to itself as much as the Belvidere or the Antinous. The Mercury, the Faun and Bacchus, the Euripides, the Minerva, are all *capi d'opere*. But if one might select out of all the effigies, not only of this Gallery, but of the entire Vatican, the most absolute personation of mere earthly beauty, I should say it was the Statue of Lucius Verus, the adopted son of Nerva, who, happily for Rome, failed of the Purple by dying before his Imperial Patron. Surely there never entered into the heart or mind of sculptor so majestic, so amiable a Nude. I could have

wept when at home I compared his real character with his outward form and shew. The beckoning Gesture of the right hand is inimitable. You could fancy that as Macbeth saw the visionary dagger, so Verus sees the imperial Sceptre which he was doomed never to wield. I should like to see, engraven in letters of Gold, upon the Pedestal of this Statue, that noble passage in Beaumont and Fletcher :

“ The greatest hearted Man, supplied with means,
Nobility of birth and gentlest parts,
Aye, though the Right-hand of his sovereign,
If Virtue quit her seat in his high soul,
Glitters but like a Palace set on fire,
Whose Glory, while it shines, but ruins him ;
And his bright show, each hour to ashes tending,
Shall at the last be raked up like a spark,
Unless men’s lives and fortunes feed the flame.”

The Honest Man’s Fortune.

May 31st, 1844.

It is a charming thing to see the Peasantry of Rome and its neighbourhood admitted as freely to these incomparable Saloons of Art, as the most distinguished among the aristocracy of Genius, Birth, or Wealth.

There was a fine swarthy Countryman, six feet high, with black curly hair, and that noble countenance so mournful in repose, but so brilliant when lighted up by emotion ; and so peculiar to Italy

standing by me in front of the Laocöon ; and I was amused, I may say instructed, by his minute inspection of every part of the Groupe. It was the wondering attention of an intellect admiring, but not conscious of comprehending what it deeply felt. If not a Genius himself, who knows how mysteriously he may kindle genius in his sons, as he recounts from time to time the wonders of Art which he has seen in these Saloons, in his own white Cottage home, among the Sabine Hills, as they repose beneath the deep shade of his Walnut and Figtrees amidst the airy glow of such a Summer as this :—

“ Or in the Nights of Winter,
 When the cold north winds blow,
 And the long howling of the Wolves
 Is heard amidst the Snow.
 When round the lonely Cottage
 Roars loud the tempests din,
 And the good logs of Algidus
 Roar louder yet within.

“ When the oldest cask is opened,
 And the largest lamp is lit,
 When the chesnuts glow in the embers,
 And the kid turns on the spit ;
 When Young and Old in circle
 Around the firebrands close,
 When the Girls are weaving baskets,
 And the Boys are shaping bows.

“ When the Goodman mends his armour,
 And trims his helmet's plume,
 When the Goodwife's shuttle merrily
 Goes flashing through the Loom.”

LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME.

What Michael Angelo's, what Raphael's may arise from this source ! what Vineyards of Genius engrafted upon this wild but generous stock !

Rome, 1st June, 1844.

So they tell me that the " Caverne " of the antique Marbles, those pictures of the mine, are lost. Those gorgeous quarries, from whose illustrious womb, the Kingly, the Republican, and the Imperial Rome levied those exquisite materials, which alone she thought worthy to immortalize her Men, or to propitiate her Gods !

I am free to confess that often as I have seen these superb stones in all their peacock variety of lustre and colour, gleaming on Tombs, Pavements, and Walls, adding an unnecessary pomp to the masterpieces of Sculpture, and seeming almost to emulate Painting herself, I never thought half so much of their value as now, when I have lighted upon them in lonely lanes, or in the windy hollows of enormous Ruins.

The desire one naturally feels to carry off a Relic from places consecrated and glorified by Stories of the Great, the Gifted, and the Good, is enhanced by finding amongst the melancholy Remains of their gigantic Palaces the evidence that they did not disdain the adventitious aid of graceful embellishment. The Reds, the Yellows, the

Purples, the Greens, which at this day glow so exuberantly in the Italian Churches, as to make even magnificence monotonous, generally weary the eye by their repetition, and frequently fail of arresting attention at all. But it is not so when, amidst the moss grown heaps which blockade the Saloons and Corridors of a desolate Pile, the eye recognizes a fragment of the costly Verde Antico, with its silvery flowers, a piece of the sparry Serpentino, its rival in verdant lustre, a broken slab of the Giallo, with its delicate roseate tinctures ; the violet veins meandering through the crystal whiteness of the Pavonezzo, the ruddy Porphyrio, with its Imperial associations and Imperial name ; or, above all, the bloody Rosso Antico, imperishable substance of that Crimson Colour, so beloved by the Romans, and now almost invaluable.

Whether it be the love of appropriation, said to be so inherent in us English, or the loftier motive of aspiration after the most precious relique of Places, Buildings, or Men, exaggerated in our memories by all that the human heart loves and admires, fears or abhors, I know not ; but this I will say, that to be presented with an assortment of the most precious Marbles, in the form of Table, Cabinet, &c. would not give me the pleasure I derive from these accidental discoveries.

When I pick up a despised fragment of these most beautiful stones, I am always imagining how many Kings and Kaisars have impoverished their

treasuries for the palatial Piles those Marbles have adorned ; or contrasting their present humiliation with that

“ Most high and palmy state of Rome,”

when such men as Augustus and Mecænas found in them a source of boasting and delight ; when that wilderness of Building, the Casa d'Oro, numbered them among its most majestic embellishments, or when Titus overwhelmed its monstrous projections of Pride with his own redundant decorations.

And now they are lost, those ancient Quarries, those Titan parents of colossal gems !

At any rate, I have a lozenge Brick from the Golden House, and a beauteous piece of Giallo from the Palace of the Cæsars !

Rome, June 2, 1844.

OUT of the very few old things with new names, whose claims I am disposed to recognize, the Basilica of Constantine, long belied by the title of the Temple of Peace, stands foremost. There can be no doubt in the mind of the Classic Antiquary that this is one of those gigantic creations of the Roman Empire (whose Architecture ever derived from *Vastness* one source of the *Sublime*) distinguished by the title of Basilica.

Comparing this Edifice with any productions either of Greek or Latin structure to which the designation of Temple has been universally awarded, it is impossible to range this most majestic Building in *their* rank. It is in fact in Ruin, what the Pinacotheca of Dioclesian's Thermæ was without Michael Angelo's noble Greek Cross.

You have the same splendid ornaments which generally illustrate that late period of Latin Architecture, that deeply moulded decoration of the Vault (sometimes octagonal, sometimes lozenged, and sometimes square) commonly known by the name of Sunk Coffe-work. You have the Nave with its two Aisles, (if such they can be termed, for all three are of equal vastitude) the Central Alley being distinguished from its brethren by the stately Hemicycle, that grand Recess or Alcove, in which was commonly enthroned the Tribune of Justice, identified to this day with the Tribuna or Apsis, which terminates the earlier Romanesque and Gothic Churches.

Footmarks of those colossal strides of Marble and Brass and Gold, by which the parting Giants of the West divulged at once their magnificence and their decay, it was this very developement of form, it was this very exaggeration of size, that the Primitive Christians worthily chose as soon as they were permitted the choice for their devotional Assemblies. And one knows not whether most to admire the Pagan sublimity of

these enormous Aisles, or the Christian Adoration, which, selecting them as the Temples of the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, whose majesty the Heaven of Heavens cannot contain, broke them up into that wonderful symbol of His Love, the Cross.

Whether this then be the Basilica of Constantine or not, a Basilica it most indisputably is. For my part, I own, that although at first my wonder was engrossed by the stupendous proportions of the vault, and that superb-pattern of Coffer-work into which its arches had resolved themselves. I soon forgot all in my contemplation of one massy fragment, sculptured and curved, wild in its shape, and prodigious as to its bulk, which, having fallen from the Tribuna, centuries back, I found from its own weight half sunk into the earth.

To be able to put one's hand into those mouldings, which, seen from afar, one fancies an Augustan palm might easily cover with gilding or precious marbles, and to find that each is nearly ten feet in diameter, does indeed give one some notion of the Genius that could conceive, or the Power that could elevate so surprising a Vault. With some such a lapidation the Cyclops Polypheme must have overwhelmed poor Acis. Sisypheus himself would have been out of all patience with it. And yet a few slates or a yard of lead would be more missed from our modern Temples !

As for the huge Fabric itself, grand as it appears even on the closest inspection, delightful in its details, and exciting in its probable associations, it should be observed, at first sight, as from a distant elevation, such as the Hill of the Janiculum for instance, whence, to your astonishment, it discloses its triple Arcade, like some Bridge of Enchantment, intended to connect the base of the Capitol with the brow of the Coliseum !

WE were at a Festa in the Villa Borghese to-day, and had the satisfaction of sitting from beginning to end, amidst the hisses of inexorable Rain, with the head of our vehicle closed, at that distance from the grassy Circus, necessarily prescribed for cavaliers and coachmen.

It is true, the cushions were luxurious enough, but not so well stuffed as to prevent our feeling that we were on "*the Horns of a Dilemma.*" We must either run the risk of being drenched to the skin, or else from beneath the curtains of the voiture, discover that we were just near enough to see—the *umbrellas of the assembly* !

But then those Groves of antique Ilex trees, evergreen Monsters, each with his hundred arms, a Briareus in himself ! I never can forget the slow slow billowing of their druidical foliage, or the solemn oracles that the deep Wind breathed from

their impenetrable bosoms. The Heavens were one vast armament of Clouds; “*νεφέλας ἐριβρόμου Στρατός*,” as Pindar grandly calls it, the very glory of gloom! The distant hollows, and bosky glades, apparently surrendering the lustre of their true Italian green to the stern tinctures of that frowning firmament, seemed uncongenial homes for those delicious Philomels, whose fiery bursts of rapturous melody, not all these inhospitable skies, not all this clamorous multitude could intimidate or overcome; challenging each other, they seemed to excite themselves into a delirium of Music. Quavering, swelling, soaring, delicate and strong, fierce and tender by turns; their emulous torrents of versatile song consoled us amply for our leathern Prison. Entranced in their own inspiration, they heed neither wind, nor rain, nor gloom. You might have fancied some Roman Sibyl from her invisible Grotto, pouring forth her raptures of celestial song. Gently filling up each wondrous pause with their silver harmonies, a hundred Fountains tinkled in the air;

“ While, springing high, the silvery dew
In whirls fantastically flew ;”

and seemed to reproach the insulting torrents, that made their mossy Vases overflow. The rainy wind tossed to and fro the coronals of those imperial Pines, those paragons of height and stateliness. They seem indeed to “ Have outgrown

the Eagle," and the Dragon, the aged supporters of their princely Shield, whose Heraldic images, frowning upon pillar, pavilion, and Gateway, form the only ungentle thing one encounters in the Domain of the Borghese.

The pallid Towers in the old Roman bulwark of the City, glaring through the storms, like Ossian's Phantoms, each from his own gray cloud, and utterly unsympathetic with all Festivity, form, nevertheless, a sublime contrast to those fluted marble pillars, and exquisite pediments, which, elder of date, are infinitely less venerable in their aspect.

The worn and weather-stained statues, terminating a vista or illumining a bocage, seem to appeal almost hopelessly to the sky, which every day disfeatures more and more their antique forms. And those arcades of modern piles, with their hospitable inscriptions, emulating the forms of Grecian, Roman, and Mediæval architecture, constitute no mean accessaries to the scene.

But to-day, Painting, if I may say it, was a powerful auxiliary to her sister, Sculpture. Masses of human beings, that picturesque Assembly, (literally *conglomerated* around the turfy steps of the Palæstra,) little thought how much in my opinion they formed the gayest feature of the Spectacle, with their bright, yet most harmoniously modulated colours.

Every one knows, that Italian costume is the

most brilliant thing in the world, "*cela va sans dire.*" But who on earth would ever think of celebrating an Umbrella?

Yet here outspread by thousands, their mimic canopies of red, blue, yellow, brown, green, orange, and even black, resembled what one might picture to be the oriental encampment of the Crusaders, or the Arabian pavilions of their great Antagonist, the Sultan Saladin.

Yes! it was raining in torrents, it is true; but you hesitated whether most to admire, that Nature and Art should be so beautiful in rain, or to laugh, that the love of Spectacle should be so paramount to a drenching; or to love the benevolence of that gentle Prince, (a worthy imitator of the first Cæsars) who not only imparts his Paradise to the Roman populace, but himself mingles with their amusements; and whose unassuming manner and graceful urbanity form the master-spell of this munificence.

Rome, 14th June, 1844.

WHAT a luxury is Complaint! and yet, like other luxuries, complaint is generally an excess. I never yet complained, but, sooner or later, I found some reason to believe I had been ungrate-

ful. And now one word of the *Hotel Meloni*. If a very gentlemanly and goodnatured Host, a most attentive and, let me add, attractive Padrona, charming apartments, a liberal table, and reasonable charges, and (last, not least) a set of the civillest and most alert domestics in Christendom; if all this can compensate for the demoniac tumult, (I can use no milder word) the "*ribomba*," as my Courier called it, that rings round the Piazza del Popolo in the summer, from half-past ten at night, until half past four in the morning, then, all the World must pronounce, "*Les Isles Britanniques*" the pearl and pink of all Hostelryes.

But if otherwise, *Væ Victis!* Woe, woe, to those who once overcome by Fatigue, are thrice slain by Noise!

How well does the melodious Italian verb "*Salire*," convey that sublime idea of *Ascension*, they were for ever working out in their Palaces and Pleasure grounds, by those majestic staircases of marble and mosaic, at once an embellishment and a luxury! Easy, broad, and perpetually variegated by some painted Pavilion, or stately Loggia, with arched sides open to all the airs of heaven, now reposing in balustraded terraces of granite, and anon taking to themselves broad wings, and soaring to a loftier esplanade, you almost regret your arrival at the eminence whose archway puts an end to that august ascent.

And yet it evermore welcomes you to the Picture Galleries of a Roman Palace, or the enchanted Bowers of a Roman Garden.

Even by such a flight as this, an hour before sunset, did we enter the vineyards of the Orto Farnese, in search of that romantic grotto celebrated by tradition, as the Baths of the House of Livia.

I am so glad to have made the "amende" to Rome. During my previous visit, I had not explored half its wonders; and for the developement of its natural beauties, the season was not nearly so favourable as this sweet Summer.

I never can forget the magnificent Prospect from the Loggia of a desolate Casino in this luxuriant wilderness, whose double tiers of lofty arches (traditionally painted by Pupils of Raphael) sweep the horizon from the Colonna Pine, on the north to that ocean-like level the Campagna on the south.

On one side, the Tiber, his waters flashing in the evening light, was coquetting with the lovely Aventine, whose seven Monasteries, with their Romanesque belfroys, were laved in the same ruddy lustre. Then appeared St. Peter's with her illustrious archivault absolutely misty with the sunlight that wrapt her round as in a robe of gold. Before you the Basilica of Constantine extended its three huge architectural caverns; on the right hand soared the Capitol, on the left you

fancied you might almost touch the Colosseum ; while (far beyond) the Leviathan wreck of Caracalla's Baths, flung sullenly back the uncongenial day-beams.

What a congregation of monsters ! as if no edifice of moderate dimensions had the effrontery to appear within the dominion of Vespasian's Amphitheatre.

Lingering too long for the purpose of gathering the Botanical treasures which wooed us on every side, inhaling the fragrance of vines and figtrees, listening to Nightingales, romaging for Marbles, and rapt in this superlative panorama, it was not till after the last blush of sunset that we reached, by a lurking path among the vineyards, the Cave we sought.

Shrouded by a shapeless pile of Roman ruins, we had almost tumbled into a narrow but deep gash in the Gardens, literally tapestried with shrubs, herbs, and flowers, a living Arras, at once so thick and fine in texture, so exquisitely impictured with the minute pencillings of its various foliage, enamelled moreover with such coloured flowers, and such a gorgeous green predominating over all, you might well deem it worthy of the proudest saloon of Rome's most princely palace.

Fragments of marbles, whose whites, and yellows, and violet veins Age and Weather had lamentably sullied, and whose elegant carvework the foot of the Wanderer had almost defaced,

formed the steep stair (*rompicollo* the Italians call it) by which we reached the Grotto.

We found the mouldering door most hospitably open. We entered in an ecstasy, and in an ecstasy (but of an opposite description) discovered that, without artificial light, it was impossible to see one's hand !

Farewell, then, for this evening at least, to the Palace of the Empress Livia, to its graceful frescoes, and the moral which its withered splendours are so eminently calculated to suggest.

For my own part I was not so enamoured of its visionary ornaments as to regret that we approached this picturesque Relic

“ In the silence of Twilight's contemplative hour,”

and amidst Nature's treasures breathing ambrosial dew.

True, we found nothing but Darkness, and looked for nothing but to slide upon a Toad, to be ogled by an Adder, or, at the very least, affectionately patted on the cheek by a Bat.

But how much less distasteful were such an accolade than the impudent drivel of a cicerone, or the fallacious lustre of those odious tapers, which, alternately flaring and fuming, extort from our eyes involuntary tears, or

“ Weep themselves away ”

upon our hands and garments, in sympathy, no

doubt, with the degraded decorations which they tarnish and illuminate at once.

Dearly as the Romans loved their imperial RED, that most glorious of colours, whose marble immortality, under the name of Rosso Antico, is nearly inestimable, not less beloved by their sublime architects, was that most absolute of Forms, the Rotunda. Their Amphitheatres, their Temples, their Mausoleums, all rejoiced in this perfect developement of grandeur and beauty. You see it fondly blandishing in the pillared zone of the Temple of Vesta, assuming a more imperious port in the Pantheon, and reigning paramount in the mighty corridors of the Colosseum. But never, I think, did I behold its bold and graceful sweep so attractive, as in the twilight view I caught this evening of that Temple dedicated to Romulus by his father, Maxentius, which, adjoining his Circus, has so recently recovered its legitimate title. From the Sepulchral Alcoves which adorn its massive central pier, (so exactly corresponding on a larger scale with many I have observed in the Columbaria) I have no doubt that, like the Mole of Hadrian, and the Mausoleum of Augustus, this fair Rotunda formed a Cemetery as well as a Fane. And in those beautiful Colonnades of Brickwork a less experienced eye than mine might easily recognize the Portico or Ambulacra, devoted so generally by the Imperial Architect to the recreation of the Romans between the

Acts of the Spectacle, or to their defence against those violent rainstorms by which these glorious skies are so frequently deformed.

After all, how superior is Form to Material, and how well did these Romans know it.

For the accomplishment of her sublime conceptions, Genius seldom accepts the superfluous auxiliaries of Marble and Gold. And we see here, as in a hundred different places about this City of the Cæsars, that what her Pride demanded should be great, her Science could always make august.

Time moreover touching reverently those wonderful Works of hers through revolving Centuries, seems to ratify her general disregard of *detail*, stamping, as he does, with indiscriminate honours the majesty of her *Design*.

“He spreads th’ enduring foliage ;—then we trace
The freckled flower upon the flinty base :
These all increase, till through unnoticed years
The stony Tower, as gray with Age appears,
With coats of Vegetation thinly spread,
Coat above coat, the living and the dead.
These then dissolve to dust, and make a way
For bolder foliage, nursed by their decay.
The long enduring Ferns in time will all
Die, and depose their ashes on the wall,
Where the wing’d seed may rest, till many a Flower
Shew Flora’s triumph o’er the falling Tower.”

CRABBE’S BOROUGH.

I own I am excessively partial to those long slender slabs of pale Vermillion, or Primrose-coloured clay, which, throughout all the limits of

their immense dominion, from the Tay to the Nile, from the Atlantic to the Bosphorus, proclaim the masonry of these mighty Builders.

I remember, years ago, when sailing up the Witham, as the first view of that superb Relic of the Tudor period, the great tower of Tattershall Castle revealed its octangular turrets on their dull green banks, nothing could persuade me that it was not stone. But a closer examination satisfied me that its lordly proportions owed little to their material, for that material was Brick, but much, very much of its mellow hues, to those enchanting tinctures which the gold and silver Lichens alone can bestow, that Alchemy of vegetation, which modulates so sweetly the hoary colours of the mouldering Brickwork.

The Pyramids owe their impenetrable origin, their giant mould and everlasting Youth to these things of clay; and we know that neither the wizard magnificence of Memphis, nor the monster colonnades of Thebes, disdained the same lowly materials. Augustus, it is true, boasted that he had found Rome a City of Brick, and left it a City of Marble. Oh, vainglorious Sentence, unworthy of the sagest of the Cæsars! Those Mansions of Clay had sufficed for a Cincinnatus, had produced a Scipio, had brought up a Tully, while these Marble Palaces seem fated to witness the effeminate ferocity of a Nero, the insane cruelty of a Caligula, and the bloodthirsty moods of a Domitian.

Well might Horace, with the true minstrel's
second sight, prophetic of distant evil, expostulate
with the dilated Luxury of his Age :

“ non ita Romuli
Præscriptum, et intonsi Catonis
Auspiciis,—Veterumque norma.

Privatus illis Census erat brevis,
Commune magnum. Nulla decempedis
Metata privatis opacam
Porticus excipiebat Arcton.

Nec fortuitum spernere cespitem
Leges sinebant ; Oppida publico
Sumptu jubentes et Deorum
Templa novo decorare Saxo.

Rome, 17th June, 1844.

WE went the other day into the Trastevere, not so much to witness the procession of the Corpus Domini, as to explore that interesting Region, whose inhabitants, holding haughtily aloof from all the other Rioni of Rome, and not even deigning to mingle with them in marriage, boast their exclusive descent from the primæval Children of the Wolf.

Our laudable curiosity, however, was not to be gratified. The Red Lady actually inundated the streets with her multitudinous parade ; and although we caught more than one manly form and

lovely face that we fondly thought justified their Tradition, we were so hampered in our movements, and so heartily wearied with the monotonous display, that we were fain to fly for refuge into the solitudes of the Villa Borghese.

The Bells of Rome were ringing
In every varied tone,
From the smallest Mass bell swinging,
To the Belfroy Giant's groan.

Old Tiber floated proudly
Beneath his sun-set shore ;
While drum and clarion loudly
Prolong'd the cannon's roar.

And on came Priest and Prelate,
And on came Prince and Peer ;
And hypocrite and zealot
Swell'd that august career.

See Canopy and Banner
With red-helm'd Warriors mix ;
Hark to the toned Hosanna
Round the tall Crucifix !

Soft Maid and stately Matron,
And silver-headed Sire,
Rude Boor and gracious Patron,
Blend in that festal Quire.

And blazon'd Chariots rolling,
Whose proudly managed Steeds
Neigh'd high above the tolling
That shook the River reeds.

And whence this wierd Procession
Of Monk and Cavalier,
That seems to take possession
Of the Roman Trastevere ?

Before bewilder'd multitudes
Pretending to display
HIM CRUCIFIED whom Heaven must hide
Till the dread Judgment Day.

With taper's blaze they bear about,
And hymn with reckless lips,
What the vail'd Skies refused to view
In Golgotha's Eclipse.

I turn'd me from the Spectacle
In anger and in grief,
And sought from haunted Grove and Well
A contrast and relief.

I went where Pine and Ilex grace
Borghese's pillar'd Wood,
Where great PAN glorifies the place
Of Art's own solitude.

The Sun had left the Heaven,
The Twilight's self was gone,
And to soothe our steps was given
The gentle Gloom alone.

There was Venus in her splendour,
No other star was seen ;
But oh ! her Light was tender ;
We miss'd not Midnight's Queen.

'Twas in that aged Avenue
Of Ilex and of Pine,
Which Day's meridian ne'er illumed,
Ne'er darken'd Day's decline.

Stirr'd not a breeze,—the tapestried Earth
Pour'd from her Evening vase
Celestial odours ; and we heard,
Mid Nature's reverent pause,

The Nightingale's enraptured song,
The Fountain's lightsome lay,
Where Aisles of green the notes prolong,
And arch the silvery spray.

And Lucciole were dancing
In lustrous myriads there,
With pale gold flambeaux glancing
Through the deep ebon air.

Oh, hast thou brought, Titania,
Thy festal Handmaids here,
Nought save their glistening Coronets
Permitted to appear?

Or was indeed Dan Chaucer's Bower
More than a Minstrel's dream,
And see we here his Leaf and Flower
In magic lustre gleam?

Or yon deserted Firmament,
Whence every light is gone,
One radiant Planetary Orb,
Watching Heaven's Gates alone.

Say, are those starry Choirs come down
From each benignant sphere,
Whose feet celestial measures own,
Debarr'd from mortal ear? *

And do they weave their joyous Rings,
And shew their golden Rays,
Where only Philomela sings,
Or the lone Pilgrim strays?

* "Hic vero tantus est totius Mundi incitatissimâ conversione sonitus, ut eum aures hominum capere non possint: sicut intueri Solem adversum nequitis."—*Somnium Scipionis*.

Enough ! it soothes my angry mood,
 That wearifully flies
 To shun, in holy Solitude,
 Man and his Mockeries.

Let the Red Pomp float on ! ' float on !
 And the yellow Taper's glare ;
 These luscious Notes, they cannot drown,
 Nor dim these Revels rare.

A safe asylum here at least
 From proud Parade is given,
 With God's benignant creatures graced,
 This Grove is Nature's Heaven.

T. H. W.

Rome, June 26th, 1844.

IN those Stanzas of Spenser, that delicious
 piece of Painting, wherein every Epithet is a
 Colour, how lively is our remembrance of the
 English Necropolis :

“ And round about he taught sweet flowres to grow,
 The Rose engrained in pure scarlet dye,
 The Lily fresh and Violet below ;
 The Marygold and chearful Rosemary,
 The Spartan Myrtle, whence sweet Gum does flow,
 The purple Hyacinth, and fresh Costmary,
 And Saffron sought for in Cilician Soil,
 And Laurel, ornament of Phœbus toil.

Fresh Rhododaphne, and the Sabine flowre,
 Matching the wealth of th' antient Frankincense,
 And pallid Ivy, building his own bowre,
 And Box, yet mindful of his old offence.

Red Amaranthus, luckless paramour,
 Oxeye still green, and bitter Patience,
 Ne wants there pale Narciss, that in a well,
 Seeing his beauty, in love with it fell."

VIRGIL'S GNAT.

I know of no source of Pathos so touchingly beautiful as that one person should die of Grief for the death of another! The Bird pining, fluttering, and expiring near its cold stiff Mate! the green Branch withering upon its downfallen Trunk! But how seldom does Grief kill! and how much stronger is our Love of Life than our affection for the Dead! how much feebler our wish to be with them, than our dread of the dark unexplored Habitations where they dwell!

The Greeks had an aversion to the word *Θανατος*, and in order to divest as much as possible that Monster of her terrors, they borrowed from her Sister, Sleep, the gentle word *κοιμω*. And thus they endeavoured to cheat their own imaginations by supplying the pleasant couch of gentle slumber, and the glad wakening at the early dawn, in place of the mouldering

" Charnel-house

O'ercover'd quite with Dead Men's rattling bones,
 With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls;"

and that poor Dust and Ashes, which no morning can revive, no sun gladden, and whose only dews are the damp of the Tomb. From hence we obtain the word Cemetery, every day becoming

more familiar to the English ear, from those wise institutions of the present day, which interdicting the inanimate remains of Mortality from the aisles and even the precincts of the Place of Prayer, appoint to them in exchange those sunny slopes, those shadowy vales, those sepulchral groves, and those dewlaved tombs, where, in the pictorial language of the Prince of Uz,

“ The shady Trees cover them with their shadow, the
Willows of the Brook compass them about.”

The English Cemetery in Rome, though small, is one of the most beautiful specimens of a Burial place. When I first saw it, it was showered and overshadowed by a tremendous thunderstorm. Heavy mournful clouds seemed to weigh down the heavens to the very earth. Every tree and flower declined its head under the oppressive moisture, the thunder shook the very tombs, and the lightning darted amongst them a spectral splendour. But nought disturbed the tranquil slumbers of The Dead. Pale but impassive stood those Monumental Altars, and, seeming to sympathize with the tears of Heaven, protected their poor cold inmates from its wrathful artillery. They do indeed

“ Fear no more the Lightning flash,
Nor th’ all dreaded Thunderstone ;
Fear not Slander’s censure rash,
They have done with Joy and Moan.” *

* Cymbeline.

The Weather seemed quite in keeping with the melancholy Scene, and one thought that brighter Skies would only shine in mockery here.

What have lively breezes and sunlight and songs of happy Birds to do with these Dwellings of Mortality, scarcely one of which has not received its sacred deposit from trembling hands, streaming eyes, and withered hearts! "Let this pall of mourning Nature," one felt inclined to exclaim, "for ever extend its congenial darkness above this place of tears! Let the Grass grow long and rank with her bursts of tears! Let the Cypress and Yew overcanopy each column and altar consecrated to the Memories of Affection! Let the Ivy interlace, and the Moss embroider, and the Lichens enamel with vegetable Ore each Marble Record of the Departed! And let no thing flourish here that grows not by Gloom, and Wind, and Rain."

But this afternoon we saw the Necropolis displayed beneath the tenderest and most brilliant sunshine. It was overlaid with one mellow blaze of light, and the hoary Roman Rampart, its protector, and the Pyramid of Caius, its colossal centinel, rejoiced in the same balmy lustre.

Situated somewhat to the south-east of the City, this beautiful Retreat enjoys the privilege of the sun's earliest and latest beams. The orient Orb pays there his first state visit, and it receives the affectionate farewell of his fading lustre in the

west. But to me, as to many others, the Evening hour with its pensive recollections, is always more grateful than the Morning with its fallacious promises. And this evening I thought I never saw so apt an emblem of the golden calm, the saintly Aureola that embalms the Memory of the Just, as in that tranquil but transcendent sunshine that seemed to occupy the four walls of the Necropolis with its sacred glory. It was from the summit of the Monte Testaccio; and you discerned every Deathstone in gleaming whiteness contrasted with the evergreens that formed at once their umbrage and their ornament, and which participated in the same benevolent splendour; as they seemed before to mourn with the rain, so seemed they now to sympathize with the sunlight.

Not so versatile, alas! were their slumbering Inhabitants! Times and Seasons brought to them no change, save that the Earth, once so instinct with intellect, glowing with virtues, or adorned with beauty, becomes more and more an integral portion of that dull Dust from which it came, and to which, according to its Doom, it has long ago returned! Death hides all men, protects all men, hallows all men! Death puts a diadem upon poor mean Mortality, for it is that Death which makes it *Immortality*! and solemnly letting fall the curtain upon all, to which even perhaps our most deliberate judgment had made us unjust, turns the Grave into a Shrine, and bequeaths to con-

jecture a dreamy, wild, and touching mystery of self-upbraiding admiration.

I should not like to be a Mummy.

"The Thracians," says Sterne, "wept when a child was born, and feasted and made merry when a man went out of the world. And with reason; Death opens the gates of fame, and shuts the gates of envy after it; unlooses the chain of the Captive, and puts the Bondman's task into another man's hand!"

"Release me gently from the world, oh Lord!
Gently unchain me! Let the Silver Cord
Scarce feel Thy delicatest touch untwining
Its ties of earthly tenure; and refining
Each thought, each wish, to Heaven.

Let the Joys,
The Fears, the Hopes, the Pleasures, the Annoys,
That fluctuate here in wild vicissitude,
Change to one calm contented thankful mood,
At Thy dear hands accepting Thy behest,
Assured whate'er it be, it must be Best,
Submissive to Thy Rod, or grateful for Thy Rest."

T. H. W.

The sense of Vastitude in the Baths of Caracalla becomes absolutely oppressive: and when you add to it Solitude and Silence and impending Night, judge, my dear A—, whether the place possessed a master-spell for me.

I stood alone in its Southern Hemicyle, conscious that while the red walls soared high as the heavens above me, their foundations descended a

hundred feet below ! Saloons that should have been Forums ; Corridors like Streets ; and Walls that might have fortified a City ; each in turn led the Imagination through a labyrinth of pictured thoughts, almost ecstatic ! while, through those earthquake chasms, waving with herbage and trees, you discerned a Space as large again, which, now occupied by Vineyards, once formed a portion of this prodigious Pile.

I know not what I saw, but much my Mind did see of Cæsars, and stoled Senators, and scarlet Warriors, and holy-day Plebeians, which, with their chequered groupes of pomp and pleasure, filled up that vast and solitary Void !

A sound no louder than the humming of a bee disturbed the dream, and I was rapidly relapsing into enchantment, when once more the solemn tolling of the Ave Maria from a hundred campaniles far and near recalled me from the Romance to the Reality of Rome.

The skies, from roseate sunset, were already exchanging their purple into black, and, like the veil extended by the Antients over their Amphitheatres, seemed to draw, with considerate hand, a starry canopy over the verdurous circlet of this Arched Wilderness.

The Ghost, the very Skeleton of Magnificence, this stupendous Edifice baffles conjecture, as to its detail, and defies even imagination to fathom its transcendent luxuries !

It possesses too its Catacombs ! not indeed enshrining the relics of dead men, Skull, and Palm, and Thigh-bone, and Rib mouldering in carious ghastliness ; but the marble testimonials of its departed majesty, the massive Torso, the disfeatured Bust, the shattered Pedestal, the mighty Column, snapt in two, as if the enchanter had broken here his wand ; the grand Architrave, proclaiming by its exaggerated sculptures, that it was moulded for a throne half way up the firmament, all so piteously dishonoured by time and seasons, and their dire downfall, that you know not whether most to admire their pristine glory, or compassionate their piteous degradation. It is like exposing the broken Corse upon the Wheel, or exhibiting the quarters of the Traitor, upon the Gates of some great City.

As for the unhappy Marble Slabs, they lie piled in heaps, just as some enthusiastic Sexton would arrange the parochial relics of the last five centuries ! The only difference is, that instead of the dull dusty Ochre of the human Skeleton, reds, yellows, and greens, white bosses and purple veins, Oriental alabaster, and Pietra paragone, blushing Porphyry, and sparkling Granite, proclaimed the marvellous Forms they once enribbed and poised.

Poor Unfortunates ! better had they never given magnificence to the Immense, or grace to the Majestic ! better had they never plated the

colonnade, or emblazed the pavement of these sublime saloons, than thus, in their unpitied fall, to be trampled by the heel of the Tourist, or plundered by the more injurious hand of the Antiquary.

Better, than to be thus humiliated and wronged, if they had never seen that daylight, the fountain of their refulgence ; better for them, if they had still

“ Slept with the unsunn’d Silver of the Mine,
As sacred and as safe.” *

But wherefore this ? I retract the sentence. Not Earth’s most sightless caverns, were they enormous as Fable’s utmost exaggeration could create, offers even for Fancy the banquet which, with Reality at her side, she here enjoys. Not all those shapeless, pathless Shafts, those uncouth wombs of wealth, wherein the Gold, the Silver, and the Brass, have as yet no *recognized* superiority over the Copper and the Iron ! where the Diamond, and the Ruby, and the Emerald, are no brighter than the Porphyry, the Alabaster, and the Verdantique ; can rival even the remains, the withered, lacerated, profaned fragments of this vast Receptacle, which at once amazes by the romantic grandeur of its mould, enchants by the pictorial beauty of its forms, and dazzles you with the sorcery of its old associations.

* Mason.

Rome, 28th June, 1844.

SURELY, those august colonnades, seen nowhere but in Italy, and, in Italy, distinguished by the unpretending name of Loggia; surely they are the very Poetry of Architecture; creations of the Sun's own climate, they are Pavilions of the Sun himself. Upon the highest terrace of the Palace, upon the pinnacle of the green Olive hill, glistening above the verdurous canopy of the great Pine groves, aloft they poise their stately arches, as if to meet, midway in the heavens, their welcome guest, the Lord of day. Alas, that Storm and Rain should ever be their uninvited Visitors.

I loved them long before I knew them, and when I had *seen* I *admired* them long before I understood their use.

I never can forget the impression produced upon my imagination by an Engraving* by Charles Heath, in the Landscape Annual. I have before me its picturesque flights of marble stair, its four pilastered apertures, half window, half arcade, with their shrubby treillage, more like some Summer-house in the pleached grass-plots of our old fashioned English gardens, with melons and cucumbers, in their basking frames, and apricots and peaches on the red walls around,—than

* From a Drawing by Prout.

what it was,—“ *in the wilderness, a lodging-place of wayfaring men ;*” *—that Casino of the Euganean hills, that Home of the Old Age of Petrarch !

Among the mirabilia of the Vatican, the Loggie, immortalized by Raphael and his pupils, are much more talked of than they are either felt or understood. In many melancholy instances, it is to be apprehended, they are confounded with the four stately Stanze embellished by the same illustrious School !

Erecting their triple tier about the Court of San Damaso, and approached by all the old Italian pomp of Staircase, these regal Porticoes scarcely required the exquisite elaborations of Raphael's fancy, or the masterly creations of Raphael's mind to illustrate the naked glory of Bramante's beautiful designs.

The noble Corridors command the most enchanting prospect of this thrice built city of Mars, besides the Mountains, the Pine-woods, the Castles, and the Towns, of its delightful Contorni ; and when, satiated with the voluptuous view, you turn from the harmonious colourings of Nature, to the more brilliant, but not less finely modulated decorations of Art ; you are amazed at the prodigal luxuriance with which Painting opens up her every fountain there. Story, Design, and Colour, join in august alliance to decorate the proud pro-

* Jeremiah.

jections of her sister, Architecture. Vaults radiant with Arabesques, Pannels glowing with Landscape, Medallions, each a masterwork, and each a drama in itself, and Pilasters variegated with delightful imageries of Genii, Birds, Flowers, and Fruits, worthy of their presumptive origin, from the Baths of Titus, absolutely plague you with the admiration they solicit.

That Raphael, the Painter of the Great Judgment, whose pencil could shoot terror into the bosoms of the most obdurate, and elevate to a celestial tone, even the dullest understanding, that *he* should condescend to luxuriate in these most elegant yet trivial intricacies of Art, what a proof of the elasticity of true Genius! Men so great can well afford to be little!

But then, alas!—but then, before the first flood of enthusiasm has ebbed away, comes the heart-sinking conviction, that all this beauty, all this grandeur, all this that *ought to be* Immortality, consigning a hundred great Names to the Archives of the World, is already a Ruin.

Yes! amidst all the sunshine that irradiates the distant Landscape, and floats over their pillared pavements, amidst all the soft airs that advance wooingly upon the brow, along their shadowed colonnades you look upon these tarnished mildewed and dilapidated triumphs of Art, and fancy you hear the Tempest howling, the Rain streaming, the Snow and Hail rattling, or the Lightning and

the Thunder holding their terrific revels in these elegant Corridors ! Ah ! would there were no vestiges of the pitiless havoc of that Spanish Soldiery, whose wanton violence, anticipating time, seems to have envied the very seasons their charter to destroy.

How reckless were these Pontiff Princes, even of their own magnificence. In embellishing their Temples, and Palaces, and Towns, they gave as much to the Sky, to its suns and to its storms, as they bestowed upon the more tranquil penetralia of their Cabinets and the richest decoration of their Banquet saloons. Believing with consummate assurance, that "*to-morrow shall be as to-day, and yet more abundant,*" they challenged Time and Tide to do their worst, relying on their own resources against Vicissitude, and confident that they could soon

" repair the golden Flood,
And warm the nations with redoubled ray."*

Ah ! could Julius and Leo look upon these mouldering Loggie, and compare them with that illumination of Painting, and Marble, and Gold, matchless productions of munificence and art, which, under their auspices, found, in these Arcades, an illustrious Home ; they might groan over their annihilated Pride, or weep above the phantoms of their beloved Delights !

* Gray's Bard.

How long hence, (speak, ye Sibylline Leaves!)
 how long hence, before the wild fig bursts beneath
 their crumbling balustrades, or the bright
 network of the ivy embroiders their pilasters, or
 the silken moss becomes their tapestry, or the
 jewelled lichens supplant the marbles of their
 inlaid pavements? Fate only knows!

It may be that Rome will be a City long after
 this Fiat of her usurped dominion.

Rome, Feast of St. John Baptist, 1844.

I HAVE before me a Vessel filled with the golden
 Broom flowers, so large of blossom, and of such
 delicate perfume as Britain never knew; and a
 bunch of pink Mallows, worthy of a border in
 her most exclusive Gardens.

They call to my memory a delightful vision of
 Rural scenery on that Way of the Wilderness,
 the Via Flaminia, within an evening drive from
 Rome.

True it was neither extensive nor sublime.
 Consisting of a few green Knolls overlaid with the
 yellow blooms I have mentioned, and a long
 holme of pasture-land, with a Fountain (of course)
 exuberant in crystal waters, winding among wood-
 land slopes, and grazed by the large-eyed mouse-
 coloured Herds of the country, it offered little to

awaken the heart, save the charm of Seclusion and Repose; little to please the eye except its contrast to the dull Campagna, the hot winds, and the Simoom of dust, that persecuted us from Rome, like the Eumenides of old!

But the Place received at once its character and its embellishment, from that towering Sarcophagus, which, in defiance of Chronicle, ay, in the very teeth of its grinning Epitaph, is still designated the Tomb of Nero.

What *could* poor Publius Marianus, and his Lady with the high sounding name, have done to deserve being turned out of doors a second time, and after being obliged to abandon their mansion of clay for the

Domus exilis Plutonis,

to be ousted from their decent resting place of Marble, in order to make room for that Imperial Proverb of Wickedness? Tradition answereth not. But I do declare, I should not like to walk in these solitary dells by Moonlight; I am certain they must be haunted by their vexed Spirits! I should expect to encounter the worthy Publius, with one of those fat foolish faces one sees in the Busts of the Vatican, or Capitol, all white and flabby in the moonshine; or Regina Maxima, his portly Consort, stalking at his side, tall and austere, with that appalling chevelure, that Cybalian turret of curls, by which the Imperial and

Patrician Dames vouchsafe in Marble to reveal to us the fashions of their day.

Publius would be maundering over the wrongs his lamented Ashes had sustained from a mendacious Posterity; and Regina Maxima, like any Juno, scolding the very Moon for the outrage inflicted upon her dignified Manes!

The Monument itself is a beautiful fabric of Parian Marble. Poised upon a deep pedestal of brickwork, with a heavy cornice, terminating at each angle in that favourite sepulchral emblem, the Honeysuckle, the principal Front commands that lonely verdant Vale of the Flaminian Way, and flanked by fluted pillars, and warrior effigies in bas relief, it exhibits to Sun, and Moon, and Stars, the Epitaph which that old Crone, Tradition, so gratuitously contradicts.

Truly, Tradition is here somewhat in a predicament! Not contented with supplying what Writing has *withheld*, she here gives the lie to what Writing has *affirmed*. At the very Pedestal of this Sarcophagus, sits the aged Story-teller, calling to all that pass by the high-way, pointing to the tinsel woven tissue she has flung over these mouldering Marbles, and proclaiming as Truth, what the hollow Tomb reverberates as Falsehood!

Such is Roman Tradition!

At length Moonlight *has* caught me in the Colosseum! Not, however, that chubby Orb, which every one knows is composed of Green

Cheese ;—and which, liberally bestowing beauty on each surrounding object, is contented with a mighty homely countenance herself ; but that beauteous Symbol of Hope and Increase,—that Crescent, which the Arch Impostor, prescient of his unhallowed successes, selected, with auspicious sagacity, for his Armorial Ensign.

It was the Twilight, that brief, that exquisite interval, which flings its purporoseate veil between the Palace Gates of Day and Night. You might have fancied it the Car of Diana rolling on to some Olympian Festival, and preceded by Venus, the only other Planet visible in the sky. What a canopy !—Not the gaudiest Velabrum that the ostentatious munificence of her Cæsars extended above its gilded cordage, ever equalled the empyrean pomp of this soft sky. Never could the Artificial Rains of perfumed water surpass the dewy Fragrance that steals around from Evening's thousand urns.

I say it was the Twilight when we entered these gloomy Corridors, whose solemn circuit uncoils its Colonnades around the lordly Pile ; but before we had traversed half their extent Night began her reign, and when we entered the Arena it was difficult to say whether those faintly flushed skies, that single sparkling star, or the pallid hectic of the youthful Moon produced the pathetic Light that illuminated this enormous architecture.

Moonlight however has other work to do than in Lord Byron's time.

So far from feeling it her duty to

“ Soften down the hoar austerity
Of rugged Desolation, and fill up
As 'twere anew the Gaps of Centuries,
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not;”

she does her best to expose as much as possible the hideous havoc which *Restoration* has made in this Aged Pile. Cenotaph of the Gladiator, Shrine of the Martyr,—methinks the plundering hand of the Barberini and the Farnese were less unkind than those Pontific paws, which not contented with the harshness of their uncongenial mason-work, have plucked up the Velvet sward that formed the beautiful carpet, and torn away the wilding cypresses, figtrees, rosebushes, and vines, which constituted at once the tapestry and the diadem of the Colosseum.

Yes! yes! shine on, thou rolling Moon, if it were solely to convince us that Time and Nature are the only effectual comforters of Ruin, and that thou thyself canst impart little of loveliness or sublimity where Man has interfered with their inevitable course.

As it now stands the Colosseum is *indeed* a wreck, rendered absolutely frightful by repair; and whether by sunlight or moonlight, compels you to lament the “melancholy activity” which, utterly inadequate to the restoration of its pristine

glory, has deprived it of all those adventitious ornaments, trees, and herbage, and a thousand beautiful flowers, which, if they could not conceal, at least served to soften its injuries, and which mitigated the desolation they were unable to repair.

Of course a thousand Imaginations and Memories hunt each other through one's head and heart in such a place and at such an hour as this, but to-night there were Realities, which where they do not dispel, must always reinforce such phantasies.

Before the steps of the Great Cross in the centre, garnished with all the emblems of the Passion, knelt a respectably dressed groupe, apparently father, mother, and daughter, absorbed in a rapture of devotion. The lamps were lighted before the fourteen Shrines, which Benedict the Fourteenth erected around the arena, and flung a dusky light upon the successive Stagioni of our Saviour's sufferings, by which each is distinguished; and we saw a solitary peasant, in the dark costume of his country, evidently faint and toil worn, rise from his Oraisons at *one* Shrine, only to sink upon his knees before *another*.

Ah! it was at once a simple and sagacious stroke of that Priestly Sovereign, who, in these prophaned Ruins, planted the Cross, and by a mightier spell than the magician's wand, arrested the rapacity of its patrician Plunderers!

One fancies the fable of St. Leo the First re-

pulsing Alaric in his Invasion of Rome, and the legend of Leo the Fourth setting bounds to the conflagration of the Borgo by the sign of the Cross, realized by this most wise and consequential measure. And then those very consequences themselves, how congenial to our feelings ! How natural that the soil, fertilized by the blood of Christian Martyrs, should feel the faithful knees of Christian humiliation and prayer. How soothing to the humble follower of Him Crucified to pour out his thanksgivings or his griefs, where he beholds the chiefest source both of his mourning and his joy. Who can tell the comfort, the encouragement, the peace that hundreds have carried away with them from this dread Receptacle of Antique Horrors ! Who knows the treasure more precious than jewels or gold with which the poor pilgrim goes on his way rejoicing from this spot,—this Amphitheatric Church, where Warrior Saints and Maiden Martyrs beheld from between the bloody foaming jaws of the lion, or beneath the lacerating talons of the bear, the opening Heavens, the glories of God, and the Son of Man standing at His right hand !

Yes, it was indeed a consummate stroke to consecrate the Colosseum by the Cross ! would that later Pontiffs had been contented with this solemn Dedication, nor ventured to violate the treasures of Nature in their laudable attempts to fortify the dilapidations of Art !

But the grass and flowers are plucked up, and
the trees are torn down !

“ I must be cruel only to be kind ;
Thus Bad begins, but Worse remains behind.”

HAMLET.

An American friend of mine told me that, early
this morning, he saw a Fox nestling among the
wild Vines, Figtrees, and Honeysuckles, upon
the walls of Rome :

“ For this our heart is faint, for these things our eyes
are dim ;

Because of the Mountain of Zion, which is desolate ;
the Foxes walk upon it.”

LAMENT. ch. v.

It was a lonely old Chapel, hidden by vine-
yards ; and its narrow interior, dark as it was by
twilight, could never have been much brighter
by day, so few, so small, and so dusky were its
windows, and so scanty the light which even its
portals admitted.

As for the High Altar, you saw a dusky thing
which encouraged your conjecture that the Place
of Idolatry was somewhere shrined within that
dusky balustrade above that flight of steps, and
in that sightless recess beyond. But in looking

for it you felt the full force of that fine verse in Isaiah :

“ We grope for the wall like the blind, and we grope as if we had no eyes ; we stumble at noonday as in the night ; we are in desolate places as dead men ! ”

By this arch you made your way into a little dingy Sacristy, which had to thank the darkness even more than the sanctity of the place for the reverence it inspired. By that grated door you looked down the stair of the Catacombs, where they offered to shew us forty entire skeletons. Alas ! as if the grim Skeleton above ground were not sufficient ; that pale round Ruin which once was the Mausoleum of that great English woman, the Empress St. Helena ! And was this all they could do for the memory of that illustrious Lady ? Was this the only compensation they could make for stealing from her Sepulchral Tower her imperial Sarcophagus, that ruddy marvel of Porphyrio which now adorns the Greek Cross of the Vatican ? And yet what more did her fame demand ? What marbles, what bronzes, what shrines, what statues could have enhanced the Memory of her who devoted all the treasures of the quarry and all the wonders of the chisel to consecrate, to embellish, and to protect that Sepulchre of Joseph's Garden ? And who would wish a more august approach than that which accompanied us last evening from Rome ? That league of mighty

Aqueducts, which, laved in the most gorgeous sunlight, conducted us to the Tomb; that stately colonnade which, silvered by the lamp of moonlight, guided our return.

Their thousand arches disclosed each its picture of Italian Village and Italian Wood; while, waving the garland forest of their deep massy brows, breathed that soft evening wind which made us forget the Malaria had commenced its pestilent reign in Rome.

The old imperial Tomb still extends a segment of its noble circuit around that superfluous Chapel, which now serves to disparage rather than to consecrate its truly sainted precinct.

It is of immense thickness, but retains only its slender glowing bricks, which doubtless were once plated within and without with pictured Marbles. The semicircular Alcoves, so distinctive of Roman sepulchral piles, disclose themselves of uncommon dimensions in this Tomb. It is a double Tower, and I should say that the upper and narrower Circle was sustained by a ring of Columns, forming a species of Cloister within the lower and ampler range, as we see in the Church of St. Stefano Rotonda on the Celian, or in the Tomb of St. Constantia on the New Appian Way, from whence that twin Sarcophagus of the same costly material, but far inferior execution, was transported to the Vatican.

The very largest Bay Tree I ever saw, and which

might have held up its head by the side of our forest Oaks, waved its glossy foliage in the western sunlight, which it shared with the round wall of this dishonoured Sanctuary. It seemed to me at once a congenial associate and a faithful sentinel to the Tomb of Helena, the Empress and the Saint.

Frascati, 2nd July, 1844.

So much for expectation and experience. At length behold us arrived at Frascati, the vaunted Frascati, the place of sweet breezes, of falling waters, and shadowing trees; the tranquil retreat from the noise, and heat, and pomp of Rome, the safe asylum from its blasting Malaria. Who would not envy happy Frascati if he had never dwelt within its precincts? Who would ever re-enter it if he had only experienced its miseries for a single night? Yes! in Frascati, the cool, the wooded, the upland Frascati, vapour, and heat, and uproar reign supreme. I came to be quiet, and my broken sleep was interdicted by the roaring of cannon, the incessant clang of bells, the clarion of chanticleer, the screams of peacocks, the braying of donkeys, the clatter of grasshoppers, the croaking of frogs, and the infinitely more detestable clamour of human beings in this Land of Song.

I came to indulge the fond hope of breathing pure air, and I found the dragon Malaria whisking his long tail over the cloudy flats of the Campagna. I came with the vain desire of obtaining respite from my insect tormentors, and behold, I am a perfect constellation of mosquitoes, worthy of a seat near Cassiopeia, fit to take my place amid the locks of Berenice, to be a stud in the belt of Orion, or at least a bristle in the tail of the Great Bear!

We left Rome surfeited of Festivals, and we came here to drain their *dregs*. Nevertheless it is not so much the burthensome abundancy of holidays in these Roman States as the inanimate, the hopeless apathy of that gallant peasantry, who gaze indeed upon the sacerdotal spectacle, but gaze as if they had no share or interest in it. Ah! merry England!

After all, the most melancholy feature of Frascati is the flat, the dead, the eternal Campagna, which every evening coils around its woody heights that heavy coronet of purple mist, exhaling weariness to the limb and agony to the nerve.

Surely it is a symbol of that moral curse that seems to have grasped all nature in this devoted district. Sycorax herself might be proud of such a domain.

O how much stronger is our sense of present than of past evil; how much more feeble the enjoyment than the remembrance of pleasure.

Setting aside the abominable babble of Roman Antiquaries, the drive through Marino to Castel Gandolfo, and the return to Albano is a delightful thing. The long sweep of towered wall that crests the populous hill of Marino deserves a more interesting town than it incloses: but you deem it a becoming diadem to that deep romantic dell the Parco di Colonna, in which the fancy sees, as in a picture, the councils of the Latin Confederation, with that Regal Pavilion pitched high above the rest, (and so deeply crimsoned with moral stains,) in which Tarquinius Superbus encompassed the death of the innocent, the high minded, Turnus Herdonius. I saw myself that pale grey water tower that still derives dignity from Livy's phrase

“Caput Aquæ Ferentinæ.”

Amidst the woods, and the vineyards, and the gentle slopes of turf that adorn the hill, it stood distinct and erect, seeming even to honour the sunset that hovered round it, more than to receive lustre from its beams. Up, up we went along the beautiful mountain until, as if to indulge the most capricious taste, the white towers of Castel Gandolfo gleamed above that amethystine Lake which tradition says covers the remains of a perished city, but which I should, with more reason, conjecture to have filled with its cool purple waters the crater whence a volcano once dashed its flames into the sky.

Albano offers little to detain the attention ; and you regret leaving it the less, since you quit it by that ancient Grove, that overshadowing avenue of Druidical umbrage, whose colossal trunks ushered us homeward, through pleasant groupings of gay coiffed dames, gracious ecclesiastics, and laughing boys and girls.

This is the well known Galleria di Sopra.

How well did its dim shades contrast with the brilliant yet solemn landscape, when, for a moment, we caught a glimpse (through its stupendous branches and overcanopying foliage) of the distant Campagna, allaying its interminable length on one side with the sea, and on the other apparently transgressing creation's boundary, and confounding itself with the sky. It was impossible to say where earth stopped and air began, as we gazed upon a thick girdle of cloud that cut the sun's red orb just as he gave his parting glance, before he sank beneath the pall of one world, to rise upon the checquered existence of another !

Woods of enormous elms and planetrees, vineyards and verdant mountains led us, this afternoon, to Grotta Ferrata, which, commanding the most magnificent prospect, is truly worthy of the eminence it enjoys. At once Castle, Palace, and Monastery, with the broad machicolated helmet of the former, the courtly embellishments of the second, and the deep cloistered quadrangles of the last, it harmonizes well, this assemblage of

Feudal architecture, with the woods that wave about it, the wild Campagna that forms its foot-cloth, and the celestial brightness of its Italian atmosphere. No mean adjunct were its groupings of peasantry, clustered on the steps, within the porches, upon the balconies, I might even say upon the housetops, of its antique village. All looked happy, all were good-looking; and positively the fellow we saw leaning on the portal of this monastic palace, with his brown breast open and his arms bare to the shoulder, possessed the face of an Apollo with the limbs of a Hercules.

The sun was rapidly sinking as we alighted from the carriage and wandered through several courts and gateways into an old Chapel, for no other reason, as it seemed, than that the doors stood most invitingly open. In my own mind, I travestied this passage in the Morte d' Arthur,

“ Right so Sir Launcelot departed. And when he came to the Chapel Perilous he alighted down and tied his horse to a little gate. And as soon as he was within the Churchyard he saw on the front of the Chapel many fair rich Shields turned upside down, and many of the shields Sir Launcelot had seen Knights have before; with that he saw stand by him thirty great knights more by a yard than any man that ever he had seen. And all these grinned and gnashed at Sir Launcelot.”

Little did we think that Giuliano della Rovere, that great second Julius, here, led the van in the illustrious procession of Cardinal Abbots, which dis-

tinguishes this most romantic pile, and of which the good, the wise, and the benign Gonsalvi formed the principal ornament. Little did we think that within the vast towers of that warrior Pontiff so exuberantly engraven with his Heraldic Coat,—*Poison* had done its dark suspicious work upon the purest spirit that ever throbbed beneath a scarlet cope.

What then was our delight and surprise, to find that these dusky walls contained not only Frescoes of Domenichino, but *portraits* of himself, of Guido, and of my beloved Guercino. The subject of the largest fresco from the pencil of Domenichino himself is not less interesting, from the peculiar character of its Story, than in its exemption from that legendary falsehood which so unhappily monopolizes the pencil of immortality. It depicts the meeting of St. Nilus, Founder of the Monastery, with the Emperor Otho the Third. The figures, chiefly portraits, are prodigiously fine; the dignified humility of the Saint, the benignant beauty of the fair haired Emperor, are worthy the eloquence by which tradition has illustrated this noble picture. “*My Son, I am come as thou hast called me, what shall I do for thee?*” “*Oh ! my Father, save my soul.*”

The caparisoned charger, from which he appears to have just dismounted, is a masterpiece of painting; and there is another, from whose saddle Giambattista Agucci is in the act of alighting that defies eulogium.

It is unnecessary to add, that the gorgeous and somewhat gaudy colouring of the frescoes is most judiciously subdued by that stinted lustre, or to speak properly, that *unsteady gloom* which the Chapel Windows so cautiously disclose.

Frascati, July 9, 1844.

FROM seven in the Evening till half past nine we visited the Villa Aldobrandini, through the stately gloom of whose delightful woods the Luciole were our sole guides. We saw one lonely glowworm, but beautiful as was the purple green of the light that enveloped it, the graceful and elastic manœuvres of its winged rivals quite engrossed our admiration. We wandered through apparently interminable walks, cut through the woods,—between walls of enormous trees, the darkness rapidly increasing, the burst of twilight sky at the end of each vista growing dimmer and paler at every step, and the low hollow wind through the masses of sable verdure resembling some deep awful Voice that told us we were never to return. It was at this somewhat appalling moment that we heard the solemn voice of that great Bell, which is always tolled at nightfall from the Palace, to guide strangers homewards who may be wandering in the woods at that untimely hour: and right gladly did we obey the hospitable monitor.

“ For here forlorn and lost we tread
With feeble steps and slow,
While wilds immeasurably spread
Seem lengthening as we go.”

We retraced then our steps through a gloom little less profound than absolute night.

The very limited degree of light which the vast boughs of the woods permitted to our path was that of a purple firmament studded over with stars. We could not see a yard before us, and were perpetually in danger of taking a wrong turn, there being innumerable paths that intersected the forest; and although the benevolent bell did not cease for a moment its warning clang, there was not a glimpse of the belfroy from which it called to us, and still less of the princely Casino, to which it is so kindly an appendage. Imagine, then, in this wooded solitude, in all the sinking of heart and bewilderment of eye, which utter darkness, loneliness, and ignorance of the path so painfully produce, how welcome was the wellknown voice of that great Fountain, approached by endless tiers of balustrated steps in front of the Casino. Its ghostly Statues of armed gigantic Knights, grim and horrible as they used to look in the twilight, seemed like old and venerated friends; and the magnificent Palace, with its red lighted windows, like so many moons spotted up and down in its vast soaring pile, resembled one's own Home.

There was all of interest that Uncertainty could

produce, without absolute Danger. I was more than once reminded of that beautiful passage in Milton's most finished effusion, the Masque of Comus :

" Unmuffle, ye faint stars, and thou, fair moon,
That woult'st to love the traveller's benizon,
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here
In double night of darkness and of shades ;
Or if your influence be quite damm'd up
With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,
Though a rush-candle from the wicker hole
Of some clay habitation, visit us
With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light,
And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,
Or Tyrian Cynosure.

Or if our eyes

Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear
The folded flocks penn'd in their wattled cotes,
Or sound of pastoral reeds with oaten stops,
Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock
Count the night watches to his feathery dames,
"Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering
In this close dungeon of innumerable boughs."

The town of Frascati seemed, by the dark lustre of a moonlight sky, to be ancient and picturesque.

On the first night we went to see the Girandola, the Cardinal Governor himself firing it by means of an electric line from a window of his own palace. Of course, it seemed somewhat feeble, after the glorious display we had witnessed from the embattled brow of the Mole of Hadrian, but after all it was a very beautiful spectacle.

Our second visit to the town was also by night ; a careless ramble through the streets, without any definite aim or design ; we were particularly struck with a huge Convent, whose black windowless walls completely realized our most romantic ideas of a stern inexorable Abbess, naughty Nuns, and Niches in the wall, waiting only for their guilty inmates to be snugly shut up with brick and mortar.

There were many of those places of refreshment which the Italians call Taverni, whose broad folding doors were thrown wide open, and whose numerous iron lamps, suspended from the vaulted ceiling, not only illuminated the entire rude and vast interior, but streaming in a flood of radiance across the hilly streets, afforded the only light, and that of course very partial, that might guide the passenger from the putrid puddle on the one hand, and steep mounds of steps on the other. We were particularly struck with one Osteria of usual size, it was precisely the scene that Cattermole would have loved to paint. Vaulted upon an apparently endless succession of round arches, it stretched away so deep and far from the street, that you only discerned its termination by the great wood fire and diverse cooking utensils which distinguished the kitchen. In the foremost division of these arcades, and next the door, sat diverse groups, each in the snow white shirt, red sash, and green velvet breeches which the Italians

still so dearly love. They were drinking of the white wine, for which this country is famed, apparently in the most friendly and peaceable manner; but even in this quiescent state, seen as they were by the light of the iron cressets from above, each countenance would have made a story in itself. Their conversation became free and animated: how that conversation was to end was the question. This indeed seemed a matter of no small interest and anxiety to a group of women, who, with white flat head gear, scarlet boddice, and gaudy variegated petticoats, sat plying the distaff and the needle in the wide arched chamber that lay immediately beyond. It might be a Wife's, it might be a Sister's solicitude that prompted, in several of this groupe, that *Guido turn of the neck* with which they furtively watched from time to time the progress which the good wine of Frascati was making in the outer chamber.

In the meantime, many of this party contented themselves with ogling and giggling, doubtless desirous to prove to their Bacchanalian lovers that their eyes were at least as bright as those golden libations they so freely indulged. The rest made the vaulted roof ring again with the blithe melody of their native lays.

Rome, 28th July, 1844.

It was between the sunset and the twilight when the Campagna, so long seen afar from those hill-side groves and villas, received us from the wooded heights of Frascati. When we watched it from that vaunted scene of silence, tranquillity, and refreshing airs, Christina and I endeavoured to persuade ourselves that its yellow dusky tints proceeded from fields of corn. It was too withering to the imagination to fancy it anything else. But, alas! defaced Tombs and ruined Villas attracting us irresistibly from the highway, to examine the shadowy hollows of their architectural wilderness, served only to convince us that the most beautiful *Flora Agrestis* (that mockery of the morass—) alone supplied with its flimsy gaudy loveliness the place of healthful and fruitful cultivation. All was barren; all was in sympathetic unison with those masses of masonry where you hardly discerned the towery buttressed sepulchre from the arched and pillared palace;—one parched brown rusty surface. It is true, we did not actually see the fox looking out from the thistle and long grass of the windows; but when, as the night closed, the shouts of our postillion reclaimed us reluctantly from our reveries, we were informed that foxes in numbers, quite sufficient to tempt Lord Chesterfield and his Hounds, harboured in these hoary Ruins.

What a place is this Campagna ! what a fountain for the Imagination ! for Reflection what a grave ! What a theatre of Immortal Exploits, what a silent Valley of Death ! Man seems hardly less extinct here than his heroic deeds and his vaunted works ; and nature spreads over both her most dismal and dreary pall.

The Ruins of that suburban Villa, traditionally attributed to the monster Commodus, are of peculiar grandeur and immense extent. Their circumference is said to occupy four thousand feet, and I can easily believe it ; for, in roaming through its halls and towers, its saloons and staircases, baths, vaults, and galleries, we found ourselves removed to an incalculable distance from our equipage, which waited us on the road ; and as for holes and pitfalls, ditches and dungeons, worthy John Bunyan himself could not have desired a more hideous site for Doubting Castle, for the Giant Despair, and his wife Diffidence.

And yet, overgrown with blooming wild roses and vines, bourgeoning with the broad foliage of the fig tree, or interlaced with the most delicate ivy, overcanopied as they were with the starry vault of twilight, they did not inspire one moment's regret for the frestoës of the Cæsars, they only flung the superficial veil of a temporary oblivion over their Crimes.

Here Christina lost her spectacles. What a consolation, to think that the Wild Vine and Ivy

of Roma Antica are now enwreathing their crystal circlets, or that they are reposing upon the eyeless skull of some forgotten and unburied Corse, (the prey of the Assassin or the Wolf,) which

“ Revisits thus the glimpses of the Moon,
Making night hideous,”

in the porticos of some Imperial Villa, or the red hollows of some Temple-tomb.

Leghorn, August 2nd, 1844.

I HAVE seen, to-day, the most pitiless production of Sculpture I ever yet beheld ; it is the pillared effigy of Ferdinand the First, a monument of the Victory of Lepanto. On the summit of the lofty column stands his Highness, in the most erect posture, clothed in cumbrous armour and gorgeous state attire, with his head affronting, as it were, the very heavens, and seeming to speak large swelling words. So much for the Demigod, he is high enough, and haughty enough, in all conscience ; but could they find no fitter pedestal for his image, than four naked fellow-creatures, chained and writhing in the most abject postures of Captivity ? I dare not believe the ungenerous tradition, that these were a Father and three Sons, captured by the Galleys of St. Stephen, and

doomed to a Slavery, from which death alone released them; and this incredulity is my only consolation, in contemplating this Magnificent work, for Magnificent it truly is: nay, more, it is perhaps unintentionally Moral; it is enough that people triumph, it is enough that people suffer, but let the triumph and the suffering be at least transitory *here*.

Who can endure to see pride perpetualized in Marble, or humiliation immortalized in Bronze?

Who can bear to see the worm that levelleth the proudest and the poorest, defrauded of its prey; or the worm that dieth not, apparently mocked of its victim?

It is impossible to conceive any thing more graceful than the manly symmetry of the four naked Figures, each with his hands bound behind him, seated at an angle of the pedestal. One would imagine that the Artist, in covert scorn, had contrasted the robed and armed effigy on the capitol, with the exquisite proportions of their unclothed limbs. Surely, the Grand Duke was not aware what a bitter satire, what a severe sentence upon himself, this most pathetic contrast between human exaltation and human abasement, will for ever exhibit to the world. It is no mean tribute to the artistic excellence of this remarkable erection, that in order to survey it at leisure, we endured the burning arrows of a meridian sun, whirls of blinding and suffocating dust, the stings

of mosquitos, and, worse than all, the Babel bawling of a thousand voices cramming down our half-choked throats their nauseous offers of a safe conduct, and a comfortable hotel.

There is little remarkably worth seeing in Leghorn; but to an Englishman, the noble Loggia designed by Inigo Jones, which forms the grand portico of the Duomo, and the Tomb of Smollett gleaming white and graceful amidst the Cypresses, Willows, and Poplars, and the lovely parterres of painted and odoriferous flowers, in the beautiful Cemetery of the English Church, must always possess irresistible attractions.

Then, too, there are those vast and awful Cisterni, that mighty Sepulchre of Waters, whose long arched Corridors conduct you round the great reservoir which lies deep and smooth below, inspiring all that nameless dread with which a broad abyss of water, overvaulted from the light of Heaven, so generally affects one.

The Hebrew Synagogue astounded me with its architectural beauty, and its decoration of marble and precious metals. The roof was completely studded with innumerable branches of silver lamps, and in the Sanctuary there is one that burns perpetually. The form and dimensions of this Fane rival each other in boldness and beauty.

We drove to the old Tower of Marzocco, a tall strong octagon of marble, which forms a most romantic and conspicuous object on the sea-shore,

and is interesting as being one of the few monuments of the Republic.

To me, Leghorn has more than the attractions of a mere flourishing mercantile town; it was from here that an ancestor of mine, an opulent merchant,* came in bridegroom attire to the palace of Lichfield to woo and to wed the lovely Sarah Seward, then only in her nineteenth year, who died in a fortnight after his arrival. The whole story is most pathetically and graphically told by Anna Seward in those early letters (too few, alas!) which have been so justly admired, and which proceeded from her pen before it was marred by flattery, clogged with verbiage, or rendered turgid by the swellings of self-approving criticism.

I cannot bid farewell to Leghorn without remarking the grand dimensions, the romantic piles, and almost Oriental character of the Via Ferdinando. It was a blazing meridian when we entered its barbaresque arcade. Its pavement entirely composed of huge flagstones, was overcanopied with variously coloured awnings, which extending from side to side of its huge mansions, turned the whole street into one vast pavilion.

The variegated Magasins, enriched with jewelry, with sculptures of marble, alabaster, and ivory, gleaming among bales of costly merchandise,

* The brother of Dr. Johnson's Lucy Porter.

velvet, and silk, and cloth of gold, at once proclaim the Emporium of Nations; and, among those nations, bring most forcibly before us the Bezes-teins of Byzantium, Al Cairo, and Ispahan; while the Tyrian purple clusters of the Oleander, and the snowy bells of the Orange and Lemon trees, glistening from vases of subdued verdure, seemed to share with us the pleasure of exemption, from those capricious influences of an Italian atmosphere, a scorching Sunbeam, and a drenching Rain.

Pisa, August 4th, 1844.

WHAT a lovely place is Pisa! It is not that its broad and yellow waters reflect the image of that most beautiful piece of carved work, that ever deserved a place in the cabinet of a Virtuoso, La Spina, with its pinnacles, and porches, and statuary, and marigold windows. It is not that its winding streets have any pretension to architectural grandeur, but because it is the archaic receptacle of so much that is great, wonderful, and venerable, in Italy.

First of all soars the Duomo, and seen as we saw it, with its gorgeous Mosaics, and mingling its charms of sight and sound with the splendid tones of its huge organ, and the scarlet copes of the ecclesiastics, it offered a good beginning to the fine things that followed. But who shall tell

the glories of the Baptistery? Who shall tell of the beauties of that perfect Rotunda, which, exhibiting enough of its architectural graces to the sun, reserves yet its choicest ornament for the gloomy glories of its interior? I mean the pulpit, that superb throne of the Nine Pillars, which only lowers the Epistle of the Disciple, to exalt the Gospel of the Master. The Columns are of various and most costly marbles, and the Lions that uplift them seem almost conscious of their august burden.

The circular Triforium is most majestic; and stately and lofty as the lower pillars are, they seem to derive dignity from the piers that support them. There is a delicious Candelabrum of bronze which inspired me with the most sacrilegious longings. Surely, never was there any elaboration of human Art that made human Nature so covetous.

But how is it that people have spoken so little of the Campo Santo! How is it that a merely local celebrity illustrates the story of that Archbishop Ubaldo, who, expelled from Palestine by the Sultan Saladin, took away with him fifty ship-loads of soil from

“ — those holy fields
Over whose acres walked the Blessed Feet
Which, eighteen hundred years ago, were nailed
For our advantage on the bitter Cross.” *

* Henry IV. Part I.

Undoubtedly we have nothing in England which one could liken to the vast and wild Frescoes which irradiate the cloistered walls of the Campo Santo.

In similar Gothic Corridors in Canterbury, York, Gloucester, Lincoln, &c. either these extravagant superstitions have never existed in Painting, or they have been most judiciously obliterated. With all Sir Walter's partial enthusiasm for Melrose, even he would confess that nothing ever surpassed the sublimity of these admirable Cloisters, the tracery of the windows is most florid and variegated in its outlines, and the luxuriant devices of the Quaterfoil, the Mullion, and the Lancet and Marigold heads, adorn the pure cold hardness of the marble which forms their mouldings, with a beauty it deserves.

Of course we visited the wonderful Campanile, that antitype of the Tower of Belus. One might imagine that it was designed by the Architect at the very moment the old Temple was sinking into the earth, as some people love to have the portraits of their friends drawn in the last stage of decrepitude and decay.

It was a gorgeous Italian Afternoon when we ascended to the summit of this superbly pillared Cylinder, this Beauty of Deformity. The marvellous varieties of Landscape which demanded our admiration on all sides, in some measure diverted our minds from the conflicting theories

to which this stately contortion has given birth. And we were finally awakened from a pleasing reverie touching the friends we knew were sojourning beneath those fine green hills of Lucca,—by such a Diapason of the Belfroy as quickly concentrated every other consideration in serious solicitude for the safety of our ears!

By the way, they are always ringing the bells in Italy. If you hear some old Campanile rolling out its chimes till its Romanesque masonry rocks again, demand the cause of this musical uproar, they will tell you the bells are ringing for rain. Wait a little month, you will hear the bells ringing again, for there has been *too much* rain. Anon, beneath the bluest of skies, and the brightest of sunshine, the belfroy will again begin to rock, ringing out its thanksgiving for *fair weather*. There will be a thunderstorm perhaps in the night, and the storm clocks will reverberate the peal, for bell ringing you know is an antidote to thunder. And thus one Peal deafens another, from the beginning of the year to the end.

Turin, August 7th, 1844.

TURIN is a glorious City, a truly regal metropolis, worthy of such a flourishing kingdom as Sardinia, and of its wise, energetic, and munificent Sovereign.

It is difficult to describe one's impression of an assemblage of streets and squares, groves and fountains, royal audience halls, cabinets, bed-chambers, and saloons; but if I possessed the power to make a model of a town, it would be Turin; or ever could be induced to take an inventory of princely chambers, with their gorgeous garniture, it would be in its Royal Palace. Utterly destitute of any pretensions to the picturesque or the romantic in its architecture, this magnificent Building, with its golden doors, golden bedsteads, floors of the most exquisite marqueterie, and incredible piles of the most precious porcelain, monstrous in their dimensions, and most fantastic in their forms, leave little to desire for the lovers of Palatial Splendour. Spenser thus sings of such Chambers:

“ But for to tell the sumptuous array
Of that great chamber should be labour lost,
For living wit, I ween, can not display
The royal riches, and exceeding cost
Of every pillar and of every post,
Which all of purest bullion framed were,
And with great pearls and precious stones embost,
That the bright lustre of their beames clear
Did sparkle forth great light, and glorious did appear.”

In ominous neighbourhood to the state apartments is the Armeria Regia. Never did I see the Ugliness and Beauty of War in such close collision. There was the breastplate damascened with silver or with gold, which had proved a vain defence for

its gallant wearer ; there was every species of musquetry, Christian or Saracenic, whose gorgeous enamel of ivory, and incrustation of emeralds, pearls, and rubies almost made you forget the thousand deaths which had been winged from their richly graven tubes. There too, (more horrible and more revolting far to our feelings,) lurked the dark hints of domestic treason or highway assassination in the shape of the poisoned Stiletto and the triangular Knife. But it is impossible to enumerate the wonderful and costly specimens in this Magazine of Death.

Placed at alternate distances, the magnificent panoplies of Lords and Princes would form becoming accessories to this fearful Chamber were it not that, instead of leaving to the fancy the glaring eyeflash or the grim scowl from those hollow burgonets, they have filled them up with raddled faces and goggle eyes, worthy of a scarecrow in a garden of herbs, and surmounted those superb helmets with a bunch of soiled tawdry feathers worthy of the tin and tinseled Casque in front of a stroller's Booth.

It was much to the disparagement of these ill-favoured physiognomies that I recalled that sublime picture in one of La Motte Fouque's ghostly romances :

“ It was a sort of daily society for Sir Biorn to have the Armour of his Ancestors, with closed vizors, here sitting, there standing, about his festal board. The

Pilgrim and the Knight were sitting opposite each other at the vast stone table, whereon many tapers were burning ; and a rare sight it was to behold those two tall pale Figures move and eat and drink in the midst of the huge motionless Suits of Armour."

SINTRAM AND HIS COMPANIONS.

The object which detained my attention longest, and on which I dwelt with the most unmixed satisfaction, was the magnificent Shield attributed to Benvenuto Cellini, and justly, as I am convinced, from the infinite superiority of its gravurès over similar productions in this sanguinary Museum. It is reputed to have belonged to Diana of Poitiers ; at any rate it has her beloved device, the Crescent of her celestial namesake.

" Oh ! goodly usage of those antique times,
In which the Sword was servant unto Right,
When not for malice or contentious crimes,
But all for praise and proof of manly might,
The Martial Brood accustomed to fight ;
Then Honor was the meed of Victory,
And yet the vanquished had no despight :
Let later age that noble use envy,
Vile rancour to avoid, and cruel surquedry."

FAIRY QUEEN.

It may well be supposed that a royal picture gallery is not wanting to the magnificence which adorns the palace of Turin. It is situated in that fine old castle, the Palazzo Madama, whose broad machicolated towers remain to chronicle its vanished grandeur. It is a splendid spectacle, not more remarkable for the *gems* which it contains

than for the *general* excellence of the collection. Among the former, although I do not profess to catalogue pictures, I must distinguish the beautiful David of Guercino, the Pharaoh's Daughter, and the Magdalene of Paolo Veronese, Spagnoletto's St. Jerome; Rembrandt's Rabbi, a superb head; A Countryman and his Wife talking to a Lawyer; and the finest Claude I ever beheld.

Turin is singularly fortunate in her situation. Rearing her palaces and towers in the centre of the finest plain in all Italy, taking unto herself Mount Cenis as a coronet, and the snowy Alps as her girdle of beauty, she has discarded every thing in the shape of those sordid alleys delighting in the name of suburbs, and it is no great dilation of the truth to say, that where her *last* palace stands, her *first* rich pasture begins.

I have not much to say of that mimic Olympus the Superga; for, in addition to the ill effect which its formal outline has in contrast with the flowing ridges of the Alps, this Monument of Vittorio Amadeo's vow is about to be deserted by her chief distinction, the mouldering relics of Sardinian royalty. Ere long,

" The sepulchres
Wherein we saw them quietly inurned,
Will ope their ponderous and marble jaws
To cast them up again,"

—and commit them to the loftier cemeteries of the Sacra San Michele. What then will remain

to write about cowed monks and nasal chaunts, and chiming bells? Never say that I have a spite against the Superga from this passage in Murray?

“The mountain is very steep; carriages from Turin cannot go up without four horses; and the visitor must either go to this expense, *or walk the greater part of the way !!!*”

This great City is remarkable for the stately formality of her vast and noble streets, intersecting each other with the uniformity of Virgil's quincunx, and in whose lordly files you cannot distinguish one palace from another, so equipoised is their array of ornament and size. A league of avenue stretches away from these works of men's hands, seeming not only to emulate the masonry in their height and breadth, but to indicate the future growth of the Sardinian Capital, and the site of stradas yet unthought of.

But the Piazzas and the Squares, spreading out into such numerous spaces, and surprising one not less by their number than their grandeur, rank among the most remarkable features of Turin, and the pride of all these is the Piazza San Carlo. This stately area boasts the twofold distinction of taking its title from that ornament of the Romish Church, Carlo Barromeo, and of possessing the noblest Equestrian Statue in the world (after that of Aurelius in the Capitol)—Marochetti's Effigy of Emanuel Philibert, surnamed the Iron-head,

whose Bridal Tournament proved fatal to Henry the Second, and chased Diana of Poitiers before the wrathful countenance of the infuriated Catherine di Medicis.

Abounding in beauties as Turin unquestionably does, it is no disparagement to apply to it, although in a different spirit, old Samuel Johnson's observation of Scotland, that *the most beautiful thing about it was the road out of it*. If ever Nature and cultivation combined to shew how much their united efforts could accomplish, this great plain of Lombardy is an example. Noble woods overshadowing soft hills fling forward from their feet meadows and corn fields in as high order as the most carefully preserved garden. The Dora contributes its fertilizing stream, and, to complete the picture, you are continually encountering in the highway or beholding in the luscious pasturage that breed of Cattle distinguished throughout Italy, (but especially in these districts,) by their strength and their symmetry, their uncommon size and their colours, from the lightest fawn colour to bright bay and chesnut. As for the extraordinary beauty of their large soft eyes, they fully justify Homer (when he meant to express the beauty of Juno) in calling her

Βωπις Πορνία Ἡρῆ—

a compliment quite unintelligible to my schoolboy capacity.

The huge unfinished Palace, piled as usual on a hill, and not unlike the dismal degraded Chateau of St. Germain in its present ruinous state, was to me an object of profound interest. It was here, that poor Amadeus the Second was imprisoned upon the plea of insanity. Unhappy Prince! the most irrefragable evidence he afforded of a distempered Intellect was his desire to resume the *Centaur-Tunic* of Royalty after having once disengaged himself from its empoisoned folds. I dare not trust myself to repeat the ghastly mockery with which this aged and it may be insane Monarch was harassed to his grave under the sanction of his own son! One has hardly recovered from the shock inflicted by the story of this huge and tragic-looking pile, when the future Mausoleum of the Royal house of Savoy, in the shape of a Monastery throned on a mountain's brow, which the vapours of winter must enshroud from the sight, and which, even in this bright summer's afternoon, you confound with the eminence on which it is built, seems to blockade the vale. It is to be hoped, for the sake not only of the wandering coffins of the Superga, but also for the future Skeletons of Sardinian Sovereigns doomed to reign, and as surely doomed to die, through ages to come, that no higher spot than the Sacra San Michele remains hitherto undiscovered, otherwise St. Cuthbert's posthumous pilgrimage may *find a parallel yet!*

Susa, August 14th, 1844.

SUSA is a mean little town in itself, but contains three or four Monuments of Antiquity that might well attract attention in modern or ancient days. The great Campanile of the Cathedral, a most magnificent tower of the Lombardic style, and of such fine proportions, that its commanding height evidently requires its massive breadth, ranks first in my estimation. Close adjoining is a huge towered Gateway of Roman brick, which looks as if it had been borrowed for the day from the Battlements of Belisarius.

There is also a much celebrated Arch, dating eight years previously to the Christian era, professedly in honour of Augustus, and which, I must take leave to say, is not adequate to the object it had so laudably in view.

In addition to these antiquities, Susa has its animated river, is built upon the most picturesque varieties of ground, and is encircled by huge green mountains, their broad breasts piled with ruined Fortresses, Abbeys, and Chapels, which altogether bestow an interest on this romantic Town it does not intrinsically possess.

Can I ever forget the *first* evening when that fierce fever clutched me in her burning talons! The Dora Susina foamed over its rocky bed below

the windows of my chamber. Of course I was utterly sleepless. A tremendous storm arose; the thunder's solemn roar, scarcely interrupted by the spectral flames of the lightning, was answered by the angry dashing of the Dora raging over its rocky bed. A melancholy wind splashed the rain against the casements, and wafted from the town, each from its separate belfroy, the distant tolling of the dismal storm bells; while, triumphant over all—at least unmoved by all—Time, with his sad monotonous punctuality, proclaimed from every Steeple-Clock his inexorable march.

And now, once more, Italia! benedetta Italia! addio.

“Thou Brightness of the World! O! thou once free
And always fair! Rare Land of courtesy,
Rich, populous, ornate; all treasures thine,
The golden corn, the olive, and the vine,
Fair cities, gallant mansions, castles old,
And forests, where beside his leafy hold
The sullen Boar hath heard the distant horn,
And whets his tusks against the gnarled thorn,
Palladian palace, with its storied halls,
Fountains where Love lies listening to their falls,
Gardens where flings the bridge its airy span,
And Nature makes her *happy Home with Man.*”

COLERIDGE.

There is nothing in the entire passage of the Mount Cenis so striking as the vast distance from which you continue to discern the Sacra San Michele, the destined Mausoleum of the Savoyard

kings. It is almost the first object of importance you encounter in quitting the Royal Palaces of Turin, and the last that disappears from your wondering gaze when the mountain barrier of Piedmont ushers you into the smiling valleys of Savoy.

Thus the earliest edifice that arrests your eye in entering this fine and flourishing kingdom is—not the populous town, not the impregnable fortress, not the marble palace, not the stately pleasure-ground—but, piled upon its vast and rugged mountain, isolated from regal grandeur, cut off even from social sympathy,—the mansion that awaits him who now sits upon the throne,—the charnel-house of those Sovereigns who have long since laid down their diadems and sceptres at its threshold :—the Gateway of the Grave, the Dome of DEATH.

This struck me as a grand and solemn comment upon that practice prevalent among Barbaric potentates from Philip of Macedon to the Arabian Saladin, who, in their saloons of audience, at their banquets, in their processions, maintained an officer whose duty it was to proclaim at once their magnificence and their mortality.

Aix les Bains, September 10th, 1844.

At Aix les Bains I was arrested in my pleasant wanderings by the red hand of Fever, whose iron gripe detained me a most reluctant prisoner for nearly six weeks. Yet if it were possible to revert with complacency and even pleasure to a scene of protracted suffering, Aix les Bains is precisely the spot calculated to create that anomaly of feeling. It is a delicious bird's-nest, where hills and groves not only protect and adorn, but almost intrude upon the village streets. Narrow winding lanes, whose deep green sward, bejewelled with the Tyrian purple of crocuses, is scarcely broken by the red pathway that guides you through their intricacies, and overarched in all their wanderings by the groined verdure of lofty trees, conduct the rambler hither and thither, through a maze of rural beauty not the less pleasing from its perplexity.

The lovely little lake of Bourget forms a beautiful Reservoir, with its blue hills and sunny waters, to the numberless rivulets which constantly accompany those woodland alleys, embroidering their flowery banks with a gay mosaic of pebbles, and meekly chiming with their silver tunes to the melodies of the birds among the branches.

But my chief solace, as soon as I was enabled to exchange for the sweet airs of Heaven the melan-

choly atmosphere of those chambers in which I had so long alternately shivered and burned, were the two large gardens, the one of flowers, the other of fruits and vegetables, belonging to the ample and picturesque hotel.

Not through the Minster's dark grandæval Pile,
Where Dian walks with consecrating smile,
A cloister'd Empress up the pale Ancestral Aisle ;

Not in that old Patrician Palace hall
Superbly hung for solemn festival,
Where gorgeous umber'd beams through Pictured Windows fall ;

Not where the haunted Feudal Corridor
Hears steps unearthly shake the thund'ring floor,
And hollow nightwinds wave grim Tapestries red with gore ;

Not in those Vaults of drear Captivity,
Where, in the bursting heart and tearless eye,
Hope scarcely lives, but only *seems* to die ;

Nor in those free and voiceful Solitudes,
The green Paths of the windy Summerwoods,
Or leaf-strewn margent of autumnal floods :

But o'er yon solitary Garden walk,
Where Twilight Winds with sleepy florets talk,
And aromatic dews decline each loaded stalk.

Fain would I chaunt to Him who gives me Rest
This tranquil Nightsong from a thankful breast,
" THE MAN WHOSE TRESPASS IS FORGIVEN IS BLEST."

T. H. W.

Never can I forget the first afternoon, when, an hour before Sunset I found myself in the Garden of Herbs, or Orchard, or Melon-ground, or Vine-

yard, 'for it was all these ; gazing on the fantastic screen of the Mont Chat, whose mighty bosom was deepening from blue to purple, and from purple to black, as the dazzling orb wheeled nearer to its goal behind that crouching Cat, which gives the mountain both its title and its Crest. I have always dearly loved a Garden, but especially a quaint old fashioned inclosure like this. Here were walks of turf or gravel, broad or narrow, basking between borders of particoloured flowers, or lurking underneath long trellices of vines, whose rich and most beautiful foliage enhanced those amber and amethystine clusters which they scarcely veiled. Huge fruit trees overloaded with Apple, Plum, and Pear, spread their umbrageous shadows over one side of the garden, while the other, basking beneath the genial sky, exposed its broad open Plots to the sunshine, where the green and golden orbs of the Melons, spreading in almost neglected luxuriance, lay side by side, a strange vicinity, with the fringy verdure and crimson berries of the Alpine Strawberry beds. Every variety of aromatic or savoury herb, Lavender, Bergamot, Rosemary, Thyme, Marjoram, Sage, Mint, and others, it were long to name, embalmed the air with various odours, and a certain sheltered nook behind a cluster of Marigolds crowded with the Straw-palaces of the Bee, declared at once that those fragrant bushes were planted for the yellow Honey-comb, at least as

much as for the savoury projections of the Kitchen Fire.

This noble old garden is surrounded by stone walls, engrained with every tincture which moss or lichen, or the mountain ore can impart. Here and there they swelled into old fashioned Alcoves, or Summer halls, with steep green steps and rusty Vanes; in other parts their aged masonry was adorned with arbours of Jessamine, Ivy, clustering Roses, and Vines, and in every other part their hoary surface was disputed between the enormous foliage of the Fig tree, and the flask-shaped fruitage of the Gourd.

But the flowers, the flowers, Autumn's earliest and Summer's last, for we stood upon the threshold of these seasons—the flowers delighted, revived me, more than even the fresh airs that from the golden West breathed above the laden fruit trees. It is true, the painted Gillyflower, and the luscious Violet, had long withdrawn their beauties and their sweets; true, the last Rose of Provence had already strewn the parterre with half her lovely leaves; but still the Orange-flower, the Jessamine, the Sweet-pea, and the Mignonette, mingled, as in one vase, their ravishing perfumes; still that gorgeous flower, the Clytie of Mythology, turned her superb tiara towards her departing lord; while whole phalanxes of those floral Anakim, the Holyhock and the Dahlia, more glorious than the royal raiment of Solomon,

appeared graciously to compensate their want of fragrance, by their majestic height and most magnificent turbans.

Partners of the same broad parterres, but somewhat humbler of stature, and at a respectful distance, the lilac clusters of the tall Floxia, and the golden spikes of Aaron's Rod, recalled the tenderest recollections of my childhood. While, mingled with the peacock hues of the Aster, the fiery flowers of the Nasturtium composed a parti-coloured pavement to this place of Flowers.

Here then I stood, a captive newly emancipated from the tossings and weariness of a sick bed. A prey, snatched as it were from the very jaws of death, surrounded by all the refreshments and delights of *that earliest Gift from God to Man*—a Garden.

How lately had I fathomed the fearful depths of those menaces in Deuteronomy :

“Thy life shall hang in doubt before thee ; and thou shalt fear day and night, and shall have none assurance of thy life : in the morning thou shalt say, would God it were even ! and at even thou shalt say, would God it were morning.”

Oh, what a blissful change. I had dwelt in darkness, scared rather than cheered by the taper's flame, and was restored to light ;—in silence unbroken, save by the subdued voice and stealthy step, and lo ! the melody of singing birds is in mine ear, chanting their vespers to the balmy

twilight. The curtains of my sick bed, the walls of my sick chamber, have fled away like a dream ! The mighty mountains are before and around me ; the vault of Heaven above, kindling for me, yes ! for me, its golden lamps ; for me breathing health and comfort from its odorous censers :—while at my feet and at my side, blushing a thousand colours, breathing a thousand odours, are flowers, dear flowers !

“ Relics ye are of Eden’s bowers,
As pure, as fragrant, and as fair,
As when ye crown’d the sunshine hours
Of happy wanderers there.
Fall’n all beside—the world of life,
How is it stained with fear and strife.
In Reason’s world what storms are rife,
What passions range and glare.

But cheerful and unchanged the while,
Your first and perfect form ye shew,
The same that won Eve’s matron smile
In the world’s opening glow.
The stars of Heaven a course are taught
Too high above our human thought,
Ye may be found if ye are sought,
And as we gaze, we know.

Ye dwell beside our Paths and Homes,
Our paths of Sin, our homes of Sorrow,
And guilty Man, where’er he roams
Your innocent mirth may borrow.
The Birds of air before us fleet,
They cannot brook our shame to meet—
But we may taste your solace sweet,
And come again to-morrow.”

KEBLE’S CHRISTIAN YEAR.

Geneva, September 15th, 1844.

GENEVA is a handsome town, just the very place for an invalid to amuse himself quietly for three or four days. Abundance of pleasant objects to divert the eye and occupy the mind, without any of those attractions of a higher order which imperiously demand such bodily and mental exertions as one feels too feeble to bestow. There are gigantic *old* streets and magnificent *new* ones ; the former resting their claims to admiration on the barbaric caprice, the other inviting you to admire the stately regularity of their architecture. There are also little Islands, little Groves, and little Walks, together with a particularly bad Statue of a particularly bad man.* The Boulevard Saint Antoine merits a somewhat more honourable mention, and more eminent rank in the beauties of Geneva. This broad and noble terrace, with its avenue of ancient Chestnuts, the deep valley of garden and grove which it commands, and the green meadows and purple hills which form its prospect, has few equals : and though last, not least to be eulogized, are the vast and towering villas which constitute its back ground, luxuriating in all the graceful fantasies of Italian architecture, and running wild with balustraded stairs, balconies, loggias filled

* Rousseau.

with bright coloured flowers, and round turricles, that seem hung like bird-cages in the air.

It seems almost needless to mention the celebrated Lake and its lordly father the Rhone; but to speak of Geneva and not write about the Rhone, is impossible. For my own part, I indulged in a Dithyrambic.

The Rhone! the Rhone! the mighty Rhone!
The broad, the swift, the azure Rhone!
There's not a Rivergod that rides
So regally the obedient tides:
That with majestic motion
Waft his Shelly Car,
(From that Cavern afar
Where the ivy and vine
A pavillion entwine;
Around that crystal Fountain,
In the red clift of the mountain)
To the Pearl Palaces of ocean.

Lo! here he sweeps
Round Castle Keeps,
Broad as their own Baronial mould,
While every wave,
From Tower and Cave,
Chaunts some romantic lay or legend old:
And hoary Minsters, Burghs, and mouldring Woods,
Image their lordly forms in his careering Floods.

SEA OF THE SOUTH! flow on.
Flow on, thou sunny Stream!—
That vaunted paragon,
That bauble of the minstrel's dream,
Blue Leman owes thee her transparent lake:
Yet nobler thou, when thy wild waters break
From that smooth Prisonhouse of sickly Thought,
And Verse in most harmonious jargon wrought;

And rush melodiously along,
 With an enfranchised Warrior's song,
 By cliff and tree,
 Right joyously :— —
 But whence yon Monster Torrent's headlong chase ?
 Forbear, fell Arve !—the sapphire Stream forbear ;
 Indignant Rhone repels the abhorr'd embrace ;—
 Ah me ! the abhorr'd embrace his sullied waves declare.
T. H. W.

WELL, this famous Lake Lemman, as far as Lausanne at least, is but a dowdy affair after all, in spite of what the depraved and depraving Novelist of Vevay and his zealous Propagandist the minstrel Baron of Newstead have done to bedizen it !

Rousseau is at least sincere in his vicious enthusiasm ; but as for Byron, he finds himself in the vicinity of such names as Ferney, Clarens, Vevay, &c. remembers Jean Jacques, and forthwith feels it incumbent upon him to rave. The hyperbolical Fiend immediately begins to torment him ; and this melaneholy incoherence my Lord manifests especially in those stanzas of which

“ Clarens, sweet Clarens !
 (*Nonsense, sweet nonsense !*)

stands at the head.

Endowed with an average share of natural and incidental beauties, with but feeble pretensions to the sublime, it has been the singular infelicity of

this great Reservoir of the Rhone to have acquired a species of celebrity denied to many a more majestic Water: yet surely that is a notoriety little to be envied which derives its lustre from such names as Voltaire, Gibbon, and Rousseau, and founds its hopes of Immortality on so capricious a harp as that of George Noel Byron.

Lausanne, September 18th, 1844.

Some talk of Dales,
And hills in Wales,

saith the old ballad.

Talk indeed! if they have not seen Lausanne, they don't know what they are talking about.

Lovely Lausanne! Romantic Lausanne! what on earth has she been doing? can she have paused upon an earthquake? Emblem of caprice! how has she been coquetting with the valley and the hill? I declare, I do not exaggerate when I affirm my belief that there is not a palm's breadth of level ground from one end of the pavement to the other.

One while you find yourself hobbling and panting on the pinnacle of a street, commanding not only the lofty mansions and pictorial towers half buried in the waving foliage of this congregation of hills, but the blue lake, with its bordure of

mountains and party-coloured enamel of villages and towers. Anon you are plunged over head and ears either into a deep labyrinth of aged groves, or into some paved ravine, enfiladed by romantic piles, whose antique fronts and towery roofs threaten to make common cause against you, and sepulchre their victim—(whether vestal or not) in their stony embrace.

And then to lionize ! for lionize you inevitably must. No man who has an eye in his head can forbear attempting at least some scrutiny of this masonic menagerie of mazy streets, old mansions, and still older steeples ; and with or without an eye, no man dares disavow the attempt.

“ Che fare ? ” then, as we say at Rome. I saw yesterday a pair of horses jib in beautiful stile down a hill about as steep as the Montagnes Russes ; so much for trusting *their* legs, I thought of Monkbarn’s caustic Sarcasm to Lovel :

“ True, true, I forgot your Bucephalus. You are a foolish lad by the by, and should stick to eighteen pence aside if you will trust any one’s legs in preference to your own.”

And as for trusting *one’s own* ! till I enter the tomb of my fathers shall I ever forget exploring what the guide books call those pleasing varieties of hill and dale, which terminate in that nice old wooden staircase of about one thousand steps, which leads to the Cathedral ! It is of course a bagatelle unworthy the dignity of such an ascent,

to observe that a horrible toothache not only accompanied, but to this hour survives it.

THE Cathedral of Lausanne rejoices in the renown of being the finest in Switzerland; a distinction it has every appearance of deserving. Like most of our English minsters, it is surrounded by a Claustum, or Close, composed chiefly of very picturesque turretted piles, grey ramparts, and aged gardens, now a wilderness of fruit trees.

Before its Western Front extends a stately terrace of chestnut trees, overlooking literally the steep housetops, the lacquered minarets, lozeries, and gourd shaped domes of the collegiate, palatial, and municipal buildings, and confronting even the fine belfroy windows of St. Francois itself.

Simple even to severity, the Cathedral of Notre Dame exhibits every variegation of the Lanceolate style; and from this, with only two exceptions, it never departs: for while in the southern porch it is evidently *flirting* with the Decorated style, in the great western door and window, witness the foliated tracery and the Ogee canopy, it has absolutely *revolted* to that most gorgeous and elegant Order.

To my fancy, the glory of the pile is the Southern Porch: whether you regard its grand proportions, its beautiful figure, three sharp gables with

bold trefoils flanked with tall voluted columns, and clustered in the centre of their steep roof into a graceful minaret; or the delicate luxuriance of its interior decorations, especially that triple Arcade, of disengaged pillars, I do not remember to have seen its equal.

Generally speaking, the exterior of the minster is plain and massive, and its extraordinary galleries of trefoiled and lanceolate apertures, enwreathing nave, choir, and tower, fail to redeem it from the imputation of heaviness.

To this, with all its noble Belfroy windows, and its four picturesque turrets, the great Western Tower, or Campanile, deplorably contributes; while on the Central Tower, (not content with having stuck a scraggy spire about as suitable to its bulk as a fools-cap to the Farnese Hercules,) they have—you must see to believe it—in order to deprive its deformity of the last chance of escaping notice—they have *gilded* the thing from its parapet to its weathercock!—

The Interior is so nobly simple in its plan, and yet so incessantly variegated in its detail, the narrow lancet heads of the sweeping apsidal cloister are so graceful, the flat Romanesque arcades in its circular Oriel are so curious, the galleries, with their quatrefoil and trefoil apertures extending in every direction, even to the Clerestory windows, at once so allure and divide the attention, that you have to wait for a second gaze

before you recollect yourself sufficiently to lament the absence of that peacock imagery, the language, the very life of the Gothic Lattice, which Iconoclastic fury has banished from the Temple.

There is a superb Marigold Window, whose geometrical tracery they have stuffed with the deep dyed purples and crimsons of the monastic laboratory;—a monument of their own barbarism. Three lancets beneath are tinctured with modern colours;—a monument of their own degeneracy.

The Palatial Chateau is a grand square tower, of a yellowish stone, with a broad and majestic machicolation. A deep and glowing coronal of antique brickwork composes the parapet, and the four round turrets, one at each angle, of this venerable pile. It has its moat, its gateway, and every appurtenance of a Signorial mansion, and commands, through the vista of a long street, a full view of the stately Cathedral.

The mitred nobles in these days were Princes as much as Bishops, and frequently Warriors as much as either; but perhaps scarcely even the Poet or the Romancist of the present day will regret the transition from the martial pageantry of the soldier Prelate to the peaceful assemblies of the plain and simple Burghers. This ancient palace of the bishops of Lausanne retains all its baronial grandeur to accommodate the Great Council of the Land.

The figure of Justice is a singular favourite with

the Swiss, as placed over their fountains. I have seen it in several towns; but there is one in a square at Lausanne which greatly amused me, and I can only hope, for the credit of the worthy magistracy, that the attitude of her ladyship is to be attributed to the unskilfulness of the sculptor, and not to the venality of the judgment seat.

Madame, as usual, dangles the scales in one hand, and brandishes the sword in the other: as usual too, she is blindfold, but no one who has looked at the effigy for an instant can fail to observe that she is peering from under her bandage; and one is compelled to depart with the painful impression that the Themis of Lausanne is playing at Blind man's Buff, and trying to cheat.

Chillon, September 21st, 1844.

WE visited the Castle of Chillon to-day, and of course, in the first place, repaired to Bonnivard's prison: a fine suite of three gothic chambers, Vestibule, Guardroom, and Dungeonhouse, (too ceremonious by half!) bisected by a single arcade of massive pillars, evidently raised not for ornament, but security. The famous Iron Ring was there, and there too—(O, ignoble ambition)—the clumsily sculptured autograph of Lord Byron! Surely he might have trusted his own beauteous

Poem to link his name with the immortality of Bonnivard. What a grand vulgarity is Vanity! For my own part, while wishing to realize those exquisite lines,

“ And then there was a little Isle
Which in my very face did smile,
The only one in view :
A small green isle,—it seemed no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o’er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing
Of gentle breath and hue ;
The Fish swam by the Castle wall,
And they seemed joyous each and all ;
The Eagle rode the rising blast,
Methought he never flew so fast.”

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

I could only think what an excellent likeness it was, dungeons, pillars, iron ring, sunbeams and all, —to the portraiture one used to be doomed to endure in Albums and Souvenirs ; and, (however provoking the fact) I could not banish from my mind the images of indelicate Apollos and dropsical Cupids with blue wings, pink sashes, and a cast in the eye.

From these notorious dungeons we ascended to a receptacle of a very different complexion,—the Castle Kitchen, an enormous apartment, and stretching directly over the prisons. The fireplace should have roasted a Hecatomb, and, when in full flame, might almost have contributed a portion

of its warmth, if not a spice of its savoury odours, to the dark hearthless famine-stricken Vaults below.

But if the haunch, the sirloin, the ragout, the creams, the marrow puddings, afforded visions of untasted luxury to the poor captives,—how poignant must have been the excitement heightened by the reminiscence of past banquets, to those ermined Lords, who held their High Court of Justice in the vast chamber adjoining; and who consigned the poor culprit to the savour of those viands on which they were preparing more substantially to feast.

I have frequently heard of Oubliettes, and seldom without a shudder at the ominous import of the term, but I never saw one of these formidable pits till to-day, and its brief Chronicle is truly horrible.

It is a broad square Tower, standing in one of the courts of Chillon, and of very moderate height; on one side of which is an arched recess, where formerly stood the altar and image of the Blessed Virgin.

The Criminal (whose doom—sealed by personal enmity, or by that most inexorable of tyrants, State Policy—was concealed from his knowledge) was conducted to this tower by his guards, and directed to kneel before the altar, in order to return thanks for his deliverance.

While the hapless wretch was in the rapture of adoration, the bolts of a huge trap door beneath

his knees were withdrawn, and he was precipitated into an abysm of three hundred feet; of course, either dashed to pieces by the fall, or left to writhe to death with his shattered members.

Well has the Bard of the Village churchyard said

O ! who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day;
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind !

But these doomed wretches had not a moment allowed to look back upon the bright sunshine they had just relinquished ; nay, it was in the midst of their momentary expectation to revisit its beams that they were plucked from light and life for ever.

In succeeding ages a stair was considerably introduced, and the hellish Pit divided into three floors, each provided with a sufficient lock and key, and each destined to be at once the death-chamber and grave of a man ! the only difference was, that he was mercifully permitted to perish of mere hunger, instead of numbering the last hours of his agonized existence by the throbs of his lacerated limbs.

A concealed current, communicating with the river, was employed to consign the mutilated and putrifying carcase to the fishes of the Rhone.

At Vevay the everlasting monotony of vineyards, glowing as they are with amber and purple fruitage, and intermixed with huge golden pods

of Indian corn, is in great measure superseded by fine old orchards of walnut, apple, and pear; and, on a nearer approach to Chillon, wide valleys in every shade of verdure, variegated with white villages and hoary towers, and sweeping off into picturesque hills clothed to the very summit with turf and tree, and mantling with thick groves cheerily displaying the broad gables of a romantic grange, or the graceful steeple of a rustic spire, win, by the force of contrast, a degree of admiration greater perhaps than their intrinsic beauty have a right to demand.

The semicircle of hills at the head of the lake border so closely on the Sublime, that you feel vexed they are not still bolder and less abundant in the luxuriance of cornfield, vineyard, turf, and wood.

I noticed near Lausanne, in one of those picturesque old villages that embroider the lake, a very large fig tree, the most robust of trunk I ever saw, spreading its boughs like a trellised roof, and so planted before the door of a huge straggling Hostel, as to form a capacious Porch, under whose goodly shadow some dozen villagers might recreate both body and mind, much at their ease, and I thought this beautiful passage from Saint Chrysostom's Homilies on the destruction of the Imperial Statues at Antioch, too germane to the matter, not to tempt one to insert it. He is speaking of Abraham's Oak.

“ He covered not his Roof with Gold, but, fixing his Tent near the Oak, he was contented with the Shadow of its leaves. That Lodging was rudely prepared, but it was more illustrious, than the Halls of Kings. No King has ever entertained Angels, but he dwelling under that Oak, and having but pitched a Tent, was thought worthy of that honor ; enjoying that benefit on account of the Magnificence of his Soul and the Wealth therein deposited .”

Between Payerne and Berne we coasted the beautiful and storied Lake of Morat, its surface of sleepy blue glistening by an afternoon sunlight, and its tranquil woods tinctured with just as much pallid gold as might proclaim that the magician autumn was gently hinting his intentions of dressing them in his own gaudy livery, and then stripping them altogether.

Every one knows that here Charles le Temeraire or Le Hardy—which be pleased to translate Fool-hardy—rehearsed his last battle ; and losing all his magnificent baubles of gold and jewels, barely escaped with his life, which, by all accounts, he scarcely valued so highly.

O ! how much more applicable to this Bravo Prince than to the mightiest Julius is that gasconade which Shakespeare puts into Cæsar’s mouth:—

“ Danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he :
We were two Lions littered in one day,
And I the Elder and more Terrible !”

Act ii. Scene 2.

September 24, 1844.

WHY is Autumn so dear to every Lover of Nature, and to contemplative minds in general? Why, when we behold the traces of perishing loveliness in every stained leaf, and every tarnished herb, do our feelings experience a sudden revulsion, an arrest as it were of affectionate admiration, as if we had only then begun to love the beauties we were then beginning to lose?

Ask the man who is parting from a Friend, whose society he has long enjoyed, whose valuable and amiable qualities he has long revered and loved, and whose conversation has opened up to him many a bright pure fountain of delight, yet towards whom long habitual intercourse had restrained any enthusiastic burst of affection, nay, with whom he had perhaps frequently quarrelled; ask him, I say, why he is so deeply affected at the loss of gratifications of which he had often slighted the possession,—and he will answer, “It is not that my affection for my friend was colder, when he was always near me than now when he is going from me; but that his many good qualities impress me with tenfold power now that they cast their parting light upon that dismal void, that cheerless Solitude, which will inevitably succeed his departure. It is not that I now dis-

cover a faultless character, where formerly I discerned many flaws; but it is the reflection that one who was so beloved by me, is about to be lost to my society, which impels me with anxious fondness to cherish the last moments of his stay, and calls forth an assiduous display of that love which I have always felt for him, but never till now thought of exhibiting. While we basked in the unrestricted freedom of each other's society, while no thought of separation cast its warning shadow over us, we often became wantonly careless of each other's merits, sometimes querulous; and (it might be) even quarrelsome. Sometimes his Wit though brilliant became obnoxious, sometimes his Satire was too withering to be laughed at; he would often be insufferably ardent, when I was dull and phlegmatic, and often when my inclination led me to be lively, he would throw a dismal damp over my happiest efforts.

“ But now I see only the solemn tenderness of his mournful countenance; now I mark only his bursting tear; listen only to his suppressed sigh; and while each finds an answer in my own saddened heart, I feel almost as if to worship him would scarcely do justice to the intense poignancy of my feelings.”

Even thus is Autumn so thrillingly endeared to us, because it signals the departure of that Season whose gifts have gladdened more than its penalties annoyed; and whose receding loveliness becomes the more precious in proportion as the advances

of its cheerless Successor becomes more evident and more appalling.

There is something in the very nature of a bright October day eminently adapted to composure and meditation. The calm clear azure of the noontide sky, which developes with magical precision all the enchantment of distance, presenting the purple Hills, the sunrobed Spire or Tower, the red and white Farmhouses, the clear Pool, the particoloured Crofts, and the mouldering Woods so distinctly, that they seem close at hand. The harmless effulgence of the midday sun, into whose very eye one looks not only unshrinking but gladdened, gives a holyday air to all Creation.

How well do those two lines of Logan give the character of this pensive season :

“ Behold ! congenial Autumn comes,
The sabbath of the year.”

A Sabbath indeed ; a solemn Sabbath, on which Nature appears to have entered again into her Rest, satiate but not worn out with her various toils. The Fields have surrendered their golden floods ; the Orchards have shaken down their painted treasures ; the Forests have completed their pleasant shadework ; the Hedgerows have produced their wilding vintage, and in all their gaudy colouring ripen beneath the sedate sunshine. The tawny Fern waves its feathers upon their steep banks, while on their particoloured foliage the vermillion Hip, the crimson Haw, the

purple Sloe, the sanguine Blackberry, the brown Nut, the yellow Crab, the pink clusters of the Briony, the pallid green of the glossy Acorn, and the fiery red of the Service tree are blended in Nature's proudest blazonry.

What breathless Silence, only broken by the echoing flail from some barn in yonder embowered hamlet, or the wild rush and the whirr from the thicket beside me, whence bearing his heraldic tabart on his gorgeous breast, the burnished pheasant shoots off to the well known recesses of Black Slough.

The very horse and cart moving slowly upon the brown ruts of yonder Lane, bordered with turf, and overarched with Ash trees and Wych elms, have a sleepy motion, and the Waggoner sauntering at their side is in a reverie, unbroken by whistle or crack of whip.

Here and there a golden Leaf dallies and plays with the sunny Air before it settles on the grass, besprent with frosty dew, and laced with gossamer webs; perhaps, as if a sudden thought struck the sleepy Element, a momentary breeze scatters hundreds of its companions from the brown hollows of yonder coppice, and then all becomes demure and motionless as before.

How often does this remind me of a passage in Bloomfield, the Lambs racing with each other :

“ Adown the Slope, then up the Hillock climb,
Where every Molehill is a bed of thyme,
There panting stop, yet scarcely can refrain,

A Bird, a Leaf, will set them off again.

Or if a gale, with strength unusual, blow,

Scattering the Wildbriar Roses into snow,

Their little limbs increasing efforts try,

Like the torn Flower the fair assemblage fly."

Farmer's Boy. Spring.

Berne, 25th September, 1844.

NIGHT was drawing on when we approached Berne (that city of a most citizen antiquity) and were very hospitably received by her thousand Bears, which, Rampant, Couchant, Passant, Reguardant, Sejant, united in shewing us at least a negative welcome, since not one angry growl was heard, not a single red eye rolled upon our rattling equipage, not one massy paw stretched its talons as we invaded the high and hoary streets which they protect.

The aforesaid Streets by the way, if one may judge of their defiance of waterstreams and besoms, demand something more efficacious than those picturesque old Effigies, which, to the number of some score, decorate the centre of these stately old streets.

In vain does that Swiss Crossbowman, with his fine gallant face and his romantic Helvetian costume, threaten to let loose the Bear from between his legs to punish the contumacious scavengers.

In vain does Berchtold of Zæhringen, rending

the jaws of that enormous old Bruin between his legs, warn the slovenly citizens that their turn will come next.

In vain does yon Arcturus in his panoply remind us of that "Prince," in German Fairy Lore, who, with all his subjects, was enchanted for six days in the week, by a malicious Sorcerer.* In short, those invaluable hints of the Bagpiper touching the Caledonian Cremona, and that most significant effigy of the Kinderfresser, with his pocketful of children ready for contingencies, are quite thrown away upon these noble streets, whose every ten yards menace a pestilence with their execrable effluvia.

Meantime, not only are the streets bisected by rivulets of the most limped water, but the huge cisterns themselves, reposing bright and transparent each beneath its tutelary warrior and bear, seem to rejoice at nothing so much as not coming in contact with the obscene pavement.

The environs of Berne are most delicious; and, with green hills, and waving trees, and sparkling streams, surround most becomingly this capital of the great Canton.

There is a vast number of fine antique Watch-towers and Gateways in Berne: the name of the Clock-tower I *must* write, it delights my very

* See Beckford's admirable and now rare translation of "Der Drei Schwestern."

heart, besides the pleasure we had in seeing its Bears chase each other, its turbaned Soldan shake his scimeter, and its Cock flap his wings: know then this redoutable name is Zeitglochenthurm.

St. Christopher's Gateway is my favourite, not only from its noble dimensions, its picturesque detail, but also from that delicious old monster over the arch which might be Goliah, or Gog, or Magog, or Colbrand, or any other of those heroes of superlative stature.

For my own part, I rather like those Giants; the very dilation of their form and feature prevents your giving them that concentration, that quintessence of malice, which is the characteristic of a wicked Dwarf.

There is always a lurking expression of good-nature about the exaggerated lineaments, which seems, in spite of himself, to say "I am not the Rawhead and Bloodybones you take me for!" One always thinks of the dwarf Hudson and his victim Crofts;—and yet I pity Ellen, who says,

" My Sire's tall Form might grace the part
Of Ferragus or Ascabart!"

if those champions of Southampton resembled these monsters of the Berne Towers.

Of course we went to see the Barengraben, but the poor dear Bears were really fit for nothing but to be shewn at Atkinson's door. They would make the man's fortune; they were so enormously fat, that they could not be troubled to waddle after

the Biscuits and Redstreaks which we flung to them.

I think it is Murray who says that the Interior of Berne Minster is not *remarkable* ;—pace tanti viri—I should venture to assert that it is eminently remarkable, not so much for its original ugliness, as for that beautification with which municipal Taste has thought proper to invest it. If the Roman Catholic interiors are too frequently disfigured by their tawdry decorations, there is some excuse, though a feeble one, for a Church whose predominant spirit it avowedly is

“ To gild refined gold, to paint the Lily,
To add a perfume to the violet:”

but that the *Protestant*, nay, the most ultra protestant, the Calvinist, the “simplex munditiis,” for sooth, the Brother Jack who tore off the lace and tags of his hereditary coat, lest a remnant of Lord Peter should disfigure his Beautiful Garments ; * that *he* should paint and bedaub these ugly old Aisles in such a fashion, reminds one marvellously of the old proverb of the Washed Sow !

Such a thing too as that flowered and gilded organ !—why, the orchestra of a provincial ballroom would be ashamed of it. As for the details of the whole Interior, I must, at the hazard of coming to a sweeping conclusion, declare that there is

* See “ A Tale of a Tub.”

nothing to admire in it. The outline of the Great Tower is majestic and impressive: indeed the exterior, rising in the centre of a broad area, surrounded by lofty mansions, is sufficiently striking.

I should not forget to mention that there are some splendid windows of painted glass in the Choir worthy of a more congenial situation.

Basle, 28th of September, 1844.

Of course it would be worse than idle to attempt a description of the scenery between the lovely Lake of Bienne and Bâle, rejoicing in the worthy title The Münster Thal,* or indeed between any other two places in the alphabet;—but

“Duller should I be than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,”

were I to withhold my tribute of admiration to its sublime characteristics.

It is something to have traversed the Jura, something more when Jura's thunder splitten mass rends for us a strange road out of the chasm; but it is more than all to behold those enormous rampires from the chafing torrent at

* The Vale of The Cathedral.

their base to the narrow arch of blue sky at their summit, inrobed with vast forests of beech and pine.

You are ushered by a romantic arch of living rock into this wonderous scenery, which, not contented with the gloomy monotony which the grandeur of the mountain, or the purple mists of the deep gorge, disclose, intermingles these silvan ravines with basking meadows of the most delicate verdure, quaint old Villages, and ever and anon façades of perpendicular rock, whose natural Colonnades, sculptured by no architect less mighty than the torrent and the blast, Ellora or Elephanta might envy.

The Birs, at first a small insignificant stream, racing hither and thither over its rocky bed, did at length, as day declined, assume the dignity of a swift but silent stream, whose chief delight it seemed to be to uncoil its purple scarf through meadows more like woven tapestry than mere earthly grass, while ever and anon, girdled with strange antic Towerlets, grim tall Dungeon, Gatehouse, Bridge and Moat, or soaring on its steep green mound, distinguished by the more stately ornaments of Terrace and Grove, some venerable Chateau received the willing homage of the circling stream.

The tranquil lustre of the brightest harvest moon I ever beheld, exercised to the full her beautifying privilege over all this, alternately pic-

turing, in superb blackness, the outline of the massy buildings, or sparkling in the river that twined enamoured round their base. I may add by way of climax, that this unparalleled scenery extends between forty and fifty miles.

Basle, 30th September, 1844.

BASLE, or (as the Italians more legally, or more musically phrase it) Basilia, at first disappointed me.

From what earthly source I would fain know do we draw our Home imaginations of the ancient Swiss and German towns? One is always picturing them as the most delightful old monsters of brick, stone, and timber work that can be conceived. Streets just made for two to encounter and lift their hats for about ten yards after they have passed each other, doubtless in gratitude for being allowed to pass at all; mansions apparently in transports of anxiety to embrace each other across the way, in which laudable attempt, with the help of enormous porches, and quatrefoiled and diamond work balconies, they just fail by half a yard! broad Bay windows, whose emblazoned and dusty lattices were intended for any purpose except Light and

Sight ; gateways of such menacing iron and oak, that Cerberus himself might be induced to send in his testimonials, and offer the most undeniable references as a candidate for the office of Porter : —In short, one depicts the entire town as a species of terrestrial Tartarus, all gloomy and ghostly, built only as the receptacle for bloody chronicles, or the theatre of mysterious transactions.

What then is the real fact ?

Here we are in Basle, with its great River rolling below a crescent of mansions, sufficiently pictorial, in their ensemble, diversified occasionally by the steepled roofs of the old minster, the cupola of some municipal building, the minarets of some pavillion, some aged grove, some trellised and coloured garden, all rejoicing to be near neighbours to their father Rhine, while the uniformly broad gables, steep roofs of scaly tilework, and deep canopies of eaves, combined to produce a strange and striking Picture.

But where is the gloom, where the grandeur, where the intimations of secret, foul, and midnight deeds ?

Alas for the Romance-reader ! every house is scrupulously whitewashed, and door and window painted in all the hues of the rainbow, the gaudier the better.

And as for those interesting, though importunate Beings, whose business it is to draw men's curtains at the dead of night,—there is no chance for

them ! for if ever phantom fled before a distasteful fume, the cigars and meerschaums, whose clouds darken all Germany at noonday, would speedily exorcise the fleshless intruder. That Ghost of a surety could have

“ no *Speculation* in its eyes ”

which ventured to expose them to the pungent exhalations of tobacco.

It is doubtless, her alliance with the illustrious Rhine which bestows upon Basle her pictorial and imposing appearance.

On the evening of our arrival I rambled to the great wooden bridge, and from thence beheld that mighty necromancer, the moon, investing Town and Stream with a prestige truly marvellous. It was a masquerade, stately and sparkling beneath the illusion of festal lamps, but unqualified to endure the Ithuriel touch of the sunlight.

The interior region of the city is a dingy nest of narrow, crooked, and unclean streets ; although its principal avenues are broad and piled up with mansions of much apparent cleanliness and even grandeur. The Hotel of the Three Kings is like two corpulent palaces rolled into one, and its accommodations are in every way correspondent to its size. But I cannot even now help laughing at the reply of the young Englishman who pointed it out to me, when I interrogated him as to its excellence, “ Excellent ? ” was his astounded answer. “ Why it has sixty windows in front ! ”

Enthroned upon a terrace of chestnut groves, with the Rhine at its footstool, the Black Forest, guarding one side of its Siege-royal, and the Jura flanking the other, a meaner edifice than the old red Minster of the Second Emperor Henry, might well demand admiration.

But it has a polygon in the East Apsis, a great foliated Marigold Window, together with a Romanesque archway in its North Transept, worthy in themselves of a pilgrimage to Basle.

This last is at least as graceful in its execution as it is interesting to the antiquary.

Those sweet little gems of sculpture, three tiers on each side (representing the *Six Acts of Charity*) with their fairy columns, forming for each a deep shrine, constitute at once the most beautiful and the most original decoration of this truly ecclesiastical entrance.

Rambling wild and romantic enough for any foolish damsel, who with uplifted lamp ever explored haunted chamber or damp green charnel house, the cloisters of this Imperial Dom, resembling rather a labyrinth of corridors and vaulted chambers, contain some beautiful specimens of the Decorated foliage in the tracery of their open window arch. It is something, too, that Erasmus and divers of his Reforming brethren have for ages helped to fertilize the luxuriant carpet of this shadowy precinct.

The two Councils of Basle in 1061 and 1431—(the Eighteenth of the General Councils) held their

sittings in this Minster during the Fifteenth century, at intervals for about eight or ten years. It may be mentioned, by the way, that rich as Basle is in great names, she lost the reddest Rose in her chaplet when she suffered England to allure in the first instance, and enrich afterwards, with abundant patronage, Holbein and his family, compelled for very want to abandon the city so unworthy of that transcendant genius which had established such preeminent claims to her encouragement and respect.

What is the meaning of the dark crimson colour which gives so extraordinary a character to many of the larger buildings of Basle? Fain would I believe it is only the deep rich hue of the stone! anything rather than for a moment suspect it to be, what it so painfully resembles, Red Paint.

WE saw to-day the interior of the Minster. There is a stone Pulpit, a certain Chamber *above* stairs, and another *below*, a Font, and a Cestus of columns which unavoidably impose upon me the task, not, I trust, of description, but at least of simple mention.

Truth to tell, this strange Ecclesiastical museum distracts the eye at every step with its antique

eccentricities, and nothing more than that imposing red colour, which I scarcely dare pronounce to be paint. At any rate, the superb Pulpit affords no room for doubt:—There it is with its labyrinths of foliature and antic imagery of ruddy stone as beautiful, which is much to say, or even more so in its reality than in its mimic portraiture:—while the most unpractised eye can discover the hand of the Renaissance in its heavy sounding-board, from whence doubtless many a heavier sounding Homily has often thundered.

The Screen, with its foliated arches, undoubtedly of stone, is moreover singularly bold and beautiful. But perhaps the Piers of the polygonal Apsis, each consisting of seven disengaged pillars, are still more stately.

We descended into the Crypt, a fine forest of subterranean columns closely resembling, but far less elaborate than that exquisitely sculptured Chapel which forms so fine a feature in the romance of Rob Roy. It might almost have been an appendage to the Palace of Mammon.

- - - - " View of cheerful Day

Did never in that House itself display ;—

But a faint Shadow of uncertain light,

Such as a Lamp whose life doth fade away,

Or as the Moon cloathèd with cloudy night,

Doth shew to him that walks in fears and sad affright."

FAERIE QUEENE.

It is rough and rude as some Scandinavian

cavern might be: but never did Thor or Freya look more ugly than the revered parent of that long and strong Lady with a plaited cap and the toothache, whom we saw slumbering in the North Transept. As for the poor Bishops, I pity them; not content with giving them the most uneasy nightcaps in the shape of mitres,—and as if it were insufficient to have mocked them by an attitude of stony slumber, they have propped the mutilated Objects in an upright position. Now if ever a gusty night and a cloudy moonlight were favorable to the horrors,—if ever it were laudable or even respectable in an Episcopal Effigy to imitate the ghost in Don Juan, and walk, I am feelingly convinced these much abused statues would be justified in their change of posture.

But let us ascend several flights of well worn steps, and lo! what a change comes over the spirit of our dreams!

It is not that we tread the black and yellow tiles of that very pavement which so often felt the footsteps of the amiable Melancthon: not that we see the old windows, the harshly fashioned chair, the cushioned divan of those ancient Councils where the phantoms of red capped Cardinals, and the crosiers and Rochets of Sovereign Prelates frown—visionary pictures of a waning Hierarchy: nor that Brazen Bust of Erasmus which still confronts you with his high sarcastic look. But it is that enormous Wooden

Coffer, I am sure eight feet in length, with its armorial shields at every angle, forming a fine contrast with these heraldic colourings to its richly crowded, but delicately carved sculptures of the sablest oak, which attracted our most pleased attention.

This huge Chest constituted formerly the archives of the Council. Oh ! what thick yellow parchment,—Oh ! what vermillion seals of saints, and shrines, and kingly benefactors, (those quaint engravings on the obedient wax, those representatives of broad fat meadows and steepled monasteries, and silver, and gold, and gems,) have once mouldered here ! Shall I ever be forgiven by the Antiquary for avowing that my imagination served only to transport me to that exquisite story of Rogers, touching the Picture and the Coffer of carve work,

“ Her Vest of Gold,
 Broidered with Flowers ; and clasped from head to foot
 An Emerald stone in every golden clasp ;
 And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
 A Coronet of Pearls. But then her face,
 So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
 The overflowings of an innocent heart—
 It haunts me still, though many a year has fled
 Like some wild melody ! Alone it hangs
 Over a mouldering heir loom, its companion
 An Oaken-chest, half eaten by the worm,
 But richly carved by Antony of Trent,
 With scripture stories from the Life of Christ ;
 A chest that came from Venice, and had held
 The ducal robes of some old Ancestor.”

Mayence, October 1, 1844.

IN our long day's journey of three hundred miles, to-day we were destined to behold the Rhine under a new aspect, utterly divested of every feature of sublimity or romance. Who that has beheld him for the first time between Strasburg and Mayence,—his broad blank face pillowed between two banks, so flat and dull, that the very look of the two made you think of that bed which you had so reluctantly abandoned in the morning; would depicture the Traditionary Mountains, the Baronial Castles, and the wealthy vineyards, that region of Enchantment, of which the Rhine is the indisputable lord paramount, and into which if you will but have patience, he is hastening to usher you?

Meantime the weather has undergone a most rigorous change.

The cold has become intense, and my recollections of that Hyperborean region of Mayence would amount to something very like abhorrence were it not that the image of its old Cathedral somewhat mitigates my animosity.

There is a vast deal of Barbaric grandeur about the exterior of that wild Teutonic pile. The

superb colour of its bloodred stone, the stupendous height of its two majestic Domes, together with their minarets (of which the roofless consorts at the east contrast with *mutual* advantage, their pinnacled and crocketed sisters at the West), are worthy that dignified fabric which in the Fatherland claims the lofty title of The Dom Kirch.

The interior, not from its own fault, but from the fury of its Plunderers, and the fatuity of its Restorers, has suffered all that can unhallow Sanctity, make Vastness vulgar, and Decoration absurd.

The Cloisters, navelled deep within a quadrangle, remain a most enchanting monument of what the Church might have been four or five hundred years ago. Piled with amazing majesty around a carpet of luxuriant turf, they are of the same murray coloured masonry with the rest of the Dom; and abound in large Gothic windows of variegated Mullions, and Wheelheads, whose tracery I never saw exceeded.

Their walls, filled with curious monuments, coeval with themselves, and each embellished with its own Legend; the pavements, roughened with mitred, helmed, and coronetted Effigies, which once had doubtless been embossed with gorgeous brass, speedily withdrew our attention from the severe and unseasonable intensity of the cold.

The gray sky, a dismal canopy to the warm red fabric above which it brooded, the hollow gusts

which waved the grove of the quadrangle, and moaned around the columns of its gloomy aisles, were in solemn accordance with that character of romantic magnitude which predominates over the whole.

Leading from these Cloisters is a Doorway in the south side of the minster, which you discover to be a solitary exile from its Order of Architecture, delighting you as much by its excellent loveliness as it surprises you by its singularity. I say singularity, for you look in vain around the whole Cathedral for any trace of the Fourteenth Century which had the happiness to give this fair thing birth. I remembered Christabel and Geraldine under the leafless moonlight oak—

I guess 'twas frightful there to see
A Lady richly dressed as she, .
Beautiful exceedingly.

Close by its side a Portal, now filled up, reveals all that heaviness of contour and quaintness of ornament, which distinguishes the Saxon order; and yet here also the contrast is by no means disadvantageous to either.

These gorgeous examples of ancestral munificence and monastic skill embellish the ancient Chapter House, further adorned by an admirably proportioned Oriel, and distinguished as the chamber of several Councils.

The ponderous Doors of Bronze in the North

porch, with their historical inscription and those direful bruises, from the sacrilegious bombardment of the French ; and a Font of the same material, more remarkable for its magnitude than even its antique workmanship, together with several antediluvian paintings of Emperors and Electoral Prelates, remarkable for nothing but the ecclesiastical arrogance of the period and the barbarism of its Art, form, perhaps, the most curious objects in the Dom Kirch ; at least, the last that I shall mention.

Perishing with cold and blinded by dust, we proceeded thence to the windy Platz, where grave, and I may add grandly Germanic, in his majestic brass, cumbrous only from its costume, stands that benevolent Magician who, five hundred years ago, produced upon society the same instantaneous influence, as permanent as it was glorious, which James Watt effected five hundred years afterwards : the one upon the religious, the other more especially upon the commercial Economy of Europe.

Two sides of his stately pedestal contains written eulogies upon his great discovery, and a chronicle of that *Conclamation of all Europe*, which at once declared him worthy of a statue, and established him on its pedestal. Upon the two other pannels there are bas reliefs, which pictorially illustrate the Latin legends. And, if indeed an additional chaplet had been necessary to the fame

of Guttemberg, *Thorwaldsen* was the modeller of his monument.

After a pleasant and even necessary repose of ten days at the secluded Spa of Soden in Nassau, we left it not without regret; and it was with admiration moderated by longing for a nearer approach, that I looked back upon the mighty Feldberg, the chieftain of the Taunus range, whose stormy purple blockaded the horizon that overshadowed the romantic spire and mansions of the peaceful village we had left behind.

Frankfurt on the Maine, October 16, 1844.

ALL hail to thee old glorious Frankfurt, with thy four Frontier Towers, which, protecting thee for many a league from Prince or Baron, be they potentates in the East, the West, the North, the South,—aye, wherever the winds blow or the sun shines, graciously afforded us admission to thy territory by that gateway of the threatening title the *WARTHURM*, the Tower of Warning.

I know a legend I should like to see sculptured upon its machicolated battlement:

“ *Hic Turris ahenus esto,
Nil conscire sibi; nullâ pallescere culpâ.*”

The Dom Kirche, imposing enough in the general effect of its exterior, and at a distance, over the flat country, deriving every advantage from the proportions of its tall gables and commanding tower, — *within*, is absolutely *unmentionable*.

The Zeil amazed me by its magnitude and the elegance (but that is common in Frankfurt) and cleanliness of its buildings, no less than by that air of hoar antiquity which its lofty and pinnacled mansions exhibit. There was one old Place half hidden by trees scarcely greener than the huge round tower and heavy range of gables that brooded over its court, which, breathing the splendid memories of a dilapidated Chateau, would now be rejected by the meanest artisan.

The Römer Platz is strikingly magnificent and pictorial. The stranger is almost confounded with those grandæval glories of Architecture and Sculpture, which, forming a massive phalanx of Temples, Palaces, and mighty Halls, deign to accept the aid of the most luxuriant carve-work, painting, and gilding, for the decoration of their sublime vastness.

The Church of Saint Nicholas, distinguished amidst all this grandeur, has an octagon steeple of two tiers, a perfect marvel of elegance, whose tall slender windows groan under the odious load of an Iron steeple. There is one lofty mansion, the most ancient in Frankfurt, in fact, said to be seven hundred years old, whose extensive

façade, framed entirely of wood-work, is as delicately elaborate as a Chinese ivory carving.

But the paragon of the old Platz is the Römer, or Electoral Palace. You enter by a pillared and vaulted hall; and as your eye encounters that gothic gloom, and loses its gaze among the labyrinth of broad round columns, I defy you to avoid Visions of those lordly Almaines and their Imperial Paramount, who, having received his diadem at their hands, was ushered to the coronation banquet less like an anointed Kaiser than a successful County Member. Oh! delicately nurse the gorgeous fancies, gentle stranger, for of a truth, their very embers will have expired ere thou shalt have traversed the heavy arches of the lesser chamber beyond! There, in place of this ermined pageantry, thou wilt begin to dream of Town-Councils and Corporation-Feasts:—for there behold a broad modern staircase balustraded in bronze, and hung with paltry paintings!—This, together with a vast old antichamber, lighted by a cupola of withered fresco, is all that interposes between those venerable vestibules below and the most barbarous profanation that ever usurped the title of Revival. The Kaiser Saal, a mighty Gala Chamber, whose thirty six Gothic niches contained in fresco busts the entire succession of the Elective Emperors,—and which shared the good Four Centuries claimed by its brother below,—has suffered its grand vault of sable oak to be whitewashed and gilt.

“ O guilt indeed ! * ”

Nor is this all ; the crowned and helmetted Busts of its narrow alcoves have been erased to make room for that range of theatrical daubs at full length which I saw, waiting to usurp the Siege-Royal, in two dingy attics above. In those attics, if I had my will, they should remain *for ever and a day*.

The Judengasse exhibits a most melancholy spectacle of Decay ; the more melancholy because her effacing fingers have left just enough of antique magnificence to demonstrate how much has been annihilated.

It is a narrow winding Street, sufficiently black with age, blacker with smoke and filth, and blackest of all in the crouching tiger-eyed Exiles who lurk within its carve-worked and sculptured Recesses. But not all this can efface the intense compassion one feels for these unhappy outcasts, eminent now as the distinguished objects of Jehovah's wrath, as they once were in the character of

“ A Chosen Generation, a Royal Priesthood, an Holy Nation, a Peculiar People.” *

And if any thing can aggravate this sentiment, it is the contempt and disgust which their tyrannical exclusion inspires. It is not enough that

* Henry V.

† 1 Peter, ii. 9.

they sit down and weep by the waters of another Euphrates, when they remember their lost Jerusalem. Must they experience a double Captivity in the City to which they came as suppliants for a Home! Oh! what an affecting contrast to the Christian poet's glowing picture of their ancestors' portion in the Promised Land.

“ And when their wond'rous march was o'er,
And they had won their homes ;
Where Abraham fed his flock of yore
Among their fathers' tombs ;—
A land that drinks the rain of heaven at will,
Whose waters kiss the feet of many a vine-clad hill ;—

Oft as they watch'd, at thoughtful eve,
A gale from bowers of balm
Sweep o'er the billowy corn, and heave
The tresses of the palm,
Just as the lingering sun had touched with gold,
Far o'er the cedar shade, some tower of giants old ;

It was a fearful joy, I ween,
To trace the Heathen's toil,
The limpid wells, the orchards green,
Left ready for the spoil ;
The household stores untouch'd, the roses bright,
Wreath'd o'er the cottage walls in garlands of delight.”

KEBLE.

The Mansion of the Müttter Rothschild, as she is affectionately termed by the Germans, the *Madame Mere* of Frankfurt, is still inhabited by that high spirited dame, who, with a noble self respect which we can scarcely term pride, refuses to

abandon the precincts allotted to her Brethren of The Captivity. How strongly does this recall to mind the reply of the noble Shunammite Lady to Elisha :

“ Behold, thou hast been careful of us with all this care ; what is to be done for thee ? wouldest thou be spoken for to the King or to the Captain of the Host ? and she answered, ‘ I DWELL AMONG MINE OWN PEOPLE ! ’ ”

It is indeed a Palace of eccentric grandeur, extending its latticed façade of gorgeous old gables, tier above tier, projecting, in broad grades, their scaly tiles, which have evidently once been richly gilt. This mother of the man who holds the balance between sovereigns, preventing War, and compelling Peace, is nearly a hundred years old.

The Main is an exceedingly majestic river, worthy the great City it encircles ; and the red stone Bridge, of twelve arches, connecting the vast quay of the Schöne Aussicht with Sachsenhausen, (the *Trastevere* of the Main,) forms the stately link between such a contrast of modern splendour and antiquated grandeur, as Europe cannot parallel. The Deutsche Haus, formerly a palæe of the Teutonic knights, forms a conspicuous object beyond the Sachsenhausen Brücke.

" Desertæ et multa querenti
 Amplexus et opem Liber tulit ; utque perenni
 Sidere clara foret, sumptam de fronte Coronam
 Immisit Cælo :—tenuis volat illa per Auras ;
 Dumque volat Gemmæ subitos vertuntur in Ignes ;
 Consistuntque loco, specie remanente Coronæ
 Qui medius nixique genu est, Anguemque tenentis."
 OVID. METAM. Lib. viii.

I WONDER at the obliquity of taste which has crowded the vestibule and cabinets in The House of the Ariadne with plaister casts of classic statues whose immortality of marble has made them familiar to most travelled eyes.

Where Ariadne and her Panther dwells, *there* should no meaner thing presume to inhabit. Unapproachable in her beauty, she should be left as solitary as when the perfidious Slayer of The Minotaur abandoned her, and the Son of Semele discovered her upon her storm-swept Isle.

After elbowing your way through that mob of plaister Impertinence, so importunate to arrest your passing admiration, that they remind you of Clara and Ferdinand in the Duenna,—

" Donna Clara. But, Signor, who is it you want ?
 Don Ferdinand. Not you, not you ; so, prithee, dont
 teaze me."

you find yourself in the august presence of the Queen of Bacchus.

What a lovely Creation it is ! you imagine her in the first flush of her triumph, looking towards the billowy horizon, where, with tear-dimmed eyes, she had last descried the vanishing sails of the ungrateful Theseus ; and you are tempted to exclaim with Olivia,

“ O ! what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of that brow.”

What a Relief ! What a Contrast ! The relief was indispensable, the contrast was not. You seem to have left Styx and its spectres behind you, but required not the distaste their ghastly shadows inspire, to enhance your thankfulness for the seclusion, the silence, and the living loveliness, which offer you at once tranquillity and delight.

I must not, however, leave Frankfurt without recording my admiration and respect for an ancient Tower in the dismantled fortification, which undoubtedly derives its lineage from those mighty Masters who united the strong with the sublime, the practical with the poetical, in their architecture. It is round and tall

“ *teres atque rotundus ;*”

that is one source of the sublime,—and wears a

regal diadem of embattled machicolles, whose broad knops and pendants, the mighty Mother of Berecynthos herself might have coveted. Thus the Romans left the Eisenheimer Thurm, with nothing to wish for of grandeur and grace. But it is impossible to blame the Barbarians, who, to its stately simplicity of outline and height, have added the capricious beauty of their own Spires and Pinnacles; especially as they have conferred upon it that distinction peculiar to the Gothic Ages—a Tradition—which, nevertheless, I should hardly have recorded here, but that it serves to illustrate those lovely little Standards of the Wind, the Weathercocks,—those copper and gilt emblems, the cock and the dragon, the fox, the eagle, and the boar, the swallow-tailed pennon, the curtailed banner, and a thousand similar imageries, which a good old English Poet deemed it no loss of time or dignity to celebrate in this graphic stanza:

“ The little Turretts, with Images of gold
About were set, which with the Wind aye moved,
With fair device, that I did well behold;
About the Tower in sundry-wise they hove,
With goodly pipes in their mouths ytuned,
That with the wind they piped a dance,
Yclept ‘ Amour de la Hault Pleasance.’ ”*

The Hero of this brief Legend was a knightly chief of marauders, who, like Rob Roy of old, were most conscientiously of opinion

* Hawes Tower of Doctrine.

“ That they should take who had the power,
And they might keep who can :”

they were in fact, what the dear Fatherland in his homely phrase denominates, Raubritters ; but as the Franconian Chief-magistrate did not happen to coincide in their sentiments, our friend, after seeing two of his followers led away half naked to the Rod and the Wheel, and sensibly anticipating a similar disagreeable result to himself, began to feel his fortitude deserting him, at the precise moment when he had most need of it. The Raubritter was a gallant fellow to look at, and both by look and gesture had continued to menace the prince who had condemned him, even while they were stripping his shirt below his breast, and pulling off his cap from his bright Saxon hair ; while the very executioners seemed to handle tenderly the muscular frame they were so soon to mangle and destroy. He now approached the old Roman Gate Tower ; and as he beheld through its arch, the reeking quarters of his companions, exposed on the scaffold beyond its gloomy vista, his firmness gave way.

There have been, and always will be, brave men, who have dared the front of Battle, with all its horrible contingencies of wounds, maiming, and death. The antagonistic energy, which sets man against man, utterly obliterates every feeling but that of blind and deadly wrath—the master-

ful desire to die upon his foe. But it is a very different thing, when a man has lain in a cold weltering Dungeon, brooding in solitude

“ On promised pangs to sentenced Guilt foreshown :”

a promise, alas ! of which those iron walls guarantee the performance. When the high heart and the gallant blood is compelled to creep, inch by inch, to the goal of its career ; and that goal, Shame and Torment ;—the bared body first, and then the Scourge, and the Wheel, and the Axe, to complete the solemn pomp of agony. This said pomp, however, the Raubritter was full fain to decline. He did not promise like Johnnie Armstrong—

“ Grant me my life, my Liege, my King !
And a great gift I'll gie to thee ;
Full four-and-twenty Milk-white Steids
Were a' foaled in a year to me.

I'll gie thee a' thae milk-white steids,
That prance and nicker at a speir,
And as muckle gude English gilt
As four o' their braid backs dow bear.”

—but he looked up to the central Spire of the Tower, whose summit, rising superior to the rest, waved its gonfannon to the gusts, and offered its glitter to the stormy sunlight, and promised (if they would give him a bow and arrow, and his life,) to pierce its centre ! They consented,—he *did* pierce the centre, and his Life was the prize of his Skill.

Frankfurt, October 16, 1844.

LETTERS from England! O, what do they contain.

I have heard and experienced much of the wonderful power of the Drama, of the Epic, of the Ballad, and of the Romance, in startling the passions and awakening the sympathies of human nature; but I know not the Tragedy, however powerful, or the Novel or the Poem, however pathetic, that possesses the spell of that little sheet, with its waxen lock, called a Letter.

There is a noble passage in Shirley's Cardinal, where the Duchess Rosaura is opening a letter in the presence of an attendant,—whose painful truth too many of us can testify.

“ *Duchess.* Wait at some more distance,
My soul doth bathe itself in a cold dew ;
Imagine I am opening of a Tomb ; [*opens the letter.*
Thus I throw off the Marble, to discover
What antic posture Death presents in this
Pale Monument to fright me.—Ha! [*reads.*
My heart, that call'd my blood and spirits to
Defend it from the invasion of my Fears,
Must keep a guard about it still, lest this
Strange and too mighty Joy crush it to nothing !”

No Gem is there, however precious, privy to such passions, such reverses, such mysteries as the Seal. Not the Cabalistic jewels of King Solomon boasted more dark sayings than the

various sigillary impresses, that, with their mystic motto or device, form at once the clasp and frontispiece to this volume of a single sheet.

What joys and loves—what upbraidings and endearments do we find at once poured forth by the permission of this painted Portcullis. The virgin's secret sigh—the anguish of the neglected wife—the child's affection, the mother's care—the dependent's just remonstrance—the patron's protracted evasions;—the guilty flame of the seducer—the calculating greediness of the usurer—the glad summons to hospitality—the harsh menaces of a gaol. The advice of those we love, given but to be slighted—the anger of those we fear, inflicted to be defied—the betrayal of secrets—the detection of crimes—the warning, the disgust, and the final abandonment—the tidings of death, or (worse!) of sins that are the *sting of death*,—are among the million stirring topics of a Letter! And the productions of the sublimest or most pathetic Genius that ever wasted the midnight lamp in devising incidents of pity, of horror, or of marvel, are outdone by these unpremeditated effusions. While *their* prodigies task the toil of months or years, *these* spring forth, the spontaneous produce of every day, nay, every hour,—but, breathing ages of anguish in a sentence, and committing guilt and ruin, the very thunderbolts of the Soul to the governance of that pretty smooth innocent looking piece of Wax!

Fair Bee ! that singest in thy three piled livery of black and tawny velvet, thou lover of the bright hour, thou Artisan of the Garden !—who does not rejoice that, in spite of dear Imogen's blessing upon thy toils, thou art *not* the manufacturer of a material which imprisons the earthquake and lets loose the whirlwind ! Who does not felicitate thy delicious labour—pursued in the straw hive under its yew hedge with thyme and lavender and marigold beneath, by the calm cottage at the forest side—that it has never been made the Warder of tidings that plunge the Palace in dismay and fill the Prison house with unheard groans.

Würzburg, 17th November, 1844.

AFTER a midnight departure from Frankfurt, which resembled the weird Steeple-chase of Lenora and Wilhelm, in all but its preternatural speed, we embarked, (Diligence, Passengers, Luggage, and all) upon the Main, just as the faint colours of day succeeded to the dim and spectral dawn.

“ Daughter of Chaos, who so fair didst come
From the old Negro's darksome womb,
Which, when it saw the lovely child,
The melancholy mass put on smooth looks and smiled.”*

* Cowley's Hymn to Light.

But oh! such a dismal country, under such a canopy of rain, such withered downs, such leafless trees, such an absence of "*Human Life*," as not even Rogers could remedy—need I say more?—if any one has known a rainy day at the close of Autumn, between that Augustine Monastery of Triefenstein, now secularised into the unwieldy Schloss of a German Prince, as well whitewashed as if it had just taken advantage of the Insolvent Act;—and the equally desecrated Nunnery of Zell, with its abandoned Grange, and a height of garden wall worthy of Danae herself—such a one will imagine that it was only the opportunity of

“ Cold submersion, razor, rope, or lead,”*

that was wanting to the catastrophe.

Protected by that mountain of the celebrated Franconian vintage, with its tall and lonely Fire tower, on the one hand, and that armorial assemblage of lordly piles, the Citadel, on the other, Würzburg is, I think in its situation, the most felicitous for pictorial effect I ever beheld, and its arrogance of Towers and Spires perfectly astonishing. The old Serpent too, who loves all Edens, has taken the opportunity to wind around her his most fascinating embrace, in the shape of the meandering Main.

* Cowper's Poems.

You descend the hill, and enter the City over its broad River, by its ramparts, its bridge, its meadows, and its black mill wheels; and you have the Palace, that kingly rival of Versailles, you have its aisles of avenues; and, above all, you have the outline, the detail, the Decorated portals, whose stony foliage seems to flutter in the breeze, the Gloriettes, the slender windows of that Favourite of Design, the Marienkirche. You have, moreover, the noble Market-place, of which this beauteous Temple is the boast, and there you must be content:

“ O, Cinque Cento! Cinque Cento O !”

at Würzburg thy triumph is indeed complete!

Nuremberg, October 18, 1844.

BEHOLD us then, my dear P——, after a journey of twelve hours, comfortably domiciled at the *Bayerischer Hof* in Nuremberg. Yes, we are at home, in that majestic and most ancient City—the illustrious leader of an illustrious Band, the Free Imperial Towns—the Fortress of Freedom, the Palace of Monarchy, the Asylum of Art, the Emporium of Commerce, the Championess of Religion, the dread Antagonist of Violence and Fraud,—

" In rough magnificence arrayed,
 Where ancient Chivalry displayed
 The Pomp of her Heroic Games ;
 And crested Chiefs and tissue'd Dames
 Assembled at the Clarion's call,
 In the proud Castle's high arch'd Hall,
 To grace romantic Glories' genial Rites.
 Associate of the gorgeous Festival,
 The Minstrel struck his kindred string,
 And told of many a steel-clad King,
 Who to the Tourney trained his hardy knights,
 Or bore the radiant Red-Cross shield,
 Mid the bold Peers of Salem's field,
 Who traversed Paynim climes to quell
 The Wizard Foe's terrific spell." WARTON.

It is, however, Night—and, for the present at least, since we cannot go forth, like other Lions, to seek for food, we have resigned ourselves to circumstances, and permitted our food *to seek us* ; which is done in the shape of a boiling Tea Urn, worthy the Temples of old, or the Tombstones of modern times, a tray groaning with broiled Fish, Game, and Ham, a beehive of Honey, and such an aroma of Souchong and Bohea prevailing over all, that I should certainly water my paper, but not with tears, were I to attempt another line before I pay the homage due to such visitors.

It is the opinion of no less a Philosopher than Dugald Dalgetty

" That it is the duty of every Commander of a Fortress, on all occasions which offer, to secure as much mu-

nition and vivers as their Magazines can possibly hold, not knowing when they may have to sustain a Siege or a Blockade.”*

Now, I having practically evinced my acquiescence in the wisdom of such a measure, proceed to give you some account of our day's travel. I am the rather urged to this unusual step, because the day was so beautiful, and because that, in general, like the Dames of the Broomstick of old, we are mostly doomed to “*fly by night!*” It was indeed literally (I fear) a Sunbeam from between two Storms,—it was so serenely refulgent in itself: and during the remaining process of the *Walhalla Tour*, as our projected rout is popularly termed, it will, I fancy, be our last *daylight* journey.

Without professing any of the higher range of Landscape beauty, unless indeed we may count as such those vast encampments of Woodland, now enshrouding, now scattering from the road, and evermore abandoning broad prairies of parti-coloured Fern and Heather to the onslaught of Clouds and Sunbeams, yet sullenly hovering from horizon to horizon, like the dusky pavillions of an Arabian armament—the road between Würtzburg and Nuremberg has one peculiar charm, at least in my opinion, that you tell the Stages, (as an Anchorite his Orisons upon a rich Rosary of

* A Legend of Montrose, ch. vi.

particoloured and variegated Beads,) by a succession of the most romantic little Towns in the world—each a perfect miniature of the Municipal magnificence of those great Cities which are the beauty and the glory, as they were once the illumination and the defence of Germany—each glowing amidst the foliage of its own ancient Groves, each smiling protection around its broad green Meadows, each shining double ‘*town and shadow*’ in its own blue Stream, each glorying in a perfunctory cordon, of towered Ramparts and solemn Moat, each with its Belfroy, its Rathaus, its Platz, and each, you may be sure, to be quitted only as it was entered, by a Drawbridge and a Gateway and a pomp of Towers. Posseenheim and Nieustadt I noticed as most remarkable for the beauty and variety of these Feudal Features.

We encountered, however, in the course of this delightful journey, within a Sabbath noon’s walk of each other, two such primitive Dorps or Villages, as I not only never did see at home or abroad, but can hardly expect to see again. They were separated about an arrow’s flight from the highway by a broad green Savannah, whose sunny turf it is a libel to compare with velvet or silk, and whose bright hues contrasted pleasantly with the tranquil verdure of a few isolated old trees, as yet untinged by Autumn. From its furthest thicket you perceived a brown full Brook, hasten-

ing hither and thither by many a huge Alder to the two arches of a lichen-stained and ivy-broidered Bridge. Thence through the middle of this great basking meadow, the rivulet twines like a silken ribband, kissing in brimful, silent ecstasy its daisied margent, and then whirls itself with silvery warbled plaints through the brick arches into the solemn protection of its guardian Willows and Poplars. Beyond the Brook, but on the same Meadow, the green turf nestling up to the very steps of their porches, appeared the two Villages, apart, but evidently not parted. The most capricious device of man found a home in the various forms of Gateway, Gable, Belfroy, Livery, Chimney, and Roof; the most exuberant lover of variegated hues might have seen his favourite colour among the patchwork mansions; and no housewife of the Hague or Amsterdam would have left her domicile, after its hebdomadal purification, in a more complete state of spotless cleanliness. The rustic Steeple predominant in each, shewed that the Villagers

“ Have lived where Holy Bells have knolled to Church.”*

and the broad Gable and black Disk of their respective Mills, rivalling the wealthy Granger's Mansion in each, proved that the pretty Brook was not merely ornamental. But for these, you

* As You Like it.

might have imagined it some German fabrication of *the Picturesque*,—always supposing our dear Fatherland *capable* of such freaks,—the silence and the solitude of these bizarre Hamlets was so complete, so profound !

Between Mainbernheim and Emskirchen we traversed the vast disforested region of the Schwartzburg, leaving behind in its Eastern range its antique Schloss, a pile of the most massive and romantic character, commanded to a great height by a stately central tower.

By this time you are doubtless yawning over my bit of sunshine : be satisfied, and let the following Tradition associate itself to your fancy with this lonely Castle of the Black Mountain. It is but a sketch, but such as it is it affords no bad amplification of that fine picture in Otway's Orphan :

“ I snatch'd my sword, and in the very moment
Darted it at the Phantom ; straight it left me.
I rose and call'd for lights, when, oh dire Omen !
I found my weapon had the Arras pierced
Just where that Famous Tale was interwoven,
How the unhappy Theban slew his Father.”

The old English Rhetorician, Thomas Wilson, in treating of “ *Pleasaunt Sporte made rehearsing of a whole Matter,*” says :

“ Thei that can liuely tell pleasaunt Tales and mery Dedes doen, and set them out as wel with gesture as with voice, leaving nothing behinde that maie serue

for beautifying of their matter, are most meete for this purpose, whereof assuredly ther are but fewe. Manie a man readeth Histories, heareth Fables, seeth worthie Actes doen, *even in this our Age*" (1553!); "but few can set them out accordinglie, and tell them liuelie, as the Matter 'self requireth to be tolde."

I for one certainly do not make pretensions to be of this highly distinguished "fewe;" and in the present instance I shall the more reasonably be held excused, since, my Tale being any thing but a merry one, the less said about it the better. Listen, then, to

TOURLEMAGNE,

OR THE CHATEAUX AND THEIR LORDS.

THE old Forest-Palace of Tourlemagne was situated upon the side of a high green hill, umbered with the colossal trunks and overspreading branches of some thousand Oaks and Beech trees. Although the wind howled through its long labyrinths of Corridors, shook the gigantic effigies of its Hall, hissed through its carved Wainscott, and sighed within its swelling Tapestries, as melancholy and almost as cold as among its moaning Woods; and although the Rainflood sobbed and streamed upon the armorial panes of its Gothic Windows, and stole in, through many a gaping

rent and chasm of Time, upon the treasures of its gilded Saloons; yea, though the first sight of its inhabitants—(the Steward and Stewardess of its far distant Seigneur)—were more distasteful than Tempest, Cold, or Rain;—still, so lonely were its enormous Towers, and so dismal their ancestral Woods and Heaths, that few travellers passed them belated without demanding their unpromising hospitality, and, what was more strange, fewer still were heard to make an evil report of it.

Philippe le Gringe, the old steward of Tourlemagne, so strikingly resembled an Ape, that ungrateful people often called him Philippe Le Singe; and Madame Battiste, his consort, possessed a physiognomy, which forcibly, if not pleasantly recalled to your fancy what the Herald's College is pleased to recognize as "Rouge Dragon." *He* was wizen and bent, with a sharp gray eye, hawk nose, and long straight hair, very full but white as snow. *She* was six feet in height, and had the brawn and demeanor of an Amazon. Doubtless from such portraits you breathlessly anticipate the chief Characters of the Story, and feel grateful, like Cherubina, in "*The Heroine*," for the promise of so much valuable Villany.

But it is no such thing; Philippe and Battiste Le Gringe were just as honest worthy souls as ever lived; simple in their own dispositions, guileless, and confiding absolutely in others. It was

to their benevolence that the wanderer was indebted for a shelter, and to their affectionate remembrances of their old Lords, that the lovers of domestic Tragedy must attribute the following fireside sketch.

The young Viscounte Amias de Rosny, and his beautiful wife Euphrosyné, were possessors of a magnificent and princely chateau in Languedoc. He was bold, generous, and affectionate, but of dissolute habits; she preeminently distinguished by the graces of mind and person, but cursed with a boundless passion for extravagance, and a fatal habit of applying to the gaming-table for the reinforcement of her frequently embarrassed finances.

Now the Lord Amias had an uncle, the Marquis de Mont l'hery, an old Nobleman of enormous wealth but eccentric character, who had for some time been in the habit of advancing to his Nephew large sums of money upon the Chateau and its estates. These loans he sometimes accompanied with salutary admonitions; and sometimes he embittered them by mysterious threats. But warning and menace proved alike useless. The Viscount stinted not in his wild career of pleasure, and his beautiful Consort redoubled the insane alacrity with which she day by day more and more hopelessly involved their fortunes, until at length they were plunged in irretrievable Ruin.

At this crisis of their fate, their principal creditor, the Marquis de Mont l'hery, justly exasperated at their repeated abuses of his liberality, and open defiance of his counsels and reproofs, made his appearance in Languedoc. On his first arrival at the chateau, the youthful but most criminal Chatelan, and the scarcely less culpable Euphrosyne endeavoured at first, by sundry pretexts, to avoid his unwelcome visit; but this proving vain, they assumed an air of offended hauteur in the presence of their indignant but calm relative, upbraiding him with his unkind facility in listening so readily to the accusations against them without hearing them in the first instance; in this too they signally failed, and it was scarcely without taunts for their foolishness that the Marquis showered his reproaches for their unprincipled and licentious conduct, and which he irrefragably shewed them, he possessed not only the means of proving, but the most terrible power of punishing. That he intended to exercise this power, became painfully evident, when in spite of the humiliating transition from insolence to supplication, to which Amias and Euphrosyne submitted their proud spirits, Mont l'hery quitted the castle that same evening without one word of relenting or of comfort.

In a few days their worst apprehensions were realized.

The myrmidons of the law seized upon the

castle and estates of the Viscount de Rosny, in the name of the Marquis de Mont l'hery, and the only notice which the latter chose personally to take of his wretched relatives, was a deed executed by himself, in which he assigned them the distant and melancholy Castle of Tourlemagne, in whose vast halls he had hitherto lived so miserably, and with a stipend such as barely kept that wolf Starvation from their threshold.

Here, then, with their only child, a gallant Youth of some seventeen summers' ripeness, they had dwelt for the space of a twelvemonth in a state of abject penury, which, had they been born to it, would have been hard to bear, but which, heirs as they were of affluence, and votaries of luxury and ease, was infinitely worse than death. Their very Rank, their only unalienated possession, raged like a flaming poison in their minds, till, consigned almost to the *resources*, they nearly shared the *nature* of wild beasts. And, as if to pour that last drop of bitterness into their lot which makes the full cup overflow, they received intelligence from time to time that the Marquis had taken possession of their Chateau, had, to the amazement of the dazzled world, at once moulted the sordid slough of his mean and penurious habits, and blazed forth in such sunlike effulgence of grandeur and courtesy, as flung the frantic and ill managed profusion of Amias and Euphrosyne utterly into the shade.

Things were in this situation, when, upon a certain tempestuous twilight, at the close of the year, Amias and his Son, who, in order to swell the miserable pittance, became by turns Woodcutters, Huntsmen, and Smugglers; on their return from some such pursuit, encountered at the foot of a huge Beech tree a Cavalier apparently lifeless, his rich attire stained with blood, and his sword taken from its scabbard. De Rosny's first impulse was plunder, but the young Palamon earnestly dissuaded his father from this violent measure, and it was at length agreed that the Body, dead or alive, should be forthwith conveyed to the Castle, then close at hand, and that they should there decide upon ulterior measures. To be brief, the entrance of Euphrosyne with a lamp, just as they bring in their lifeless burthen, produced the discovery, that the wounded Man, the inanimate being so completely at their mercy, was the Marquis de Mont l'hery! *Palamon was despatched to the nearest town for a Surgeon!*

Let the Dramatist dilate upon the Deed that ensued on his departure. I willingly fling a veil over that Night and its harrowing occurrences. But as the Sun returned to sparkle upon the woods just fluttering in the morning breeze, and to clothe the tall towers and weird ramparts of Tourlemagne with placid gold, as inevitably as if its wretched inhabitants were to go forth as usual to their daily toil, even so did the Morrow bring

the terrible and overpowering flashes of withering Truth to the *blood-stained Two* who alone survived of the Groupe we left at night in the dark Hall of Tourlemagne.

Amias had wandered forth into the forest with his axe and rope, he knew not why or whither, when he was encountered by a man or horseback, it was the Bailiff of the Marquis. He was informed by the miserable Amias of the Event of the last night, with *One Only Omission!*

As they were entering the Castle, Palamon met them at the Gate, accompanied by the Surgeon whom he had much difficulty in finding; they all four approach the Hall of Blood;—and Death!

It seemed the wounds had been vainly staunched, and Euphrosyne, all dishevelled, and in tattered raiment, was kneeling by the Body in the convulsive transports of speechless woe.

That woe was unfeigned: an open letter at her side, found about the person of the Marquis, couched in the most affectionate terms, explained this enigma.

Expressing his regret that he had been forced upon such harsh measures with his dear Nephew and Niece, as a last desperate chance of checking their ruinous extravagance, he begs them to forgive this, his apparent harshness, in coming personally to witness their humiliation; and adds, that they will find the kindness of his intentions from his Bailiff, who will make his appearance

as soon as he, the Marquis, shall have departed from Tourlemagne.

The Bailiff, after deep and sincere lamentations over his slain Master, when he had attained sufficient composure, drew forth a paper, which, had it contained the Sentence of Death against the Miserable Pair who now stood before him, could not have been more paralysing in its effects. It announced that the Chateau de Carlmont and all its dependence were once more their own, with an hundred thousand Louis d'ors in ready money ; and declared his intention of resuming his ancient abode at the Castle so soon as they should have quitted its walls finally. Ending by a request that Palamon might immediately enter the Army, and an expression of his design to make him the Heir of his whole property, he desires to see him as often as he can endure the Old Man and the Old House ;—and then kindly but firmly bids Amias and Euphrosyne farewell for ever.

For ever indeed ! Of that Fated Three, the young Count Palamon was the only one that ever beheld the World, tasted its pleasures, or felt its pangs again ; let us hope that, as the World has not blazoned his whereabouts, he was not much contaminated by its *stains* !

In a tremendous tempest, just as Day
Closed on a Summer Twilight's gloomy gray,
Whilst howling winds did hunt the hissing rain,
And Thunders shook the Lightning's livid train,

To that majestic Hunting Tower we fled,
 And through each haunted desolation sped,
 By Gallery walls where Tapestry mouldering hung,
 And banner'd Halls that to the nightbreeze sung :—
 Till in the vaulted Kitchen we descried,
 Sole Heirs of this dismantled House of Pride,
 Helpless in bed—a paralytic Sire ;
 And, stooping, dozing o'er the dark red fire,
 As old, and scarcely less inanimate,
 The crazy Dame with idle Distaff sate.
 A melancholy contrast 'twas, in sooth,
 Between Great Nature's everlasting Youth
 And the drear listlessness, that longs to die,
 Of poor Ephemeral Humanity.

T. H. W.

What a world of respectable Sponsors Nuremberg might boast, did she but know them all ! and what a pity that they cannot agree among themselves, -and substantiate their claims one way or another !

Not that blind old Man of Scio's rocky isle had more candidates for the honour of his Cradle, than this aged Bantling for the privilege of holding her at the Font.

First, with her accustomed arrogance, we have Minerva herself. Superciliously insisting on her classical resemblance, she claims the prerogative of a Godmother, and entitles the town the Athens of Allemagne. Next, forth-starting from her

living tomb, that old Herculean City of The Dead, points with her fleshless finger to these marvellous edifices, the birth-place and the grave of centuries, which so long have slept, if not in utter darkness, at least in much mystery, and names them the Pompeii of the Feudal Age : while, with a superior smile, the jaundiced Widow of the Adriatic, bending her veiled brow over that Pandemonium of a vanished oligarchy, the Rath Haus, tears up the slabs that now blockade its accursed Loch-Gefängniß, bares to the light the abysses of those buried oubliettes, and hoarsely moaning "*These are mine !*" pronounces Nuremberg the Venice of Bavaria, and vanishes.

Doubtless Dunedin will soon establish her right to call the Gude Ceety after her own name ; let us only hope that Nuremberg may never *be sent to Coventry !* But why will people thus nickname the august old age of Nuremberg ? Why not be content to give her the title she most covets, and to which she has the most indisputable claim, *The Mother of Albrecht Durer* ; the venerable parent, who rocked his cradle, admired his manhood, and wept above his grave !

O, wild and wizard City, uniting in thyself all the dark wonders of the Past, with the polished affluence of the Present, who shall venture to give the faintest outline of thine infinite magnificence ! what even shall we pronounce thee, grotesque, barbaric, gothic, superbly fantastic,

gloomily grand? All epithets fall short of thy palaces, thy churches, thy ramparts of the hundred towers, the oriels, the glories, the gables of capricious beauty, with their pagoda minarets, and those golden gonfannons, their vanes, which, flashing by thousands to the sun, and obedient to the breeze, flutter above the mountainous roofs, and dormer windows of thy capricious piles!

It was with somewhat the feelings of a lover approaching the object of his affections that I first visited that glorious confusion of fabrics, the old Imperial Palace-Burgh. Oh! if fine language would serve me here; oh! if magniloquence mighty as their own towers, oh! if thoughts as ardent as the sun that floated over its terrace, would help me to paint this lofty and illustrious Pile!—but it is all in vain. I have a vision of that tall Roundel, the Fire Bell tower, the Pagan tower, with the round pillared Chapels, and their Altars of solid stone, old as the Worship to which it owes its name;—still do I behold that open staircase of foliated wheelwork, sharp and uninjured as if wrought in steel; and, in the centre of that Castle Court, the verdant Linden, which tells that the Imperial Konegund flourished fair, Seven Centuries ago, still rustles pleasantly in mine ear: but to describe them is impossible. As for that great mass of sloping gables and multitudinous dormers, flanked by its two towers, a polygon the one, a square with a central spire and pinnacles the other, and both

the most ancient in the Imperial Precinct—they may call it “*The Stables*” if they like, but if that grim Receptacle has not echoed to other sounds than the neighing of the noble Hounyhmn, if Man, that Yahoo, has not, in those grim towers, enjoyed the shrieks and groans of his fellow-creatures, I am mightily mistaken : *vehementer erro* ! There is a suspicious absence of all such amiable Retirements in the Castle itself, which renders such a conjecture any thing but improbable, to one versed in the *peculiarities* of Baronial Architecture.

The Ramparts of this romantic City are of extraordinary strength and grandeur. Tradition reports them once to have contained Three Hundred and Sixty-Five Towers and Gateways in proportion. Of course nothing like this number are now extant ; but I can only say for myself, that, after being astonished at the succession of mailed and gigantic turrets that one after another saluted me in my circuit of the city, I this morning counted *fifteen*, including the Palatial Buildings, within the space of *two hundred yards*.

I have now seen the Mansion, the Portrait, the Statue, and the Tomb of Albrecht Durer. Precious relics of a Great and Good Man, not less illustrious in his genius than in the sweetness of his temper and the purity of his morals. Happy Nuremburg ! at once the Mecca and Medina of that amiable Spirit ! His Habitation is a square

substantial building, principally of wood, from which all emulation of the capricious splendour which distinguishes the Mansion of the Patrician citizen is studiously banished : and the Society of Artists, into whose hands it has fallen, have preserved, not decorated, the homely tenement ; and they did wisely ; for that Great Name beams about it like a perpetual sun. The Portrait in the Ritter-Saal of the Reichsveste, for sagacity, for benevolence, and, for manly beauty, leaves us nothing to wish, save that it had not furnished a precedent for the redundant horse-hair of the Stuart wigs, or the uncombed locks of the German bürschen. The Statue, upwards of seven feet high, is wonderfully majestic, and worthy the hand* which executed the effigy of another Ornament of Nuremberg, “ *Sapientissimi, humanissimi, eloquentissimi,* ”—Philip Melancthon.

A pleasant walk leading down from the ramparts, bordered with trees, and distinguished rather than embellished by the celebrated Sculptures of Adam Kraft, conducted us to Albrecht's Grave. It lies beneath an umbrageous Weeping-willow, in the churchyard of the Chapel of St. John. This extraordinary Cemetery is one vast pavement of tombstones ; most of them embossed with armorial blazonry of the most gorgeously elaborate brass it is possible to conceive. The Shields, with

* Ranch of Berlin.

all their heraldic pictures, the Crests of significant imagery, and the Mottoes of equally significant language, the Torse, the Mantle, the Supporters, are most elegantly graven, and the barred and coronetted Helmets project so boldly that you fancy you could almost pluck them from the sepulchres. In another place and in other company these Storied Marbles, with their time-tinctured bronze, would have furnished me with much food for fruitful contemplation; but now mine eyes were idly bent on all except The Sepulchre of Albrecht, from whence they tell you his very dust has withered away. It is almost the simplest in the place, and the Brass of inferior workmanship, receives its chief distinction from his well-known Monogram; but Albrecht might well exclaim, with Horace,

*Exegi Monumentum ære perennius,
Regalique situ Pyramidum altius :—
Quod non Imber edax, non Aquilo impotens
Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis
Annorum series, et fuga Temporum.*

It was a day, the beau ideal of October! Placid sunshine overlaid with gold the spire and apsis of the fair Gothic Shrine, and slept serenely upon the enamelled Gravestones, scarcely less susceptible of his genial influence than the Sleepers they at once chronicled and protected: From the blue sky above there breathed not air sufficient to wave the long fallow grass and its withering wild

flowers that sprang between the slabs ; or to stir one yellow leaf of the multitudes which had fallen from their summer abodes in those venerable trees. The clear cold note of the Robin alone interrupted the silence ; and you might have fancied that, not content with discharging his Traditionary Office of covering the Dead with Leaves, he was chanting his little Requiem above the melancholy remains.

And was not this a day and an hour to visit the Tomb of Albrecht !

“ EMIGRAVIT ” is the beautiful Word employed in his Epitaph to denote his death. It answers literally to our “ *Departed*,” and is at once a sublime eulogium on the Immortality of Talent and a graceful metaphrasis, rivalling in delicacy the Greek “ ΕΚΟΙΜΑΣΕ ! ”

Oh ! that I could *paint*, or (still better) *pocket*, one of these extraordinary streets. Never surely did eye behold such a complete Outlawry of architecture ! Such a Banditti of buildings ! they barricade the highway, they occupy the bridges, they besiege the ramparts. They look as if their original Designs had challenged each other to every possible violation of regularity and precedent ; and as for their inhabitants, you would swear all idea of good neighbourhood among them was utterly out of the question, so haughtily does one house look *down*, so enviously another look *up*, to the next door. After gaping and admiring

at one freak of masonic decoration after another, at last I fairly stood still and laughed at a groupe of six houses forming the curve of a street. Here, one huge broad Gable, prodigal of ornament as any old maid, repudiates the adjoining Oriels and Dormers, who, not to be left behind, jostles the Weathercocks and Gloriettes of the next into the background; while this in turn, flaring away with painted Dome and gilded Minaret, blockades with ignominious shadow the fourth, and so on, until, I fancy, with the sixth it was "*mere oblivion.*" — *Væ victis!* was the word, and the unhappy mass of barbaric sculptures, like some overdressed city madam repulsed from Willis's, had fairly slunk into a side street!

The Fountains in Nuremberg are numerous, and among its many beauties most beautiful. The naked Triton, large as life, in the Grove of the Maximilian Platz, would dignify the finest Piazza in Rome. The Schöner Brunnen, in the Market-place, to which Christianity, Hebraism, and Heathenry, have each contributed their Champions, is an exquisite specimen of that spiral tabernacle-work, which embellished the Twelfth Century; while the Cinque Cento is excellently represented in that bronze groupe of the Seven Cardinal Virtues, &c. which flanks the western front of Saint Lorenz. As for Labenwolf's Peasant with his two Geese spouting water, from beneath his arms, it is of "*all hours,*" a gem which it is scarcely a crime to covet for one's cabinet; and

to secure which many an antiquary would hazard a limb.

The Domkirch is a glorious Creature, and its proportion and detail would win more homage, were it not for that prodigy of boldness and beauty, the Oriel of the Parsonage House; whose grand dimensions and superb lineaments, its decorated column, its florid moulding, and its panels of alti relievi, impictured with Saintly Legends, defy the most romantic flights of Fancy.

The Mansion which boasts this inestimable jewel, is, among the many in Nuremberg, to this day in the possession of the Family, whose ancestors bestowed upon its Penates so enchanting a Recess.*

Of the Domkirch itself perhaps the most striking feature is, that Zone of soaring Columns which encircle its unrivalled Apsis. Inconceivably lofty, and connected by narrow Lanceolate Arches, their symmetry is transcendent: and in that acme of sublimity and simplicity combined, one seems to recognize a second Consecration of the Temple they adorn.

But it is the Font, the Shrine, and the Lamp of the Domkirch, which principally monopolize its attractions. Master magicians they, to conjure spirits withal! The Font, exquisitely beautiful in its form, graceful in its decorations, and next to Silver in its material, Bronze,—was the Laver

* The Pfünzing Family.

which admitted the Imperial voluptuary Wenceslaus into the holy Catholic Church. The Shrine of the same costly metal, and still more precious workmanship, reminds us of Peter Vischer's patient labour of years, which arose entirely, as the Inscription tells us, from his love of Almighty God. And the Lamp, more wonderful than that of Aladdin, proclaims the immortality of that Family Affection which has hitherto bequeathed its silver Urn unquenched,—a Vestal Fire, to the custody of Three Centuries and a half.

October 20, 1844.

AFTER all, how very Venetian is Nuremberg. Only substitute the Saracenic eccentricity of outline, the Gothic prodigality of ornament, and the grave magnificence of Palladio, for the wilderness of exuberant fancies, originating in the barbaric caprices of the Mediæval Prince-merchant : only command the waters of the Pegnitz to overflow these Bavarian streets, and you have Venice before you : the same huge Portals, the same Pillared Vestibules, the same succession of melancholy courts, the same solemn melody of the Belfroy, the same multitude of Bridges, the same picturesque variety of Costume ; and if they neither have nor need the storm-shutters of Venice, to protect their chambers from the tempests of that unquiet Gulf, they have at least their

own double lattices to fence out the blasts of the Schwartzburg, and the snows that sweep the far Thuringian Hills. The Gondola, the sable, the silent, the gracefully gliding Gondola alone is wanting!

If ever Labour lived in Stone, if ever Art was Immortality, a palm-branch shall be thine, thou Adam Kraft! a palm-branch in the choir of St. Lorenz.

Scarcely have we recovered from our eulogies of the luxuriant sculptures of the decorated Western Gateway, and the starry petals of the great Marigold Window above it, before we become breathless with admiration of that marvellous Tabernacle, thy Sacraments Hauslein. Elaborated into so much delicacy of sculpture, that it might be the fusion of a Silesian forge,—this towering Ark claims to be the Child of the Quarry, not of the Mine, the creation of thy patient genius, not of a steam engine of one hundred horse power. Glory to Nuremberg, which, rejecting the bigot tyranny of the Roman Idolator, fettered likewise the insane brutality of Iconoclasm! Glory to Nuremberg, who having bearded her Domestic Tyrant, the Burg Graaf, endured not the profanation of a foreign rapacity! Glory to Nuremberg! from whose undaunted public spirit it has resulted, not only that she has

preserved inviolate her ancient Municipal and Ecclesiastic Monuments; but further, that the chief of her old Families do, to this day, maintain the Mansions which, centuries ago, their forefathers embellished with such laboured prodigality of Art.

I have just been reading a passage from Ranke's Reformation in Germany which comes in here so well, that I *must* be permitted to insert it.

“ How admirably did Nürnberg defend herself! For every injury she sustained she carried her vengeance home to the territory of the aggressor, and her mounted bands frequently made rich captures. Woe to the nobles who fell into their hands! No intercession either of kinsmen or of neighbouring princes availed to save them; the Council was armed with the ever-ready excuse that the Citizens absolutely demanded the punishment of the offender.

“ In vain did he look out from the bars of his prison towards the forest, watching whether his friends and allies were not coming to his rescue. Berlichengen's story sufficiently shews us with how intense a dread even those of her neighbours, who delighted the most in wild and daring exploits, regarded the Towers of Nürnberg. Noble blood was no security either from the horrors of the Question or the Axe of the Executioner.”

The Painted Glass at Saint Lorenz exhibits a signal eminence in that magic art, and might almost make one rave about Monastic Legends,

together with the blues, the yellows, and the reds, and the pervading ground of gold which illuminates their venerable tale. But in sooth, I have rioted so long amongst these Pictures of the Sun,—I have seen great Arches so replenished with their sombre effulgence, Mullions bursting with their mitres, and coronets, and sceptres, and swords, and the very daylight indignant at seeing himself compelled to become an involuntary accomplice in this usurpation of himself,—that I forbear, much against my will, and leave the lover of Painted Glass to imagine the windows in the Tribuna of Saint Lorenz, until, like myself, he has become a pilgrim at their shrine.

“ Within these Oratories might you see
Rich Carvings, Portraitures, and Imagery,
Where every Figure to the life express'd
The Godhead's power to whom it was address'd.”

PALAMON AND ARCITE.

The Palace of Adolphe of Nassau, the family residence of his illustrious Lineage, I have the rather distinguished by this title from the thrilling interest with which the traditions of that unfortunate and romantic Monarch inspired me when a boy. It is unquestionably the most ancient and, I think, the most beautiful mansion in the city. Manifesting the commanding majesty of the Burgundian order, it seems to disclaim its caprice, and, by the side of its fantastic neighbours, appears the unimpeachable model of its Style. Massive and broad, it escapes the imputation of unwieldi-

ness by maintaining the dimensions of a Tower. Surely nothing ever equalled the loveliness of that foliated Balcony, emblazoned with Armorial Shields, which, with four open Gloriettes at each angle, embraces the parapet of this princely habitation. The steep roof, with its dormer windows, rises like an Imperial burgonet out of this heraldic wreath. That shrine of an Oriel in the centre of its front resembles a Star, on some bold Baron's breast; and the mimic porphyry of its crimson stonework accomplishes the regal character of the whole. But it is the story of Adolf that weaves a spell about the Nassauer Haus, which not even its pomp of name or nobility of architecture could create.

How feelingly might this hapless Sovereign have exclaimed with our Fifth Henry—

“ No, thou proud Dream !
That play'st so subtly with a King's repose,
I am a King that find thee ; and I know
'Tis not the Balm, the Sceptre, and the Ball,
The Sword, the Mace, the Crown Imperial,
The intertissued Robe of Gold and Pearl,
The farcèd running fore The King,
The Throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world,
No ! not all these, thrice gorgeous Ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave.”

You remember the wounded Emperor in the cloistered garden where he was healed ; the Nun

whose affections he perverted; the escape in which she was his guilty associate; the towery Retreat he built for her upon the Rhine; the solemn and appalling sentence that pursued them thither; the Ban of the Empire; the formal dethronement; the battle; and the death of the Imperial Outcast: and if you withdraw your thoughts from the tragic Chronicle to contemplate again and again the stately loftiness of his ancestral palace, it is only to congratulate yourself that you have found for so rare a Romance so rare a Home.

In a city like Nuremburg, one would suppose that the Rath Haus ought not to be omitted. But in place of the primitive Gothic pile, a meretricious specimen of the Cinque Cento has started up, miserably betraying the solemn and stately Taste which originally designed the pile for solemn and stately Transactions. There is a majestic vaulted Hall, familiar to most people as the chamber where Albrecht the Painter did honour to Maximilian the Emperor, by adorning its walls with his glowing Allegory; of them, therefore, I *need not write*. And there are certain Souterrains and pits where, in the good old time, men used to broil, and hash, and pot their fellow-creatures; but they are walled up; *of them* therefore I *cannot write*. By an excess of folly which would be ludicrous were it not so insolent, the same sacrilegious hands which dismembered the original edifice, have spared a most exquisitely chi-

selled fragment of an openwork Gallery, not so much to shew how glorious the erection of their fathers had been, as to invite a comparison with the bald embellishments of their own.

The porch of the Frauenlein Kirch is the very Ruby of architecture. Though I have since seen the surpassing magnificence of Regensburg, my thoughts recur again and again to the Roman Catholic Porch of the Blessed Virgin, where the prodigality of ornament is indulged rather than corrected by the canons of taste; and while it treads on the very confines of its Order, still laughingly intrenches itself within the limits of Legitimacy. It is a broad square projection, remarkably bold in its exterior form, and within, both by its size and decorations, resembling a separate Chapel. But, alas! you enter the sacred edifice, to which this lovely thing was designed only as an introduction, and the enchantment is dissolved. Paltry statues besmeared with tawdry colours, a ceiling painted in the style of a third-rate Parisian Café, and draperies of the most obtrusive glare, manifest the hand of that Church whose *fatality* is *false taste*. Alas! who can trace in these disgusting mummeries a single feature of the portrait that Dryden drew?

“ A milk-white Hind, immortal and unchanged,
Fed on the lawns, and in the forest ranged;
Without unspotted, innocent within,
She fear'd no danger, for she knew no sin.”

The house of Palm, the Nuremberg bookseller, put to death by Napoleon, is marked by an inscription recording his execution, and not wanting (you may be sure) an allusion more pointed than pleasing to the tyranny of his murderer.

Ratisbon, October 22, 1844.

AFTER another weary flight in the dark, the Danube

. "wandering Stream,
That loves the Cross ; yet to the Crescent's gleam
Unfolds a willing breast,"

received us below a towered Schloss ; and when we had rolled over the bridge which spans his mighty flood, he only quitted us here and there to salute some pretty islet, or wave away some amorous shrub that drooped into his stream. Sweeping with princely courtesy at the side of our vehicle till he welcomed us into Ratisbon, there he rolled swiftly away, leaving us to admire his majestic channel, whose magnitude was exaggerated by mystery from the heavy fogs which curtained each extremity of his horizon, like the bridge in Johnson's sublime Allegory, the Vision of Mirza.

The West Front of the Minster forms its most

remarkable feature. Flanked by two Towers of enormous bulk, the hoary dignity of its general effect seems rather enhanced than impaired by their inadequate height. The whole façade is replete with that commanding force of Effect, whose accomplishment should ever be the principal aim of Cathedral piles. It is only so far too much dilated in its general grandeur that the graces of its beautiful detail are considerably obscured. On a nearer approach, however, that glorious eccentricity, the great triangular Porch, assumes the real proportions of its amazing height; and while lost in admiration of this pavillion and parterre of stone, you cannot but remark how greatly mediæval Architecture had the pas of mediæval Sculpture. The imagery, seems only subordinate to the general effect of the decoration. The tabernacle-work, the foliature, the fruit, and the flowers, are of superlative delicacy: the Statues do not even pretend an *approach* to excellence.

The Interior achieves precisely what all such edifices *should*; it captivates the eye and smites the heart at a single glance! the Spirit of the Place at once overpowers and fills you with raptures. Less intricate and more entire in its magnificence than most Gothic Fanes, its mighty aisles, its superb Porch, and its array of painted windows, varnished with all the glories of the crucible, and redolent of Divine and Legendary Lore, constitute the chief distinction of the Dom Kirch

of Regensburg, and you may see them almost at a glance. Instead of deep Recesses in the Aisles, this Church possesses the peculiarity of six projecting Shrines of tabernacle-work, each a Chapel in itself. Among these is the Font, a very remarkable construction of its kind. It is a huge polygonal draw-well, having sculptured pannels under a stately arch of tabernacles and imagery, flanked by two Gothic Basins of marble, each supported by a spiral column. These doubtless are accustomed to contain the Sacramental Element. I have never yet seen any thing resembling them.

The Exterior is of great simplicity. They have evidently lavished all their luxuriance on that unparalleled West Front. Ah! the giant! the gloomy giant! with a miniature of beauty upon his breast! What a fortunate monster it is!

That beloved, that genial old Hostel, the Golden Cross, the eldest and the best in all Regensburg, with its tall square Tower of countless stories, its up-and-down Façade, its Porch of the big and the little arch, its squadrons of Staircases, its labyrinth of useless Antichambers, shall not moulder unsung by me; for in the heart of that old-fashioned fabric, that turretted and gabled wilderness, that Golden Cross of Ratisbon, there glows

—(like the unextinguishable benevolence of an aged man)—there glows—the very best Kitchen in Germany!

It was just such a building as this, where the Melancholy of superannuated wainscotts and tapestries is completely exorcised by the counter-charm of Good cheer,—that must have reechoed these hospitable strains of the dead Landlord's Ghost to Dorilaus and Cleander in "The Lover's Progress."

" 'Tis late and cold, stir up the fire ;
Sit close and draw the table nigher ;
Be merry, and drink Wine that's old,
A hearty med'cine 'gainst the cold.
Your beds of wanton down the best,
Where you shall tumble to your Rest
Call for the best ; the House may ring,
Sack, White, and Claret, let them bring ;
And drink apace while breath you have,
You'll find but cold drink in The Grave.
Plover, Partridge, for your dinner,
And a Capon, for the Sinner,
You shall find ready when you're up,
And your horse shall have his sup.
Welcome ! Welcome ! shall fly round,
And I shall smile, THOUGH UNDERGROUND !"

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

RATISBON is a mean, ill-constructed town, consisting of a quagmire of winding streets, whose intricacy would require the Cretan Clue, and whose filth bids fair to emulate the Slough of Despond. She owes every thing to the Danube, the Domkirch, and that domicile of Imperial tyranny, her Rath Haus. The appearance of this last is exceedingly grand, and every way prepares you for a visit to those chambers, haunted as they are by that spectral masquerade of Power and Mystery, Dignity and Cruelty, Magnificence and Horror, with which history and tradition have colonized their dusky walls. The Great Porch, richly decorated, and ascending into a steep flight of stairs, with wheelwork balustrade, has the Shield of the Keys (oh, evil omen!) in the spandrels. The beautiful decorated Arch is surmounted by a broad Entablature, at each corner of which, as if from a window-frame, you see a grim but boldly executed bust of a man in the martial costume of the period, leaning forward in a menacing attitude, the one brandishing a monstrous Mace, the other poisoning a huge fragment of Stone, in the very act of dashing it down on the head of any intruder. I venture to advise all who may visit this venerable pile to notice these curious Effigies. The singularity of the design is quite equalled by

the spirit of its execution. The adjoining Façade is really perfect as an example of the Mediæval style. The symmetry and dimensions of that pillared Oriel, embowered by tabernacle-work in the centre, leave one little to desire of antique gracefulness.

The Reichsaal retains nothing of all its pompous maintenance except a plain Armchair, which, divested of its Vermillion Cloth of Gold, and even deprived of its emblazoned and crowned Canopy, remains perched in the centre of its elevated Dais, like

“ A clip-wing Griffin, or a molten Raven :”

as melancholy, aye, and as musical too, if you presume to usurp its Sovereign Siege, which, creaking and whining piteously, complains of the profanation. And no wonder; for on this dismantled throne once sate the Cæsar of all Germany, predominating over that High Council, the Imperial Diet, which for centuries assembled in this vast and admirably proportioned Hall. The Chamber adjoining is distinguished by the title of the Electoral College. This is nearly as large as the Reichsaal, but square, and entirely covered with broider-work and dismal tapestry, which here, if any where, is undoubtedly—*Goblin!* It is all of highly creditable antiquity—antiquity guaranteed as strongly by the universal blackness and eclipse of worsted-work which overwhelms its reds, and greens, and yellows, as

by the quaint costume and uncouth execution of the knights and dames whose story they represent. I should ascribe them to the era of our fourth Edward. As seen by the gloomy light of a rainy, gusty day like this, they remind one of that fine simile with which Byron winds up his description of Francesca's moonlight Phantom, in the Siege of Corinth :

“ Like the Figures in Arras that gloomily glare,
 Stirr'd by the breath of the wintry air,
 So, seen by the dying Lamp's fitful light,
 Lifeless, but lifelike, and awful to sight,
 As they seem through the dimness about to come down
 From the shadowy wall where their Images frown,
 Fearfully fitting to and fro,
 As the gusts on the Tapestry come and go.”

But in the embrasures of certain broad and deep windows, the piers are draperied with needlework which I religiously believe to ascend as high as the twelfth century, the age assigned to them by the Cicerone. They consist of Portraits, Emblems, and Legends, embroidered in Medallions. The Figures resemble in physiognomy, symmetry, and costume, those interesting and sportive imaginations, their Majesties of Hearts or Diamonds on our playing cards. They tell me that they were designed to illustrate a series of the Ancient Teutonic Ballads, existing only in manuscript, and of course invaluable. They are all of a facetious complexion ; and if we may trust *the form and*

pressure we behold here as the *exact image of the time*, German wit in the twelfth century would hardly compensate for German indelicacy in the nineteenth. Well do I love these Baronial Houses, and I should love them better; but the worst of it is, you cannot enter one of their immense Saloons without feeling convinced there is a corresponding space of Dungeonhouse beneath.

The gentle spirit of Sheffield's Alcæus has penetrated to these Depths.

“ Among the Engines of his power
 Most dreaded in the trying hour,
 When impotent were Fire and Steel,
 All but almighty was *the Wheel*,
 Whose harrowing revolution wrung
 Confession from the slowest tongue;
 From joints unlock'd made secrets start,
 Twined with the cordage of the heart;
 From muscles in convulsion drew
 Knowledge the Sufferer *never knew*;
 From failing flesh, in Nature's spite,
 Brought deeds that *ne'er were done* to light;
 From snapping sinews wrench'd the lie
 That gain'd the Victim leave to die.
 When self-accused,—condemn'd at length,
 His only crime was want of strength:
 From holy hands with joy he turn'd,
 And kiss'd the stake at which he burn'd.”

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

I should not have troubled the guide to lead us into these disgusting Souterraines, where our forefathers were wont to relieve their leisure by an occasional concert of groans and screams from

their agonizing fellow-creatures, were it not that I was curious to behold the accursed Instruments themselves. Accursed *instruments* did I say? What then has become of those who employed them? those of whom they are at once the infamous Monument, the Accusation, and the Doom?

“ Sealed up, shut down in ransomless perdition.”

The Larded Hare—*Gespickter Haase*—a rolling-pin stuck full of blunt iron spikes, upon the Stretching Bench, I have myself tried; and I shall never recover it; I have the lumbago for life. The Spanish Donkey—*Spanischer Esel*—is a well-known instrument of Military punishment, mentioned by Grose, and alluded to by Sir Walter when he makes one of his characters—Bothwell, I think—talk of being sentenced to

.. “ride the Brown Mare that was foaled of an Acorn with a musket tied to each foot.”

Now when we reflect that this instrument is a sharp *notched* triangle, we may imagine what sort of saddle it must have formed for the bare haunches of the poor Culprit. There is another instrument, familiar to most readers of modern history as the Strappado, also of high antiquity; for Plautus, in his *Asinaria*, makes Leonida ask Libanus, his brother Slave, “*what he weighs naked?*”

" *Libanus*. Non ædepol scio.

Leonida. Nudus vinctus centum pondo es, quando pedes per pedes

Ubi manus manicæ complexæ sunt, atque adductæ ad trabem,
Nec dependis nec propendis."

ACTUS II. SCENA I.

This Machine rejoices in the soubriquet of the Evil Elisabeth: *no scandal about Queen Elizabeth, I hope!* although she has no great right to repine, for the Virgin Queen only shares the contumely of the Blessed Virgin herself, who is for ever introduced as one of the instruments of punishment,—why, it is vain to conjecture, in such a Gehenna as this. Here, for example, we find a hideous machine called the *Lap of the Virgin*—*Frauleinstuhl*, or *Beichstuhl*:—but enough of these horrors; my flesh creeps when I remember the hideous bloodgouts, those damned spots of cruelty which I detected on the wooden spikes of the *Beichstuhl*, and the rasped ridge of the *Spanischer Esel*. The entire Chamber, indeed, with the paraphernalia of its rugged walls, offers a spectacle of the most appalling influence; and imperfectly disclosed as they are by the wavering lamp—the guide in her melancholy crooning German taking her disgusting inventory of the horrible apparatus, and practically explaining it by stretching her rickety form on the various machines, where limbs of the noblest symmetry had once writhed in their naked agony,—scarcely any thing is left to the imagination. I daresay the

hooded Judge and his masked Officials are now glaring at us from behind that Screen of Lattice-work ! I can positively bear it no longer. Let us see the sun once more,—let us once more breathe the sweet fresh air !

“ Away with me, all you whose souls abhor
The uncleanly savours of a Slaughter house,
For I am stifled with this smell of Sin.”

TRAGEDY OF KING JOHN.

Ratisbon, October 22, 1844.

AT length I have seen God Odin's Hall without the disagreeable preliminary of dying in battle ; but they offered me no Metheglin, and, in fact, as I had not my Enemy's Skull ready polished in my pocket, I could not decently have accepted it. Certainly the Walhalla surprised if it did not disappoint me. My expectations were founded on that passage in The Temple of Fame,

“ Of Gothic Structure was the northern side,
O'erwrought with ornaments of barbarous pride :
There huge Colossi rose with trophies crowned,
And Runic characters were graved around.
There sat Zamolxis with erected eyes,
And Odin here, in mimic trances dies :
There, on rude iron columns, smeared with blood,
The horrid forms of Scythian Heroes stood :
Druids and Bards, their once loud Harps unstrung,
And Youths that died, to be by Poets sung.” †

† Pope's Paraphrase of Chaucer.

This was my Romance, and what is its Reality? Crowning an abrupt cliff all covered over with wild flowers, and approached by a softly sloping grove tintured by the pallid alchemy of Autumn, which the broad and princely Danube seemed proud to embrace, a new Parthenon, all rosy in the sunset, met my bewildered gaze, and seemed to smile at my infatuation.

As I approached surprise gave way to admiration. Athens herself never beheld a Hill and a Castle so picturesque as that of Donaustauf, nor a Stream so stately as that which gives it a name. "*The dust of the Danube!*" How poetical these Germans are! I saw to-day in Munich, above the door of a watch maker's shop, the words *Uhr Maker*; a Maker of Hours! But to return—nothing could surpass the graceful majesty of the Peristyle whose groves of stately columns admitted the most enchanting vistas of green hills, golden woods, and the purple rolling Danube.—When we had once passed the bronzed gates of the Cella the illusion was completely destroyed. In the first place, all was *Light* where all should have been *Gloom*, and then that tawdry ceiling!—Louis of Bavaria has not a more profound admirer of his genius, his taste, and his public spirit than myself; and I am willing to believe that he has unanswerable reasons for thus bedaubing the plafond of his Walhalla; but I must be allowed to wonder, Wonder, I believe, being precisely

that species of Bliss of which Ignorance is the sire.

I do not love Busts, but that of Erasmus in this assemblage is the very man. All the Astronomers, Copernicus, Herschel, Kepler, Haller, and their brethren have countenances at once intellectual and attractive. Schiller's lips look as if they were breathing the finest passages in that volcanic Tragedy *The Robbers*, and Goethe's quiet, but pregnant features, seem burthened with the thoughtful mysticism of *Faust*. Burger too is there, but I cannot forgive him the months of sleeplessness which his *Leonora* cost my boyhood, I trembled as I looked at him.

I need not add Antony Van Dyk was to be seen in all his sunlike beauty; Rubens' comely countenance; and the majestic sweetness of Albert Durer's lineaments;—that the Bust of the Emperor Charles realized all my notions of despotic dignity, and the tiarad brow of Maria Theresa captivated my affection for despotic beauty. Those coloured Caryatides I cannot endure, they so ludicrously recall Pope's lines on Mrs. Clive,

“ Odious! in woollen 'twould a saint provoke!”

Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke.

“ No, let a charming chintz and Brussell's lace

Wrap my cold limbs and shade my lifeless face.

One would not sure be frightful when one's dead!

And Betty, give this cheek a little red!”—

Moral Essays.

The three terraces with their granite stairs have anything but a felicitous effect.

Far from resembling similar ascents to Italian Villas where the Edifice is visible from a distance, they are piled so close upon the Vestibule of the Temple, that the Walhalla appears to spring as abruptly from the earth as the victorious Olive of Pallas herself might have done: there is, moreover, a lamentable deficiency of those pavilions and loggie in which the platforms of Italian Terraces delight.

After all, the Walhalla is a superb creation, every way worthy of the Sovereign who commanded it to arise, worthy of the Intellect that conceived so sublime a Project, of the Taste that selected such enchanting Scenery for its site, and above all, of the Patriotism that devoted it to an object so genuinely characteristic of the kindly old Fatherland.

How I love that opening passage in Pope's
Imitation of Rochester,

“ Silence! coeval with Eternity,
Thou wert ere Nature's self began to be!
’Twas one vast Nothing all, and all slept fast in Thee.”

and much as I dislike the succeeding Stanzas, still
how just is their general Moral!

· Surely it is an inestimable advantage to have a companion with whom one can maintain the Commerce of Thought. It is amazing how a random word from one becomes the creator of Idea in another. It does not always require intellect to correspond with intellect. The simplest Flower that lifts its pale unpretending petals amidst the painted parterres of the garden, the undulating turf of the Meadow, or the breezy shadows in the recesses of the Wood, appeal to the feeling heart as eloquently as Tully or Demosthenes would have pleaded, or Virgil and Horace sung. But it is Speech, it is Speech, that, springing warm from the intercourse of one sentient spirit with another, not only suggests the idea, but improves it, not only discovers the jewel in its mine, but bringing it to light, gives it both lustre and shape. The advantages I enjoy, from the conversation of an enlightened associate, inspired this digression, and, as I began it with the Bard of Twickenham, I will break off with those splendid lines of Dryden, which, like Constellations, seen sometimes by sea-faring men in a cloudy night, shew themselves occasionally in the heavy Tragedies of glorious John.

“ Speak, then ! for Speech is Morning to the Mind,
It spreads the beauteous Images abroad,
Which else lies furled and clouded in the soul.” *

* The Duke of Guise.

Landshut, October 24, 1844,
6 o'clock a. m.

LANDSHUT is one of those noble old Towns which endiadem the immortal Isar; its Street a broad league, and its lofty Mansions a variegated panoply of the most venerable luxuriance.

Here we stopped to breakfast, before the very faintest streak of the Dawn had embroidered '*the curtain of the Dark.*'

Stop we did with a vengeance, and if Breakfast was the object, we might have stopped evermore, had not Gustave, by dint of a vigorous cannonade of German invectives, obstinately sustained for the space of half an hour, obtained at last the necessary supplies.

But my misery was to behold, from the Gateway of the Hostel, the soaring outline of that majestic Churchtower of St. Martin,—a sealed volume of architecture, on whose inexorable darkness the million stars and the red sinking Crescent shed an envious and malignant glare, much more congenial to that old towery Prisonhouse The Castle of Trausnitz, which, from its adjacent height, overshadowed so mysteriously this grand old Town.

FREYSING is a beautiful place, beautiful principally to me because the stream

“ of Isar rolling rapidly”

plays round its hoary walls, and because the riverside walks, embowering its spread of meadow and marsh lands, reminded me much of my beloved Isis, while its spiry Fanes were not wanting to complete the illusion. It was between this town and Garching that a huge Red Deer, tossing his forest of Antlers in the air, swept across the high way within a hundred yards of the Diligence; and, as if mocking its tortoise pace, sped towards the wood that bounded its immeasurable morass. I almost expected to see a royal or noble Cortège with winding horn and baying hound pursuing the noble creature's flight, but in vain.

Munich, October 25, 1844.

SOARING from the Monkish salt-pits, to which she is indebted for her name, and flourishing beneath the auspices of that royal Prometheus who has illumined her mansions and palaces with celestial fire, the Mother City of Bavaria exhibits the glory, the triumph of Space.

“ Give ample room and verge enough ! ”

was the command of the Bavarian Sovereign to the Architects of Munich, and he was obeyed. Thank Goodness, it is impossible to describe wide streets and winding groves ! and fortunately I have recovered my appetite for Palaces and Galleries, of which, like Horace Walpole, I was lately as sick as if I had eaten them.

But what a marvellous place it is ! Is it King Louis himself or the Genius of The Wonderful Lamp, in his shape, that traces these extraordinary streets, luxuriates in these ample squares, and bids Gothic Grandeur emulate Classic grace in this wilderness of Palaces. What a wonderful man must he be whose undertakings, inspired by genius, are so governed by a master taste that he has contrived to plant the painted Loggie of Florence and of Rome in his own Barbaric metropolis ; and, without offending the eye, has transmitted the golden colourings of his mansions and the Frescoes and Reliefs of his public buildings from the theatres and porticoes of sunny Italy to the capricious protection of a German atmosphere.

Those piles of Churches too, Ogres of Architecture as they are, how vastly do they contribute to the magnificent prestige of Munich. Who can behold those haughty Byzantine towers of the Cathedral, pushing their gigantic turbans to the very sky ; the Dome and Cupola of the Theatines ;

and the Romanesque Steeples of the Ludwig's Kirch soaring above the deep Linden groves and the broad green meadows of the English Garden ; with the solemn tolls of those deep bells thundering from steeple to steeple over the rolling waters of the Isar ; without remembering Christ-Church Meadows and her merry Bells ? The incomparable aisles of her broad Elm Avenue, and such Towers as Magdalene and Merton, the Rotunda of the Radcliff, and the Minarets of All Souls are alone wanting to complete the picture.

The Church of Saint Boniface, which, (recently originated and as yet in progress upon the plan of San Paolo fuori le Mure,) bids fair to outstrip, in the completion of her plumage, the Roman Phoenix, will be adorned with Frescoes depicting the principal events in the career of that admirable missionary Bishop Boniface, which would not disgrace the hand of Raphael himself. The legendary pictures, and medallions of portraits in the South Aisle, are already finished, and are certainly of vast merit. I was particularly pleased with the parting of young Boniface from his parents, and the painting that represents him in the act of cleaving the Druidical Oak. This last plunged me at once into that awful passage in the third book of the Pharsalia,

“ *Lucus erat, longo nunquam violatus ab ævo,
Obscurum cingens connexis æra ramis,
Et gelidas alte summotis solibus umbras.—*

Hunc non ruricolæ Panes, Nemorumque potentes
Sylvani Nymphæque tenent, sed barbara ritu
Sacra Deum structæ sacris feralibus Aræ ;
Omnis et humanis lustrata cruoribus Arbos.—
Illis et Volucres metuunt insistere ramis
Et lustris recubare Feræ ; nec Ventus in illas
Incubuit Sylvas ; excussaue nubibus atris
Fulgura non ullis frondem præbentibus auris
Arboribus suus Horror inest.”—

The Loggia before the Western Façade is doubly impressive ; it is perfectly beautiful in itself, and it surprises one to see the voluptuous creation of the sunny south in the rugged climate of winds and snows. I should just as soon expect to see a lily of the valley blooming and breathing odours on Mont Blanc.

Doomed to the toil of pleasure, condemned to admire, or at least to *visit* the ostentatious splendours we are never to share, behold us once more in a Palace ! Through leagues of saloons flaming with gold and emblazed with colour, I have wandered to-day and envied the beggar boy who, hunger-pinched and barefoot, whines his compulsory ballad through the streets of London. And yet those three Halls of Charlemagne, of Frederick Barbarossa, and that great Oak of Empire, Rodolph of Hapsburg, are transcendently sublime ; sublime I must say, not less from their regal proportions than from the genius of the painter who has illuminated their walls with their gorgeous chronicle. History here has done much, Colour more, but Talent most.

As for the Saloon of the Throne, I venture to assert that it is unparalleled, not only in Europe, but in the world. And I ground this assertion neither upon its snowy Caryatides, nor upon its golden capitals, its beautiful dimensions, its ceiling or its pavement, answering each other in emulous splendour;—but upon those Twelve Sovereign Giants of bronze, unnecessarily gilt, rearing their awful forms on either side the chamber, and wherein such names as Otto and Albert and Maximilian need not the Imperial crown of Louis and Rupert to add lustre to their open coronets.

The variety of their costume is enchanting, the production at once of antiquarian science and consummate taste.

The King's Chapel should not be omitted here; but I can say little about it, except that its enamelled flush of Gold and Painting was by no means offensively refulgent. They were, however, so predominant, so pleasing to the eye, and so perplexing to the judgment, that I positively forget whether there were Painted Windows or not.

I find that there are examples by no means uncommon in Munich that the Chemic Artist's Secret is anything but lost, as we foolishly supposed. Not in the deepest recesses of those high old Italian Cathedrals have I witnessed such intense tinctures of scarlet, azure, crimson, and purple, as the specimens of modern Art have exhibited to-day. And yet I know not whether the jostling en-

terprise of modern days will allow that elaborate portraiture of expression, that velvet softness of drapery, which now demanding the labour of years, formerly elicited only the pleasant relief of monastic leisure—

“ with sundry colours dight,
More sundry colours than the proud Pavone
Bears in his boasted fan ; or Iris bright,
When her discoloured Bow She spreads o’er Heaven’s
height.” FAERIE QUEENE.

Once more upon the Tread-mill of pleasure !
once more upon the Rack of lionizing ! once more
at the mercy of a Commissionaire. It is enough
to make one turn Monk. It is enough to make
one covet the saddest cloister that ever prohibited
the world to the eye or its language to the tongue.
But, Vogue la Galere ! One comfort it is that
where sights are to be seen one must see them.
No matter whether they are repudiated or not by
one’s individual taste, if the World, that monstrous
empty head, pronounces that they ought to be
seen, how will it roll its goggle eyes and turn up
its vulgar nose, if we answered to its interroga-
-tories that we had not seen them !

The Golden Bed, for instance, whose curtains
of dark crimson velvet are weighed down by eight
hundred thousand florins’ worth of sterling gold,
—who cares to sleep in it ? Not the Seaman who
turns in from his billowy watch to his hammock,
lulled by the relenting breeze ;—not the tired

Huntsman, who, with his hounds at his feet, scarcely breathes the odours of his heather bed, ere he sinks to sleep;—not the Shepherd-boy, whom the evening star lights to his pallet as the dawn summons him from it! Not even Napoleon, hot from his lawless victories, could brook the gorgeous incumbrance. And he did well! Surely if ever the couch of the usurper Richard were visited by phantoms, this Man had cause to dread them: surely if he who sat unjustly upon one royal seat was haunted by conscience, this Aggressor of a Hundred Thrones had reason to fear their tremendous Nemesis. But

“ Oh the Curse,
To be th’ Awakener of divinest thoughts,
Father and Founder of exalted deeds,
And to whole Nations, bound in servile straits,
The liberal Donor of capacities
More than Heroic ; this to be, nor yet
Have sense of one connatural Wish ; nor yet
Deserve the least return of human thanks ;
Winning no recompense but deadly Hate
With Pity mixt Astonishment with Scorn.”

EXCURSION.

After all, this Golden Bed is regally superb. It is not only the precious material bursting out in splendid efflorescence over the blood-coloured velvet, it is not even its large and elaborate pattern work, but it is that grave refulgence, it is that solemn glitter, (*gleam* I should have said,) not tarnished, but enhanced by age, which receives

the last effect from the enormous altitude of its canopy. It is to such lofty palaces, it is to such Golden Beds that Spectres come, spectres of remorseful Memory, spectres of affrighted Forebodings, yea, spectres of wise and good and patriotic, but very anxious Cares.

Adjoining this gorgeous apartment there is a jewel of a Cabinet sheeted with mirrors, which, breaking out into golden sprays, like our old-fashioned Girandoles, support, on every glittering branch, instead of lamp or taper, a Porcelain Vase of the most fairy proportions and the most delicate pencilling: you would have thought they were the fruitage and blossom of some fair Orchard tree. You would have thought the Throstle, the Goldfinch, and the Lark were fluttering among those golden boughs, they were so light, so graceful, and so gay.

As for the other apartments, pitiable monuments of abandoned Majesty,—peace, peace to their Manes!—peace to those Portraits that nobody looks at—peace to those Chairs that nobody sits on—peace to those Canopies of forgotten Thrones! The best wish we can bestow upon them, (for they are of much beauty,) is, that they may continue to be preserved as carefully from the spider and the moth as we saw them to-day.

From Gold to Brass is no mighty transition; and the next thing I can say I have seen in München is the Bronze Foundry, where we saw

that Colossal conception of Schwanthaler, the Genius of Bavaria and her Lion. Criticism of course would be premature in this instance; but I may venture to say, that the countenance of the Lady, in spite of its exaggerated dimensions, exhibits the softest lineaments of feminine beauty. It may seem impertinent to say, that I stand upwards of six feet high, were it not to shew the stupendous symmetry of this Figure. The Head was placed on the ground, and I could just reach the eyebrows with the tips of my fingers. What a place of Pilgrimage will the site of this vast Monument become, when, upon its pedestal of Forty feet, it will have reared its limbs of Sixty, —looking over half Bavaria!

I should have had great difficulty in speaking of the Pinacothèque if we had not been turned out before we reached the third saloon. It is but decent to regret that *the Hour and the Man* both interdicted that pictorial Vista to our further ingress. But what could I have seen? what could I have said? what could I have written? For my own part, I was perfectly appalled when that Parasang of Saloons opened upon my gaze its formidable distance, its Alexandrine length! What should I say? and how should I behave myself in the presence of Paolo Veronese, Spagnoletto, Murillo, Raphael, Titian, Rubens, and Vandyke? It was like thrusting a Rustic Boor, with round eyes, open mouth, and hair on end,

among the Princes and Nobles of a Sovereign's Presence Chamber. Shall I confess that, when we were informed, in the politest whisper, that the hour for closing the Gallery had just stricken, I felt as if a heavy burthen were taken from my shoulders?—I have no distinct remembrance of any one picture over and above those Four of Albrecht Durer in the First Chamber, where the enchanting vividness of the Costume serves only as a foil to the wonderous energy of the countenance. To be sure, there were two or three of those amazing outbursts of genius which can make even the most miserable passion of miserable human nature admirable, but then

“ Medio de fonte leporum,

Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angat.”

are they original!!!—

Did the Vulcan of Antwerp, for the sake of his Flemish Venus, paint the leathern lineaments of those Idolators of Dust,—the two Usurers and the Miser and his Wife. I, for one, *doubt* without *doating*, and though I do not *strongly love*,—*suspect*.

The Glyptothèque is chiefly pleasing to me as the early proof which the Pericles of Bavaria manifested of his ardent affection for the Fine Arts, when, at once affluent and irresponsible, as the Prince Royal, he might have wandered into the subordinate paths of gratification unrestrained and unreprieved.

The statues of Venus, Paris, and Adonis, not only charm you by their transcendent truth and loveliness, but moreover inspire the hope that the Oblivion which has abandoned such Marvels of Art as the Gladiator and the Laocöon to be the monuments of doubtful genius will never overshadow the great names of Thorwaksen and Canova.

The Roman Hall, among numberless curiosities, exhibits three beautiful specimens of the Thrones or Couches, as they were called, of the Heathen Deities when they were exhibited at the Festival of the Triclinia, a ceremony esteemed so important by the Romans, that certain Patricians considered it a dignity to be appointed its Presidents, under the title of Decemviri Epulones.

In this saloon also there is a Sacrificial Altar consecrated to Mercury, who, with his scanty Chlamys, his Caduceus, and Petasus or round hat (much resembling what is elegantly termed a *Sammy*), shares the four sides of the altar with a Priestess and a Muse. Nothing can excel the delightful symmetry of this elaborate piece of sculpture, which, rising to the height of about four feet, scarcely exceeds eighteen inches in breadth.

Two Cinerary Urns of exquisite arabesques are distinguished, the one by an Eagle throned upon a Thunderbolt—the other by Candelabra and Festoons. They pleased us greatly, not only on account of their intrinsic elegance, but because

they recalled to us those pavilions of Domestic Sepulture, enshrouded in green vineyards and palled by dusky groves of cypress—the Columbaria of Rome—those Monumental Cabinets, those Archives of the miniature vase and tomb, blazoned all over with the legend of that awful Dedication “*Dūs Manibus.*” The epitaphs on these two urns are alike interesting,—the one as a monument of Fraternal Piety; and its companion a testimony of respect from an Imperial Master to his confidential Slave.

Let it not be forgotten that this judicious and sumptuous collection contains the Figures (not more admirable in their original execution than in their skilful restoration) of the Trojan Combats in the eastern and western Tympana of the Temple of Jupiter Panhellenius at Egina. We found it difficult to contemplate these very fine groupés without wishing to enthrone them once more on the sublime Frontispiece from whence they are for ever fallen;—once more to see their snowy marbles illuminate the Archipelago from amidst a landscape of grove and glade, such as Williams drew, shining beneath the stainless azure of an Ionian sky, and blushing, morn and eve, at the salutations of an Ionian sun.

We offered our last farewell to the marvels of München in the recently erected Church of Maria Hülfe, or Our Lady of Succour. Certainly, Painting is a fine thing, even when it only attracts the

eye and fails to awaken the understanding or penetrate the heart. But in this hallowed House, this Palace of the Sun, irradiated from Archivolt to Pavement with perpetual rainbows, he must be dull indeed who can survey without wonder and delight that burning zodiac of high windows engrained with the most exquisite pictures, and emblazoned with colourings which at least *rival* antiquity. They depicture the principal events in the life of the Blessed Virgin: and though Truth and Fable be somewhat profanely blended, it is impossible to withhold our admiration when we see the most consummate excellence of Design contributing its graces to the wild glories of those antique dyes.

There is neither Clerestory nor Triforium in this splendid little Church, so that the range of Painted Windows ascends in one unbroken line to the very roof. Amidst such a blaze of beauty it is perhaps invidious to make distinctions; but the Window which represents the Marriage of Cana attracted my attention beyond all its companions. The attitudes of the Saviour and His Mother are of wonderful expression. He in the calm dignity of mild command, in the exercise of a conscious omnipotence, calmly contemplating the servant who is employed in filling the vessels with water, while Mary, in the utmost self-abandonment—O! how those drooping arms and reposing hands express it!—regards her Son with reverential and

affectionate faith, as if, while reading His Countenance, she were addressing the domestic, "WHATSOEVER HE SAITH UNTO YOU DO IT."

Above the screen of the festal chamber there is a trelliced arcade of vines of the most intense verdure; and in the broad embroidery of golden tabernacle work—(which, emblazoned with the most refulgent vermillions and violets, azures and amaranths, forms a shrine round every picture)—the flaggon and grape clusters have a most delicious effect. The Marigold window in the West Front is of inconceivable splendour. An arrested Firework,—you might imagine without much exaggeration that the most brilliant efflorescence of the Girandola has suddenly halted in its evolutions, converted by Art Magic into a fixed star. It is no trifling instance of a predominating good Taste, that with the exception of the pulpit and High Altar, there is not a spark of gold or colour to be discerned in any other part of the Maria Hülfe. Walls, pillars, arches, all soar in pure pale stone-work.

Augsburg, October 30th, 1844.

“ Give me the Merchants of the Indian Mines,
That trade in Metal of the purest mould ;
The wealthy Moor, that in the Eastern rocks
Without control can pick his Riches up,
And, in his house, heap Pearl like pebblestones ;
Receive them free and sell them by the weight,
Bags of fiery Opals, Sapphires, Amethysts,
Jacinths, hard Topaz, grass-green Emeralds,
Beautiful Rubies, sparkling Diamonds,
And seld-seen, costly Stones of so great price,
As one of them, indifferently rated,
May serve, in peril of Calamity,
To RESCUE GREAT KINGS FROM CAPTIVITY.”

THE JEW OF MALTA.

BEHOLD us then in the high and ancient Hostel
of the Three Moors at Augsburg, the family
palace of the lordly Fuggers, the temporary home
of the Emperor Charles.

What dazzling memories throng

“ the countless chambers of the brain”

within these illustrious walls ! The Diet which
gave them their Imperial guest :—the princely
Anthony, who wanted not the Cæsarean circlet
to be his Sovereign’s peer ;—that wonderful man,
whose ancestor was a mechanic, and whose des-
cendants so swelled the ranks of the German
patricians, that they numbered fifty nobles in
their vast and opulent family ;—that Creditor of

monarchs whom Pope and Cæsar recognised alike as the source whence they derived the golden sinews of war ;—that Citizen whose generous Fire of Cinnamon will never be extinguished as long as one heart remains to appreciate magnanimity ;—the munificent Lord-Merchant, who, while he associated with princes, remembered the poor ; the enlightened Patron of science and of art :—Augsburg has little now to boast of but his great Name and that palace wherein we are now the tenants of a day.

How charmingly are we reminded here of that fine idea in Massinger's *City Madam* :

“ I glory in the bravery of your Mind,
To which your Wealth's a servant. Not that Wealth
Is, or should be, contemn'd, it being a blessing
Derived from heaven, and by your industry
Pull'd down upon you ; but in this, dear sir,
You have many equals : such a man's possessions
Extend as far as yours ; a second hath
His bags as full ; a third in credit flies
As high in the popular voice : but the distinction
And noble difference by which you are
Divided from them, is, that you are styled
Gentle in your abundance ; good in plenty ;
And that you feel compassion in your bowels
Of others' miseries.”

I have just seen the Cinnamon Chamber, which still retains that hospitable hearth whose vast alcove witnessed the last crackle of the famous Parchment ; and of a verity never was that Temple of the Penates distinguished by a Sacrifice so illustrious !

The hall thus signalized has a noble Cedar roof, with panelled beams and pendants of massive boldness and depth, whose ruddy grain the lapse of ages has both polished and made dark.

So paramount, in my opinion, was the prestige of the Place, that, although I remembered, I scarcely *preferred* those gigantic Imaginations of Michael Angelo,—the Pinewood Ceilings of the Palazzo Farnese, whose gorgeous efflorescence of sculptures, bourgeoning into Rose-clusters, Pomegranates, and Vines, and Gourds, form bowers of foliature, and whose massively moulded squares and pendants seem, from the deep hollows of their dark-red cofferwork, poised at their amazing height by some necromantic spell, and only withheld by a miracle from the sullen swoop they meditate upon the marble pavement below.

Underneath is the ancient Banquet Saloon, of the same dimensions as the Hall; they are painting it in the most exquisite manner with Dancing Girls, Flowers, and Birds, after the fashion of Pompeii. And this is the Hostel of The Three Moors, whose sable figures, transferred from the adjoining mansion, have been its Ensign for five hundred years.

The Façade of this Palace, with its shields and scroll work, is worthy of Palladio himself; it might have been flattered to survey its image in the Canale grande. I feel for its humiliation;—palpably I feel for it; *since you have to pay for its hospitality!*

The Maximilian Strasse is the finest I have seen in Germany. It traverses just such a space as the Processions of a Consul or an Emperor of Rome would have loved. What a long grove of Mansions and Temples, Porticoes and Basilicæ, Statues, Arches, Columns, and Fountains, would here have swelled the victorious general's return.

And what a great moral would have been read in this alphabet of humanity.

The Conqueror, with his slave in the chariot and the manacled monarchs who marched at its wheels.

This is indeed a street of palaces; and, not content with the German grandeur of the broad gables that face the street, in the homely taste which dictated the freakish magnificence of their mansions, they have Baronial towers, and they have Italian piles; and I could almost fancy the huge arches of Constantine or Titus moralizing their shadowy pomps athwart the transitory sunshine of a Roman triumph.

You would have laughed if you had heard me spouting pompously,—

“ Thence to the Gates cast round thine Eye, and see
What Conflux issuing forth or entering in,
Prætors, Proconsuls, to their Provinces
Hasting, or on return, in Robes of State;
Lictors and rods, the Ensigns of their power,
Legions and Cohorts, Turns of horse, and Wings:
Or Embassies from Regions far remote
In various habits on the Appian Road,
Or on th' Æmilian, some from farthest South,
Syené, and where the Shadow both way falls,

Marœ, Nilotic Isle, and, more to West,
The realm of Bocchus, to the Black-Moor Sea ;
From India and the Golden Chersonese,
And utmost Asian Isle Taprobane ;—
Dusk faces with white silken Turbans wreathed ;
From Gallia, Gades, and the British West,
Germans, and Scythians, and Sarmatians, North
Beyond Danubius to the Tauric Pool.”*

Nuremberg may boast mansions individually more striking, but it wants the length and breadth of Augsburg.

Nuremberg always seems to me as if she had repented her beginnings, as if a new thought had struck her fancy halfway, or as if her empty purse had been unexpectedly reinforced with the bullion of a million florins.

But in the Maximilian Strasse of Augsburg there is a sedate and consistent magnitude ; every pile seems to know its own place, and indemnifies the loans of Italy or Athens by a guarantee of Teutonic Romance.

The Bishop's Palace is as plain and dingy a building as ever was distinguished by an Event. There certainly is room enough in the Court for a multitude, and, for *size*, the Palace might easily have accommodated the populace. I could fancy I hear through the Chapel Lattices the intrepid voice of the Chancellor Bayer thundering the distasteful protests of The Confession in the ear of the disconcerted Representative of Charlemagne.

* Paradise Regained, Book IV.

This noble old City, among its many varieties of magnificence, has the most beautiful Linden Grove that ever sighed above the green moat and broken ramparts of an Imperial town : not even the palaces and towers of this Augusta, this Empress of the olden time, commanded our homage so much as the gigantic trunks and groined branches of these particoloured groves, whose autumnal tinctures console at least as much as they sadden the eye.

“ And thou, when at dawn thou shalt happen to roam
Through the Lime-cover'd Alley that leads to thy Home,
Where oft, when the dance and the revel were done,
And the stars were beginning to fade in the sun,
I have led thee along, and have told by the way
What my heart all the night had been burning to say.
Oh, think of the Past ! give a sigh to those times,
And a blessing from me to that Alley of Limes.”

MOORE.

How fond these kindly Germans are of the Linden. Evermore they spread them like a girdle about the fortifications of their ancient cities ; an emblem of themselves, they afford a welcome to the stranger, suggest a threat to the invader, and caress those Ramparts in their old age whose mature strength both fondled and defended them.

The Frescoes of this wild and venerable Home of Antiquity seem to brave the Winter and the Storm of the North with the same valiant courtesy which invites the advances of an Italian Sun.

The old Dom kirch, chiefly conspicuous for its eccentric ugliness, seems the very home for the forgotten Traditions of Augsburg, so rife are its walls with the emblazoned Shields and painted Records of those who once were Mighty Princes in the place.

But not contented with their hallowed Domicile, these phantoms roam her streets and form the visionary statues of her squares. Legendary Lore has occupied every angle of her palaces, and emblazoned every tower of her ramparts; but none of them do I like better than that quaint Postern, Alte Einlass; that friendly gate which the benighted Hunter Maximilian had so often to thank for the down beds and the warm chambers of the imperial palace in place of the dreary morass or the moonlight forests of the Bavarian Boar.

To traverse the beautiful circuit of these imperial Battlements,—whose Turrets and Gateways, embrowned by time, and embroidered with vegetation, seem serenely to repose beneath the golden Groves that consecrate and embellish their old age,—occupied one pleasant afternoon, such as a sunny Autumn alone can bestow:—and implicitly did we obey that sublime command in the Forty-eighth Psalm :

“ Walk about Zion, and go round about her. Tell the Towers thereof. Mark ye well her Bulwarks; consider her Palaces; that ye may tell it to the Generations following !”

And now the Red and Black Liveries of the finger posts, and the post boys, remind us that we have exchanged the Kingdom of Bavaria for the royal Domain of Würtemberg.

Ulm, October 31st, 1844.

ULM Minster has the finest Western Tower in all Germany ; and, for symmetrical majesty, I venture to say, may challenge Europe. I am free to confess that this great Structure has lost little by the failure of its original projection. The Six Porches are all fine, and the Relievi possess at least the merit of such elaborate carvework as the Brothier of the Sun and Moon might covet for the ivory cabinets of Pekin. The lofty Triple Arch of the Western Portal, with its groined Loggia, loses as much by its minute elaborations as the others gain by them. You have neither time nor inclination to look at its laborious legends, so absorbed are you in the sublime calibre of its Gothic Portico, and the noble Tower of which even that Portico forms a subordinate feature.

I think it is Piers Plowmans Creed, a Poem of the Fourteenth Century, that affords shrewd hints as to the monastic method of raising funds for the erection of such gorgeous Fabrics as Ulm Cathedral :

" For we buildeth a Burugh, a broad and a large,
 A Church, and a Chapitel, with Chaumbers alofte;
 With wide Windowes wrought, and Walls well highe,
 Which must be portraied, and pulched full clene,
 With gay glittering Glass glowinge as the Sunne;
 And, *mightest thou amenden us with Money of thine own,*
 Thou should'st kneel before Christ in Compas of Gold,
 In the wide window Westward, well nigh in the middell."

The interior is one overpowering Vastitude, unimpaired by those wanderings of Triforium and Transept, which at once allure the fancy and distract the eye. Its Five Aisles lead you on at once, simple and sublime, in their unadorned loftiness, to the great Apsis of the Choir.

It may have been spoliation that thinned their ranks, it may have been by design, but at one glance the eye involves the dusky splendour of those painted windows, which seem to brood as with Seraphic wings, of manifold effulgence, above the darkened Choir.

The stone Pulpit is exceedingly good, and the spiral wood work of its canopy is worthy of its foliature. The Font rises under a superb triangular shrine of wheelwork, and that little Chapel of some noble Bavarian Family, with its deep embayed oriel, receiving its only light from the antique story which emblazons its panes, is flushed all over with the legendary glory of glass.

In a pilgrimage like mine from Fane to Fane, it is difficult to identify

" *difficile est proprie Communia dicere;*"

but in the Minster of Ulm I was principally arrested by the stalls of the choir. They are of Oak (it is unnecessary to say,) of the most exquisite tabernacle-work. Their distinguishing feature is, that they are adorned on either side with three tiers of busts, Pagan, Hebrew, and Christian, the one range most scrupulously separated from the other. On the North side, the lower range is illustrated by the busts of Pythagoras, Socrates, Cicero, Seneca the Younger, Pliny, Ptolemy, and so forth. Above are the Hebrew worthies; and highest of all those who truly counted this world a pilgrimage, the disciples and martyrs of Him Crucified. On the South side, each grasping her mystic book, is a corresponding sibyl; over them you distinguish such illustrious forms as Miriam, Deborah, Jael, and Judith; while (occupying the foliated shrines above) those gentler Graces, the Three Maries, are gladly recognised among the Christian Heroines.

The original design is beautiful, and to the antiquary doubly so, since the head dresses of both Heroes, Heroines, Christian, Jew, and Heathen afford a valuable insight into the Costume of the period.

The Tabernacle of the Sacrament resembles that in the Church of Lorens at Nuremberg, but loses much of its effect by being engaged in an angle of the pier.

It is All Hallow Eve; and never did its mystic Twilight close above a fairer vale than this bewitching Filsthal.

Here the rival Monarchs of the Moor and the Forest hold their solemn Courts in each other's confines,—screening in purple pomp the Western and Northern horizon;—while, protected by their majestic thrones, the soft slopes and vales glitter in green luxuriance. Woody Villages and broad old Manor houses;—Castle towers and Church spires;—Mills, Bridges, and Brooks;—Meadows enriched with old trees, and Hedgerows painted with the profuse red blazonry of Autumn,—compose the wealthy Domain over which these mighty Paramounts reign in guardian grandeur. The Moon is up, and the Sun is setting.

But amid all this beauty and wealth, the most beautiful things are they which the eye involves not in its delighted glance, and which are unrevealed even to the ear till closely approached—I mean the thousand Fountains that by Moor and Wood, by Churchyard and Orchard, in dark deep Lanes or in the flowery hollows, burst from the green earth in bright and beaded gushings, scattering freshness and verdure around their swelling margents. And while, amidst the other liberal gifts of Art and Nature, the majestic River or the vasty Lake alone are wanting here, these Fairy

Wells, each from their ruddy Rock or Moss-clad Basin, starred with delicate landcress, and over-canopied with the fern and foxglove, springing at the root of some brown Oak or umbrageous Sycamore, produce unseen that rich verdure and that sweet music which renders this soft nested valley and its environs so delicious.

“ And now 'twas like all Instruments,
Now like a lonely Flute,
And now it is an Angel's Song,
That makes the Heav'ns be mute.

“ It ceased ; yet still the Sails made on
A pleasant noise till Noon,
A noise like of a hidden Brook
In the leafy month of June ;
That, to the sleeping Woods, all night,
Singeth a quiet tune.”

COLERIDGE'S *Ancient Mariner*.

Even such is Life ! where the loftier Virtues and the most prominent situation alone attract attention, while the thousand nameless Amenities that endear, enliven, and adorn existence glide along their modest course, contented with the happiness they see springing around them ; to be discovered by none but those who love to investigate the retiring virtues, but to be fully appreciated only by those who dwell within their lovely and useful influence.

Barricaded by mountains, and commanded by Baronial ruins, that might be creditable to the Rhine or the Rhone, the little Fils waits only for

its wondrous wooden bridge to be married to the great Neckar, and in the meantime indulgently allures her current through orchard and villages in the valley, beneath towers and forests on the hill.

The vast Castles of Raunsee and Reichberg, with that ancient Church, rear their towers against the storm clouds of the mountainous horizon ; while the truncated cone of Hohenstaufen, the cradle of the Imperial Red Beard, from whose platform every Vane and Portal have long vanished, stands in its deprivation among its feudal Peers like a King uncrowned.

It was a Temple in Mona, which, long since (like Hohenstaufen) erased from earth, but canonized in the rainbow-domains of tradition, elicited from the lyre of Collins such poesy as this :

“ Whether the fiery-tressed Dane,
Or Roman’s self o’erturn’d the Fane,
Or in what heaven-left age it fell,
’Twere hard for modern song to tell.
Yet, still if Truth those beams infuse,
Which guide at once, and charm the Muse,
Beyond yon braided clouds that lie
Paving the light embroider’d sky,
Amidst the bright pavilion’d plains
The beauteous Model still remains.
There happier than in Islands blest,
Or bowers by Spring or Hebe drest,
The Chiefs who fill our Albion’s Story,
In Warlike Weeds retired in glory,
Hear their consorted Druids sing
Their triumphs to the immortal string.”

I have avowed my fondness for colours, but how shall I pronounce a panegyric upon great Nature's pencil. I do not speak of those enamelled Gardens, where the Crocus, the Carnation, the Lilac, the Violet, and the Rose have to thank her for their particoloured apparel, but the Forests of Autumn, of stately, solemn, wonder-working Autumn !

Methinks I see the antique Wizard in yonder mountain Woodland stealing through its recesses with his melancholy eye and thoughtful pace, and his enchanted Pallet in his hand, putting in a dash of Vermillion here, engraining a broad mass of Orange there, transmuting at a touch one tree into a fountain of Gold, and its neighbour into a burgonet of Carbuncles, while here and there and everywhere, as if in defiance of the Magician's spell, some huge old Pear tree shews his glossy green.

No ! never did old minster aisle smoulder with a refulgence at once so sad and so august as that lamplight of the fading year which gilds these romantic Forests.

Tinctured with every hue from red to black, mirrored in the silvery tranquillity of the river, waving over the sward of some broad meadow, or caressing some hill, garlanded with Traditionary Turrets, it rivals the blazonry of Shields and Legends, which tell their story in some old Church Window,—prized, however, by me beyond the

eternal glitter of those chemic treasures as much as a dear friend dying is dearer than another alive and flourishing.

And thus, then, terminates the Walhalla Tour ! And it is amidst these mouldering woods, these noble mountains, their cities and their solitudes, their towers and their streams, that I bid farewell to Bavaria.

“ Oh, Silent Spirit of the Place !
 If lingering with the Ruined Year,
 Thy Hoary Form and Awful Face,
 I still might watch and worship here,
 Thy storm were music to mine ear.
 Thy wildest walk a shelter given
 Sublimer thoughts on earth to find,
 And share with no unhallow'd mind
 The majesty of Heaven.”

CAMPBELL.

Coblenz, November 6th, 1844.

I owe an apology to Ehrenbreitstein, for I have disparaged the Fortress, partly because I thought her overcrowded by the neighbouring mountain—and that was in my *warrior dreams*—partly because she lacks the battlements and turrets so indispensable to propitiate my *Romantic mood*. The fact is, that to my ideas the Bright Stone of Honor, as conveyed by the pencil, seemed a vision, which, with all my adolescent veneration

for German Castles, I could never aspire to realize. Resembling somewhat those ambassadorial portraitures, by which the kings and consorts of far sundered realms were brought, before steam was discovered, into matrimonial contact,—the *painted image* of Ehrenbreitstein has been rather more happily identified.

I do love this Rock, not the less because she supports a modern fortress all but impregnable, than for that timeworm Battlehouse, whose exploded defences she has survived. I wonder if she ever bore the tranquil aged melancholy Forest, that haunt of the Stag and the Hare, that too indulgent mother of the Boar and the Wolf! As it is, she looks as though the iron artillery of the forge in her imbrasured grasp had not been more familiar to her bosom, than

“ — the tallest Pine

Hewn on Norwegian Hills, to be the Mast
Of some Great Ammiral.”—

I have a fragment of this Ehrenbreitstein painted with tinctures darkly rich, a relic of the Rock which has worn and will wear that diadem of Cybele, whose throne she so worthily inherits. This afternoon we saw her picturing her iron brow upon such a stream as might have made the vanity of Narcissus venial. Not even the amethystine hues of his own flowers, not even the delicious perfume of his petals could have made him more enamoured of himself.

The tempests of wind and rain which have raved about our windows this afternoon have evaporated in a vase of rainbows, whose verdant, azure, and roseate flushes, were at least as transitory as refulgent. The hour was Autumn's last; her brightest out of all November was the day; Tranquillity and Radiance, the soothing Nurses of the year's death bed, the pious Handmaids that strewed with flowers its grave, strove which should express them goodliest. It is much to say that this melancholy season and its more melancholy decoration are all forgotten in that incomparable lapse of the Moselle, when, coquetting with her Master of the Arches, she comes like a reluctant Bride, with many a coy delay, to be the Consort of the Rhine, and to lave the feet of its warrior palace The Bright Stone of Honor. But the Rainbow, the Rainbow was the thing, that chaplet of jewèls from the Empyrean mine!

Oh, who shall ascend to the heights, who shall go down to the depths of the Almighty? who shall appreciate His endless influences, vigorous in the Hyssop on the wall, as in the Cedar of Lebanon, manifest in the sunshine, as in the storm? What made that fragment inflexible to the efforts of the engineer, and even escaping the Artillery of the Elements, yield to the touch of a worm? Why is it so difficult, nay, impossible, for a human pencil to express the Sunset Rainbow we beheld this evening?

Simply because the Parent of the rock and of the rainbow was Omnipotence. He that made the one permanent made the other transient. From Him alone arose the wind that roars around her martial masses of architecture; it was the floods of His Storm that bade Ehrenbreitstein bare her mineral tinctures. Oh, beautiful mountain! Oh, more beautiful Rainbow! thou beloved Phantom of many beams and many memories,—joyous Visitor—melancholy Fugitive!

“ When o’er the green undeluged Earth
Heaven’s Covenant, thou didst shine,
How came the World’s Gray Fathers forth,
To watch thy Sacred sign.

And when its yellow lustre smiled
O’er mountains yet untrod,
Each Mother held aloft her Child
To bless The Bow of God.”

CAMPBELL’S “ *Rainbow*.”

Coblenz, Hotel of the Giant,
November 8th, 1844.

“ TIME! What call you Time? I see it not, I
“ feel it not; it is but a shadowy name, a suc-
“ cession of breathings measured forth by night
“ with the clank of a Bell, by day with a shadow
“ crossing along a Dial stone. Knowest thou
“ not a true Knight’s time should only be reckoned

“ by the deeds that he performs in behalf of God
“ and his Lady ?” *

Now, although I have survived the days of Chivalry, and therefore certainly do not know how a true Knight's time should be reckoned in the opinion of the mighty Dwarf who figures with such superfluous folly in that Tale of the Talisman, I have ascertained at least how a hapless Pilgrim's moments may be numbered in this Hotel of the Giant at Coblenz. It is on the Pier—but for disturbance of every description it is *peerless*. You would think that this vast and German Hostelry inherited the site of some haunted Castle, from whence it takes its name, so incessant are the noises that traverse the long corridors which embrace both our saloon and sleeping room. Otranto never was so infested.

Long before the day break of one morning has interfered with the unhealthy slumbers of the preceding night, the clamour commences. Some direful Dampschiff is at hand every hour, boots and shoes, damper still, have to be thumped against the door, and, dampest of all, their proprietors have to tramp along the galleries, at once awakening and stunning you with their remorseless anxiety, either to reach the steamer or to escape from it.

“ Plash plash across the wet they go,
Tramp tramp across the dry !”

* The Talisman.

I have ceased for a week to wonder that the Germans assign the horsehoof to that Gentleman of Shakespeare the Prince of Darkness—

“ Modo, he’s called, and Mahu !”

Hotel de Geaunt, November 9th.

“ LET us write about that pretty castle,” said Christina, with a weary yawn, as we sate in our stately Hostel, hardly indemnified by hollow winds and tinkling rain from the woods and waters of the Rhine against the windows of Le Geaunt, for the alternate freezing and frying of those iron pillars, which the English use only in their laundries and vestibules, but which the Germans never banish from their saloons.

But there was some alleviation in the memory of those peerless lines of poor Armstrong,

“ Mark where the dry champain
Swells into cheerful hills ; where Marjoram
And Thyme, the love of Bees, perfume the air ;
And where the Cynorrhodon with the Rose
For fragrance vies ; for in the thirsty soil
Most fragrant breathe the Aromatic Tribes.
There bid thy Roofs high on the basking Steep
Ascend, there light thy Hospitable Fires,
And let them see the Winter Morn arise,
The Summer Evening blushing in the West ;
While with umbrageous Oaks the ridge behind
O’erhung defends you from the blust’ring North,

And bleak affliction of the peevish East.
O ! when the growling Winds contend, and all
The sounding Forest fluctuates in the Storm ;
To sink in warm repose, and hear the din
Howl o'er the steady Battlements, delights
Above the luxury of vulgar Sleep.
The murmuring Rivulet, and the hoarser strain
Of waters rushing o'er the slippery rocks,
Will nightly lull you to ambrosial rest.
*To please the Fancy is no trifling good,
Where Health is studied ; for whatever moves
The mind with calm delight, promotes the just
And natural movements of the harmonious Frame."*
Art of Preserving Health.

Fancy a Castle being called pretty ! And yet whose fault is it ? Undoubtedly not hers who yawned about its prettiness, but his who made it pretty ; his who metamorphosed the Haunt of Tradition into the Pleasure house of a Prince ; his majesty who, much to his loss, transmuted the Iron diadem into a crown of Gold ! Those uncar-cased Panoplies, Warriors in every thing but in the ghastly absence of motion and speech, those emblazoned Escutcheons, dear as they are to my heraldic partiality, are mockeries *here*. But it is impossible to overrate those exquisite Night Lamps of embossed bronze in the Queen's Bedchamber ; it is impossible to forbear coveting the Steel Mirror, that production of the illustrious Benvenuto, whether its garland of jewels be true or false. Still, gorgeous as this palatial garniture may be, it must yield up its

“ Crown and hearted throne ”

for that quiet colouring of vermillion, gold, and green with which the bequest of time and tempest endows those turretted groves.

Yes ! Stolzenfels *is pretty*. Its grand old Donjon, whose dismantled masonry in its ruddy ruin, girdled as it was with ivy, crowned with wilding shrubs, gemmed with the gillyflower, and enringed with the enamel of silver and golden lichens, I once affected to commiserate,—is now become *very pretty* ; it is enrobed with stucco from base to parapet. I have seen the Mask of the Ghost in Don Giovanni, but never a disguise so horrible as this !

If people sincerely wish to exorcise the Demoni-
acal paraphernalia of the Rhine, they will begin by building such habitations as this, and afterwards *forget to inhabit them !*

To-day at least I have beheld the Rhine abandoned of all his high Illusion, except the gloomy and gusty glories peculiar to an Autumnal Twilight. The river was swelling wide and white. Pile after pile frowned most inhospitably upon our course. There was just rain enough to render a shed acceptable, and just so much wind as would make a romance reader wish that shed a deserted Castle,—some vast Hall of antique residence, whose green hill re-echoes with that stormy melody which sounds so harmoniously from its cloudy sky and expiring woods !

Oh Father Rhine! thou wouldest be indeed a *Grand Father* if the monstrosities of thy modern erections had not eclipsed the iniquities of thine old Robber Castles.

Believe the word of a traveller, but no stranger, if *these* are to be thy pretensions, thou wilt soon cease to be any thing but a bright and abounding River, chaunted by the Minstrels of the Past, delivered only from the glaives and lances of marauding Knights to be given up to the knives and forks and bottles and corks of the Steamboat and Railway. I am writing in a gloomy mood it is true, for, all about us, there is sobbing wind and streaming rain, and a dying foliage fluttering from orchard, grove, and wood; even the unmellowed Walnut has deserted her faithful sister, the Cherry, which alone stands enveloped with a foliature of blushing barrenness. There is a time for all of us to die, and we ought to feel it especially now, when the witchlike vermillion of the Rowan tree, blending with that green and yellow melancholy, that Druidical phantom, the Mistletoe branch, tell their own tale of decay and death.

It is a well established Maxim in Morals, that it is far more difficult to rejoice with them that do rejoice, than to weep with them that weep.

Fielding has a sentence to this effect in Tom Jones, which, if it does not look amiable enough for *Letters of Gold*, has at least managed to engrave itself in the Iron Characters of its own severe Verity:—

“ To say the truth, want of Compassion is not to be numbered among our general faults. The black ingredient which fouls our disposition is Envy. Hence our eye is seldom, I am afraid, turned upwards to those who are manifestly Greater, Better, Wiser, or Happier, than ourselves, without some degree of malignity; while we commonly look downwards on the Mean and Miserable with sufficient Benevolence and Pity.”

The sincerest congratulations we offer to Good Fortune are unavoidably dashed with some alloy. There is an involuntary foreboding at our hearts, an oracular misgiving, as it were, the result of our own mortifying experiences, which interferes to render the office of Congratulation embarrassing if not painful. If otherwise, if Time and Trials have not yet shewn us this unpleasant Truth, then the feeling becomes (whatever we may choose to term it) *Envy*;—Envy modified, in proportion as Good or Evil preponderates in the disposition—but still Envy. Whereas, in the duty of Condolence, hard indeed must be the heart that can experience any but the softest and purest emotions of human nature. I put out of the question the despicable malignity that, under the guise of compassion, conceals its secret triumph—(though to the abandoned mind even that invests condolence with a kind of pitiful satisfaction,) and refer only to the prevailing feelings that animate us towards the afflicted. Pride slumbers, Envy dies,

Hate himself puts out his Torch ; and so completely does the bosom seem exorcised of all the demons which too often infest its recesses, that in the feeling of self-gratulation inspired by these soothing Emotions, Condolence becomes a luxury. In nothing is this axiom more conspicuously true than in the sensations with which we contemplate Antique and Modern Mansions,—the ruined and the recently erected Castle, or Abbey, or Manor House. In the latter case men look at the Building with eye askant ; they animadvert on the Builder's extravagance, criticize his taste, or scoff at his folly ; and even the Philosopher cannot contemplate tower after tower, as day after day they rise prouder and higher, without peopling its chambers with prognostics of the future evils they shall witness, the unuttered groans with which they shall resound, until fancy converts it into the permanent abode of Pain, visited only at shy and fleeting intervals by Enjoyment and Ease. Or perhaps utter Indifference, more mortifying still, casts its careless gaze on the laboured magnificence of the rising Fabric. What care you if this Tower be like the Eagle Tower at Caernarvon, or that Porch be modelled after the noble Gateway at Raby ? what though its Bowers be peerless, and its Halls the rivals of Royalty ? you are never likely to become its guest, and you pass on your way without so much as wishing the work ' good speed !'

Not so with the Ruin ; the most heartless or

the rudest wayfarer cannot pass its ivied chasms and windy walls without somewhat arresting him, he knows not why or whence. The veriest booby that ever gaped *does* gape at its gigantic gloom ; the clown, descended perhaps from the vassals of its former Knightly or Prelatic Barons, and as ignorant of his own descent as of them, will talk with reverential awe of its Aisles, and Turrets, and Prison Vaults ; while to the more enlightened mind,

Each pillar'd Arch and ivied Stone
Pleads haughtily for *Glories gone* !

And why ? Not merely from the grandeur of the Pile, the fireside spells of its Traditions, or the glories of its historical Associations ; but because Man and his mutabilities have done with it for ever, and because its stricken Form addresses the heart as a thing exempt from the meaner contingences of the world. The Sepulchres of Ages stand between you and it, and the hollow voice of Time sends over them from his remote recesses a Challenge, which at once awakens and subdues. The years that have enshrined its stones, if not the reverses it hath suffered, demand and obtain attention ; and if Chronicles have not stamped their painful illustrations on the Structure, Fancy busies herself in peopling it with her pictorial Creations, and thus renders it more bright, if not less melancholy. The utter Vacation from all

human vicissitudes, the dead and dreadful Deser-tion, the Silence, the Solitude, with their retinue of solemn imaginings, conspire to daunt and over-power the heart. It is as if you were to trace antient Stories in dark Hieroglyphics, as if you communed with the harrowing but unintelligible whisperings of Spirits, till your blood tingles and your hair stands on end at accents you cannot interpret !

With myself these sensations have had their sway, but always subordinate to the delicious im-pression of calmness and sanctity which such Places, abandoned by Man, but unforgotten by Nature, are so eminently calculated to inspire. Whether in the golden tranquillity of an Autumnal Atmosphere, the gray solemnity of Evening, or the thrilling eloquence of the Tempest, the feeling with me is ever the same,—an ecstatic Placidity, a high but peaceful Rapture. How impassive, how sublime, how spiritual is the character of a Deserted House ! The tide of earthly events,

“ With human agitation billow’d high,”

have once for all swept its resounding surges through chamber and archway, and now the Nightmare, *Ruin*, broods over them in deadly sleep. The Spirit of Life shakes vigour and enjoyment over its courts no longer, and the Angel of Death, for the last time, hath brushed its broad portals with the shadow of his departing wings.

Hope is no more, and Fear is past; and Strife and Clamour,—their very echoes are forgotten! Yet, (noble Desolations!) as if maintaining their instinctive and inalienable power,—they make the very elements their tributaries! The Sun displays his royal Oriflamme upon the Keep, the Wind sounds their Tocsin, gigantic Trees are their Pillars, green Leaves their Tapestries, and their Banners a million Flowers and streaming Shrubs: while the grave, the assiduous, the patient Ivy—with what affectionate respect does he cast his decent mantle over the majestic Corse. Oh! how powerfully does the aspect of a Ruin in this state of lifeless repose recall that fine verse in Leviticus:

“Then shall the Land enjoy her Sabbaths as long as it lieth *desolate*. As long as it lieth desolate it shall rest; because it did *not* rest in your Sabbaths when you dwelt upon it!”

Hotel du Geaunt, November 10th, 1844.

It was in and about the Martinmas time,
When the red leaves they were falling,
That a young man on his deathbed lay,
For the love of Barbara Allen.

How I rejoice that, although chidden and forbidden, I always loved Poets and Romance as a lad. Whether they chose the nightmare shapes of Fuzeli, or selected the Boccacio bowers of Stothard for their haunt, Romance and Poesy were always my friends.

This is the Vigil of St. Martin, and it is connected with nothing more precious to my mind than those nursery recollections of the pathetic Scottish Ballad, "The Cruelty of Barbara Allen." But this evening the romance of Martinmas, which first thrilled my ears from the legendary lips of an old Nurse in the Millcrofts below Lichfield Minster, has been more than realized. We had ascended to the narrow, the circumspectly narrow, buildings of Lahnseck's towered walls, and we were reposing, after the toils of this said ascent, upon the wild mint and flowering thyme which, like jewels upon the robe of an Empress, enamel the windwaving grass. In pensive Silence we traced against the cold grey sky the formidable memories of that domineering Tower, the Donjon Keep; or indulged the awful reflections which the Chapel's

octagonal Apsis suggests, those tall and slender windows, differing from the Graces only in *number*, and whose beauty makes one wish them the *Sacred Nine*. Willingly did we tone our thoughts to the mournfulness of its grassy Court-yard, and the Wind that howled as gentle and as melancholy as the moans of a dog dying above the mouldering remains of its master : when suddenly from height to height glanced a pirouette of Flambeaux, which you might have supposed to have been brandished in the white hands of a Taglione, a Cerito, or a Fanny Ellsler ; nay, it might have been the Pan-athenean dance of Torches, wherein hand from hand conveyed at once the glitter and the glory of the race. Then with a startling burst, broad and ruddy, flared forth those Pyres from the bosom of hill and wood, such as antient Ballads immortalize in the beaconfires of the Celtic Bealtane. I thought of Glenfinlas, of its foolish Hero and its fiendish Heroine, and of those weird stanzas :

“ Not so by high Dunlathmon’s fire
Thine heart was cold to love and joy,
When gaily rung the raptured lyre
To wanton Norna’s melting eye !

Wild stared the minstrel’s eyes of flame,
And high his sable locks arose,
And quick his colour went and came,
As fear and rage alternate rose.”

Full twenty Churches celebrated with their long-toned Campaniles these red bonfires of the moun-

tain; the solemn music of the one arising, deepening, and dying away above the persevering splendours of the other. Every hill that bore a Palace or a Ruin responded to these lights; while the artillery, which multiplied its own roar among their echoes, contributed to that musical solemnity of sound, which they strove to emulate in vain.

How sublime and lovely are even the departing pinions, the brodered raiment-skirts of those elemental Mythes,

“ The fair humanities of old Religion,
The Power, the Beauty, and the Majesty,
That had her haunts in Dale or Piney Mountain,
Or Forest, by slow stream or pebbly Spring,
Or Chasms and watery Depths !” *

How fondly do they linger around the caves, the woods, the rivers, and the very planets themselves ! Under the Rosicrucian system they claim a kind of hieroglyphic divinity, reigning as Gnomes within the quarry and the mine; as Sylphs they curb the cloudy chariots of the sky; sit enshrined, as Nymphs, within the fountain’s recess of living tapestry and transparent waters; and, in the realms of Fire are recognised under the fabulous figure of the Salamander. Even in these our days we see and hear of floral zones and coronals, enwreathed about the Village Wells and Streams,

* Coleridge, from Schiller.

“ Pale Lilies, Roses, Violets, and Pinks,
 Mix'd with the green of Burnet, Mint, and Thyme,
 And Trefoil ;”

THE FLEECE.

—which, to a poetical mind at least, compensates for the decay of their Pagan Urns and Altars ; while the griesly legends of the Scottish Kelpie, the English Friar Rush, or the German Wasserman, complete all that *terror* could add to *love* as incentives to *homage*. Nor was Vesta herself more punctiliously venerated by the banks of the Tiber, than the Gothic Fire-Lord of Scandinavian lore is, even now, during the twelve days of Christmas by the shrine-like hearth-vaults of old English Halls ; or in the squares and streets of English towns by the festal fires of the Eve of St. John, and whose bickering blaze, originally consecrated to the Teutonic Idol, celebrates to-night the Vigil of a Roman Catholic Saint. The great Bard's Exorcism is not as yet complete !

The lonely mountains o'er,
 And the resounding shore,
 A voice of weeping heard and loud lament ;
 From haunted Spring and Dale,
 Edged with poplar pale,
 The parting Genius is with sighing sent.
 With flower-enwoven tresses torn,
 The Nymphs in tangled shade of twilight thickets mourn.

Let me not omit to mention, that the Misseltoe flourishes hereabouts in such abundance as would make the fortunes of our little English villagers

at Christmas time. She waved—(that mysterious Branch !)—she waved her livid berries and leathern foliage, evidently an alien to those orchards of apple, plum, and pear, their foster mothers, in all the ghastly glimmer of an autumnal twilight. The white-robed Hierophant of the Druids, the Golden Sickle, and the sunless forest, that profaned Temple of an abominable worship, disclosed their moonlight glimpses before my mental eye.

Quickly, however, did this grim phantasmagoria of blind and bloody Idolatry fleet before the more genial enthusiasm of less barbarian times—the festal imageries of the Baronial Hall; the Boar's head, with its rosemary garland; the scarlet beading (brighter than coral) of its polished Holly, that Knight of the Festival; the glossy cowl of its Hermit, the Ivy; and chief of all, the Yule Clog, whose ruddy radiance for awhile laughed at that raiment of many colours which in the sunshine clothed its long array of legendary lattice. Shall I own that I forgot all our old English Christmas vision for Virgil's poesy? Forgot all for that beauteous passage in which our beloved Maro has, with the art of a true magician, associated the auspicious Birds of Venus, the Descent of Avernus, and the enchanted Bough of Gold with the romantic Misseltoe.

“ *Inde, ubi venere ad fauces graveolentis Avernī,
Tollunt se celeres; liquidumque per Aëra lapsæ
Sedibus optatis geminæ super Arbore sidunt;*

Discolor unde Auri per ramos aura refulsit.
 Quale solet silvis brumali frigore viscum
 Fronde virere nova, quod non sua seminat arbos,
 Et croceo fœtu teretes circumdare truncos:
 Talis erat species Auri frondentis opacâ
 Illice: sic leni crepitabat bractea vento.

ÆNEID VI.

Certainly the Rhine should be seen beneath the canopy of the Twilight Year, the Wind and Wood mourning beside his bed; it is but a trite saying, but still these hectic coughs and bitter tears of nature do make one enamoured of death.

In passing round at the base of one large Tower whose foundation was the living rock, we started a Hare from her form. How glad were we that our terrier Mist was the most harmless animal that ever brushed through the red rose-berry, or trampled the velvet moss, and that the beeches and hasels were not to be stained with the blood of the sole and gentle inhabitant of their Ruins! They tell me the Duke of Nassau is about to make this antique palace the mimicry of its opposite rival Stolzenfels.*

And will they not leave thee alone, old wall?
 And will they not leave thee alone?
 Must they make thee a mock
 To the Iron Rock
 Which has been so long thy throne?

* *The Haughty Hill* is its German etymology; and truly it deserves the title.

Will they let in the ray
Of audacious Day
Into those Antique Chambers
Within thy Donjon tall,
About whose o'erworn Wall
The wild Vine cluster vainly clambers ?

Will the Wallflower no longer
Grow sweeter and stronger
Within thine embattled moat ?
Will the shrubs no more
In Autumnal hour
A tarnished blazon float
On the top of thy tallest Tower ?

There may be a blazing Hearth within,
And the clink of the Flagon heard
When the Festival's uproarious din
The heart of man hath stirred.
But where will be the romantic glee—
That mixture of mirth and solemnity—
This melodious Gust—
Through the storm-torn sky
So soft and high ? - - -
It will depart, for it must !

For when men drink,
And their Minstrels clink,
And the clamorous Healths are given,
What ear will listen,
What eye will glisten
One moment to think
On the Music breathed by Heaven.

They will put in their panes
Of the blazon'd glass,
They will tear down the window-sill's Tapestry of grass ;
But how can we prize its gorgeous dyes,
Since the funeral light of these gray skies,
They may banish, but never surpass.

Adieu then, House of Awe !

Where the Ghosts of Memory dwell,

Since the Raven and Eagle,

The Fatal, the Regal,

No more will scream thy knell,—

To thine Old Age I bid farewell.

Farewell to Tradition's storied Home,

Farewell, the Great Past !—for *there's little to come.*

T. H. W.

Talk of the old age of Castles,—what is it to the *Αθυμία*—the decrepitude of the Heart ! Bleak winds blowing more harsh than the flood, that spreads its pallid form to their embrace, are tyrannical enough ; but they are nothing to that overwhelming power of Circumstance which, by undermining, or exploding, by rotting or caressing, destroy that *tower of man, his heart !*

“ When the mortal Coldness of the soul
Like Death itself comes down,
It cannot feel for others' woes,
It dares not dream its own.”*

Nevertheless, I cannot help thinking that the Pilgrimage of Life is, at no stage, destitute of its comforts and refreshments, if we would but see, or seen, use them as they were given. It may be said to resemble a fair umbrageous Orange-tree, resplendent with golden fruitage, and exhaling precious odours from its silver bells, but about whose branches and trunk some monstrous Reptile has enwreathed its sable coil. Still “ the trail of

* Byron.

the Serpent *is not over them all.*" True, his pestilent breath undulates hither and thither, poisoning and polluting, but there still remain rich fruit to be tasted, fragrant flowers to be plucked; and it is surely the best wisdom to leave the tainted untouched, even by Remembrance.

" Away with the Past! Let us borrow
More gold from the Mint of To-morrow.
Hope, lend us thy torch
To illumine its Porch,
And we'll leave in the lurch
Poor Yesterday's Sorrow."—T. H. W.

Cologne, November 16th, 1844.

It was about eleven o'clock of the loveliest day that ever emancipated November from his prerogative of gloom,—that, rising like magic from the horizon of the Rhine, glowing with the most illusive charms of Baronial, Municipal, and Monastic beauty,—the City of Agrippina, the Shrine of Three Kings, and the Tomb of Eleven thousand Virgins, the "Rome of the North," as Hope calls her, or,—to descend from the counting-house stool of periphrasis,—Cologne, saluted us. Embroidering the blue heavens with her vast and variegated outline of embattled Ramparts, Roman Towers, and the Steeples, Spires, Domes, and Minarets of a hundred Churches, this venerable City sate en-

throned in the Gothic Glories of her grand Architecture, and enmantled in a golden Robe of Sunlight, perplexing the judgment to decide whether it were to the ruddy brown of their antique material, or to the overpowering brilliance of the sun, we were to attribute the beautiful effect of her Edifices. Among the wild armament of Lombardic and Gothic Temples, the stately Spectre of the Dom and the Byzantine majesty of the Apostle's Church were conspicuous. But when we entered we found her like the Fiend of old Romance, externally fair, in gorgeous robes, priceless jewels, and plumed head gear, but hideously ugly and foul of form within; the clamour, filth, and jostling traffic indescribable. The Apostle's Church, it is true, gave me a glimpse of its glorious cruciform, each Clerestory a link of medieval circlets, each extremity a sweeping Apsis, and the whole the boast and glory of the Romanesque. Moreover, a close view of the Minster Choir almost made me forget that monstrous crane which, for centuries, has pointed its iron claw in derision and rebuke towards the mansions of her dilatory, her impoverished, or her parsimonious citizens. There were several fine Towers and Gate archways in the long line of Walls, which made me turn, again and again, my gaze through the vistas of her autumnal avenues. But I was glad to be out of her crooked streets and unutterable puddles. And now, farewell to the Father Rhine, "a River,

which presents so many historical recollections of Roman conquests and defeats, of Chivalric exploits in the Feudal periods, of the wars and negotiations of modern times."

Away! I can no longer dance in fetters; if I am to talk of the Coronation of Emperors, I must imagine the Cathedral Dom, the clamour of bells, the explosion of cannon, the ring of gorgeously arrayed patricians, the shouts of the festal multitude, the gold and the jewels, the velvets and the silks, the throne, the diadem, and the Monarch whom the worms were awaiting; the flush of the sunlight through the Painted windows, which, falling on the pavement, haply indicated the very spot where this Regal Dust and Ashes was sometime to repose.—But to return to my fetters, or rather to add to their links,—Adieu to the Rhine, adieu to that magnificent Stream which the Mountain Mother herself must have loved so much, that the Mysteries ceased at Eleusis, only to become Traditions on the Rhine. That River whose Forests invite the magic feats of Ismael, whose fertile Plains Armida might have chosen for her bower;—whose Vineyards proclaim the supremacy of art above the fortresses of nature;—on whose banks one hesitates whether the Town or the Ruin flourishes most;—about whose bank Chronicle has assumed a prescriptive right to enwreath the garland of her particoloured flowers; whose Universities, many as

they have sent forth to the world, strong to encounter, and gentle to mitigate, and wise to control the contingencies of fortune, have given to society few so noble, so gentle, and so wise, as our own Albert.

Aix la Chapelle.

AN expanse of country flat enough to shew us the prevailing enchantment of sunshine, conducted us amidst the temperature of a mimic May to Aix la Chapelle, that place of bad hotels and shabby gambling houses, where, like the modern creditor of insolvent nobility, the sordid degradation of the present is contented to trust the Memories of the Imperial past.

“Marianne was the darling of Aix la Chapelle,”

says Bunbury's ballad of the “Little Gray Man:”

“She bore through its province unenvied the bell:”

unenvied indeed. Poor Mary Ann! I am sorry for her in truth: her patrons, if resembling what they are now, in this city of gaming-houses and sulphur Baths, were anything but darlings, and ‘*her fellows*’ could have been no great things.

It is a gloomy, dirty, disreputable looking

place, the very fag end of broken constitutions and dilapidated characters. And yet what high thoughts, what romantic memories, hover, like august and eloquent ghosts above this Place of Charlemagne. How must the Emperor Otho have recoiled from that vainly supercilious Corpse of the Great Charles, that miserable exemplar of pride, surviving death itself, that Enthroned Skeleton, mocking the Imperial Crown and Mantle with its mouldering carrion. Surely the sceptre in his hand was a bitter commentary on that copy of the Gospels upon his knees!—“*Tell me where thou hast laid Him*”—saith Magdala’s Mary of her buried Lord. But *here*, not laid down like a tired infant on its great nurse’s breast, embalmed in that sleep which to all men is the pause between Transgression and Judgment, but prohibiting to one world its dismal paraphernalia only to mock the magnificent formalities of the other,—that mighty and high minded Sovereign, who found the weight of empire so overwhelming, that even in his Lifetime he divided the burden,—was made the posthumous Scarecrow of Regality.

They have a tradition here, of that Imperial Chair, which alone has been left to this Cathedral of all this perfunctory folly, that Napoleon refused to profane the melancholy monument of Imperial nothingness when he came a conqueror to Aix la Chapelle.

It was precisely what might have been expected from the adventurous soldier, who mingled his superstitious idolatry of the past with his ambitious defiance of the future. Josephine, however, less scrupulous or more inquisitive, is said to have repaired to the solemn old Dom Kirch in the gloom of twilight, entered its gigantic darkness alone, ascended the stately Hoch-Münster, and sat down upon that throne which had been the Chariot of Victory and Empire to the venerable Carovingian Family.

No long time elapsed, however, before those who waited without (for she had adventured this daring deed alone) heard a piercing shriek ring round the cloistered arcades of the Cathedral: and rushing in, they found the Imperial Creole extended in a deep swoon upon the steps of the Marble Chair. On her recovery, Josephine declared that she had scarcely usurped the royal seat when a Gigantic Figure in gorgeous panoply, whom the Imperial Diadem and Mantle, no less than its preternatural stature, proclaimed to be the Mightiest of his Mighty House, appeared amidst a misty spectral light, and divulged such fearful circumstances of the Futurity which awaited her ominous elevation, that, after vain attempts to listen with fortitude, she fainted. What the triumphant Horror shewed, which even *her* strong mind and tender heart found insupportable, she *never revealed*.

Doubtless it was—not the Abdication of Fontainebleau, not the Defeat of Waterloo, not the Exile of Saint Helena,—but that deadly conference with Fouché, followed as it was with that bitter mockery of magnificence,—the Widowhood of Malmaison, which overpowered even Josephine's princely courage, by piercing it through her woman's heart.

I love the Germans, they are a Race worthy of their own chivalrous, sublime, romantic, Fatherland. What though people *do* say that a German consists of three things, the Pipe, the Cloak, and the Man? so much the better. The Pipe is a genial comforter, the Cloak a faithful guardian, and the Man a hearty, kindly, goodly creature, deserving the best offices of both. Yes I do love the German, he is so *genuine*. Courteous without fawning, homely but highminded, frank yet perfectly wellbred; the politeness of the German is less the politeness of the lip than of the heart. Equally remote from the punctilious accolade of the Italian, the complimentary paroxysms of the Parisian, and that savage shyness which distinguishes a portion of my beloved Compatriots, the address of a German to a stranger makes you feel

at once that he would do something for you if he could, instead of implying, what he *could* do for you if he *would*. Indeed, to meet a trueborn Briton abroad and remark his moody Reserve, his barbaric recoil from casual intercourse, you might either imagine him a newly caught Aboriginal from the Druid forests of Mona, or some spellbound individual, who, although like The Ancient Mariner, he may

“ Pass like Night from land to land ;”—

certainly

“ has not strange Power of Speech !”

For my own part, I deem it no breach of charity to affirm, of shy and silent men in *general*, that they are the vainest creatures under the sun. In nine cases out of ten, your Shy Man has set up a Graven Image in his own heart, and trembles to open the shrine, lest it should not receive the same homage from others which he so obsequiously offers himself. He resembles the Schoolboy with his single piece of money, of whose value he is so sensitive, that he hesitates to lay it out, lest its return should not be commensurate with its imaginary worth. He occupies his place in society much in the same way as the Darkveiled Skeleton of the Egyptian Banquet, with this difference, however, that he appropriates his full share of those viands and wines, which of course

the Ghostly Lady left untasted ; and while *her* presence conveyed a sublime and impressive moral, *his* generally inflicts an unnecessary nuisance. Meantime he looks on superciliously, while others, less penurious of language than himself, are contributing as they may to the Treasury of Conversation ;—his only merit, that, although as little as possible resembling an Echo, yet, like an echo, *he never contradicts you*. Nevertheless, were I to choose, I would rather hear the sociable cackling of the Goose by his Farmyard Pond, than see the silent goggle of the Owl upon his lonely Barn-gable. But

“ Oh, my Anthonio, I do know of those
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing ; who, I'm very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.”

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

The Cathedral at Malines is adorned with a great tower, which, in my opinion, has not its peer for stateliness of height, beauty of proportion, and the exquisite chiselling of its numerous buttresses, which, tall and slender, ascend to the very parapet of its unfinished roof. I say unfin-

ished, because, like Ulm, it was originally destined to a loftier height, an elevation which I for one think it was fortunate to have escaped, since what it gained in altitude it would inevitably have lost in symmetry. The whole appearance of this noble city is at once very fantastic and very superb. The Grand Place in size surpasses, and in its distinguished mansions, at least rivals the Romer Platz at Frankfort. There is one spot from whence at a single view the spectator beholds that romantic Burgundian edifice now the Academie de Dessin on the one hand, while the august steeple of Saint Rombald soars like the Genius of the place upon the other. Fronting him, from the opposite side of this vast area, boldly plain and defying the rules of art, (the very *Sublime* of ugliness,) frowns that huge and ancient fortalice, originally the Hotel de Ville, but now appropriated to a purpose more congenial to its grim and moody aspect. It is the Town-Prison. From each side of this vast and dreary pile two noble Streets of ample breadth, stately heighth, and romantic architecture, branch off till they lose their lordly vistas in the distance. They are just what you could fancy the Scenes of a Roman or Athenian Theatre to have been, and indeed reminded me strangely of that most beautiful model of Palladio, with its fine perspective of palatial streets, the Olympic Theatre at Vicenza. Diverging from different quarters of the Place, like

the radiations of a planet, five more streets,—(making seven in all,) complete the panorama, and reveal so much of beauty and interest, that even when they stretch beyond the sight, the imagination follows them, and measures the magnificence they conceal by that which they have deigned to disclose.

Mechlin is rich in Rubens.

Now I will yield to no man alive in admiration of Sir Joshua Reynolds. I appreciate his masterly works, I venerate his opinions, and I love his candour, but I fear I must fall into one of the two classes who as he asserts, (in speaking of Rubens) “either have a narrow conception of the variety of art, or are led away by the affectation of approving nothing but what comes from the Italian school,” since, alas! I for one “*cannot see the extraordinary merit of this great painter.*” Nay, I cannot endure his Flesh—his fat flabby Bacchanalian Flesh! All his men and women are either melting warm or broiling hot; they look as if in the very act of that vastly injudicious transit—‘out of the fryingpan into the fire!’ and to me the wondrous gorgeousness of his colouring and the glorious freedom of his outline are scarcely compensations for these sources of disgust. Perhaps it is because I don’t know better. His ancient Chateau is not far from Malines. But there was one Mansion in its vicinity which nothing short of a slight annihilation of time and space,

or, perhaps the wings of an eagle, would have enabled me to gratify my earnest desire of visiting, I mean that towered Residence, the Drey Dorm of David Teniers, whose effigies, with its moat and grove, and bridge and turrets, round and square, he so loved to introduce into his paintings. I have at this moment before my eye, two engravings of this illustrious house, exuberant in all the romantic caprices of the Burgundian architects, and under one of them is the following quatrain by the great Painter himself,

“ Je chers se Sejour de Gotique Structure
J’ aime ces bonnes Gens et leur rusticite
J’y trouve ce qui fait le prix de ma Peinture
Le vrai, naturel, dans simplicité.”

I possess a thick old Volume of Dutch Pictures, bound in vellum, representing hundreds of such antique Baronial Hofs and Sclots ;—and, from a lad, I loved to pore over them. They bewilder but delight you with their Steeples, Turrices, Gables, Gloriettes, Courts, Moats, Drawbridges, and the heighth and breadth of their steep-roofed and many-windowed Walls. Gray and ivied, yet anything but desolate, they all rejoice to exhibit specimens of the antiquated, the stately, the capricious, the prodigal luxuriance of the Burgundian Architecture. And, to put the finishing stroke to their pictorial grandeur, you have always solemn Groves of high old trees tossing and moan-

ing heavily in the gust, or shrining their lordly Coronals in the sunny sky,—chaunting forth their melancholy Legends in the evenings of Autumn, or becoming an Orchestra of Singing Birds in the rich and leafy afternoons of Summer.

Now, among those Piles of ponderous but romantic Majesty which you encounter hereabouts, rearing their Spires and brandishing their Weather-cocks above the Moats and Avenues of Brabant and Flanders, I was particularly struck with one huge broad Sclot, or Chateau, displaying this morning its grizzled front from among a gathering of magnificent Groves to the onslaught of an Orient Sun. Sclot Windenberg (such is its Flemish title) was formerly one of the Summer Palaces of the Spanish Viceroyalty, and exhibits an imposing extent of castellated buildings, whose main body consists of three vast Towers rising to the imperial altitude of seven Stories. But it realizes pathetically that fine apostrophe of Sir William to the ruined Habitation of his Forefathers :

“ Yonder, ah me ! it desolately stands,
Without a Roof, the Gates fall’n from their bands,
The Casements all broke down, no Chimney left ;
The naked Walls of Tapestry all bereft ;
My Stables and Pavillions broken walls,
That with each rainy blast decaying falls ;
My Gardens, once adorn’d the most complete
With all that Nature, all that Art makes sweet,
Where, round the figured Green and pebbled Walks,

The dewy Flowers hang nodding on their stalks ;
 But, overgrown with nettles, docks, and brier,
 No Jaccacincths nor Eglantines appear.
 How do those ample Walls to Ruin yield,
 Where Peach and Nectarine branches found a bield,
 And bask'd in rays which early did produce
 Fruit fair to view, delightful in the use !
 All round in gaps,—the most in rubbish lie,
 And from the rest the wither'd branches fly."

The Gentle Shepherd, Act ii. Scene 1.

The Sclot of Windenberg has not however quite to bewail all this accomplishment of desolation, for she is still decorated with the usual Burgundian paraphernalia,—pendent Turrets with conic Roofs, steep Gables of the deep Crowstep, and bulky corniced Chimnies. Innumerable Windows and foliated Balconies peer out in every direction, and a turretted Drawbridge (or rather its remains) commands a wide and weltering Moat, whose waters, surviving the meridian splendours of the Pile they loved to reflect, continue a melancholy mirror of its decay. The general effect of this truly picturesque Mansion is vastly enhanced by the range of subordinate buildings which, diversified by every exuberance of fancy that ever delighted a Burgundian Builder's brain, at once relieve and illustrate the massive dignity of the Three Main Towers. At each angle of these, an indented Gable springs from about the third Story, forming a graceful flat Turricle. Huge and impressive, this Brabantine Palace glares through a

brawny bodyguard of monstrous Beeches and Oriental Planes. It stands the Sovereign of an ample Solitude, not another dwelling being within view; and the cumbrous grandeur of its proportions, its princely port, and the freakish beauty of its lineaments, afforded me infinite satisfaction. And that it might lose no adventitious ornament as a Spectacle, the most radiant Sunshine that ever took compassion upon a November morning enfolded these Patrician Walls with yellow lustre, painting Turret and Pinnacle, Coign and Gable, with the boldest lights and shadows, and mantling with unnecessary Gold its gigantic Groves, already metamorphosed from their vigorous verdure into deceitful splendour by that hoary Alchemist, Autumn.

To this dilapidated Burgundian abode welcome, we beseech thee, my dear P——, the following Legend, for therein it is destined to find a home.

It was somewhere about the middle of the Seventeenth Century that a Medical Man residing in Louvain was summoned to attend the bedside of a Criminal who had recently undergone the Marter or Torture, and who, when sufficiently recovered from its effects, was sentenced to perish on the Wheel. On entering one of the dimmest Cells in the Rathaus, the Herr Kauffman found a robust, powerful young Man stretched in his shirt and drawers upon a coarse Pallet. Deep labouring sighs, or rather sobs, were heaving his naked

breast, like the swell of a subsiding storm ; and the perspiration that gushed from every pore of his skin clotted his brown clustering hair, stood in large beads upon his broad white forehead, and streamed down his lusty arms, which had been bared to the shoulder evidently for the more effectual infliction of the Torture.

A Sister of Charity, attired in the simple Conventual Garb of Black and White, was supporting the Sufferer's head, and pouring, from time to time, drops of some precious Elixir between his parched lips ;—while, in hideous contrast to the figure and attire of this ministering Angel, the haggard form of the Executioner, with his fur cap and blood-coloured tabard, occupied the opposite side of the bed upon whose straw mattress (scarcely less uneasy than the Gehenne itself) the unhappy Patient had been recently deposited. But upon the entrance of the Surgeon the Griesly Terror* disappeared, gliding like some guilty thing from forth that dismal chamber.

Every measure requisite for the recovery of the hapless Culprit was immediately resorted to by the Surgeon and his gentle associate ; and when that doubtful benefit, restoration to consciousness, was once achieved, it was followed up by all that Skill could accomplish and Compassion suggest on the part of Herr Kauffman, most effectually

* Milton.

reinforced by the assiduous ministrations of the compassionate Beguine. For three days the Sufferer hovered between Life and Death. He had evidently paid the penalty of his great strength by the extremity to which that strength had transported his fortitude. Agony at length, superior to the patience of the most heroic Nerve, had torn from his tongue the Confession of that Guilt of which his heart never knew the burthen ; and it is in the following succinct Narrative, delivered to the good Surgeon just before his Execution, that we shall discover what share Truth, and what Torture had in this involuntary avowal. But a Tale without a Title would be as bad as a Deed with a Name, so call it

THE GUILT OF GOLD.

“ These ancient Palaces had also a number of other Characteristics, which seize the Imagination, and have lately been called up with great success by the Inventors of Fictitious Narratives. Such are their Trapdoors for descent, their long protracted Galleries, their immense Suite of Rooms, opening one beyond the other ; their Chapels, constituting a part of the Mansion, by means of which the Solitary Explorer of the Building unexpectedly descends among the Monuments of the Dead, and the crumbling Memorials of a departed Religion ; and their Arras Hangings, with ill contrived and rattling Doors concealed behind them.”

GODWIN'S *Life of Chaucer*.

TWO young Men, Raphael and Michael Baumgarten, twin sons of a decayed Burgomaster of Louvain, were left by their father at the very entrance of manhood with little more of his vast but vanished Opulence than that huge and desolate Sclot of Windenberg, which has been already described as not only a wilderness of chambers, but moreover as distinguished by all the rich ornaments and exaggerated features of a Flemish Manor Castle. Their family pride, reinforced perhaps by affection for their Father's memory, at once forbade their selling the useless and tumble-down lumber which formed their only Home, and repudiated the idea of admitting Lodgers, even if any should be found ambitious enough or poor enough to desire a residence in the picturesque desolation of its Palatial Apartments. Their Poverty, therefore, left them only the comfortless alternative of taking up their abode in one Wing of the Huis Windenburg, whereof a couple of Turrets as Bedchambers, and a large dismantled Saloon as their eating room, constituted all their occupancy of this degraded Burgundian Palace. Meantime the Tapestry was withering upon the Walls; the rich Paintings of Legend or Heraldry that adorned the wide Windows and sculptured Oriels, after long battling with the Rain and screaming with the Wind, gave way at length; and the great Pictures upon the

heavy sculptured Wainscotts of Walnut wood and Larch, soon began to acknowledge, with those panelled Walls themselves, what turbulent and destructive visitors the shattered Lattices had let in. The round socket of the Clock-dial remained on the Great Bell-tower; but, alas! the Clock itself lay, face upward, on the flagged pavement of the Court below, amidst a rank bed of huge nettles, and docks, and mallows, which its own weight had framed for it, and which waved over it to the sullen winds in mockery of Mourning. A dire split traversed diagonally its sumptuous frontlet, with all its gilded figures distinct though dim; and you felt that human eloquence could never have pronounced so pathetic an Elegy on the Pile that moulders above it as this down-stricken Disk, once the golden rival of the Sun in mid air, the Herald of Time, the Monitor of Men, the Governor of gorgeous Festivals, the solemn and sublime Oracle of Day and Night,—supine, unheeded, useless,—upon the weed-worn pavement, at once the Symbol and the Moral of Decay, and, in its very Silence, trumpet-tongued with that tremendous Legend, “TIME WAS!” The Swallow, with each returning Summer, shewed by her loved mansionry in the rich entablature and cross beams of the superb oak Ceilings, how infinitely she preferred

“To make her pendent bed and procreant cradle”

within apartments sheltered from the onslaught
of the elements, to any

“ — Jutty, frieze,
Buttress, or coign of vantage,”

which the exterior of the Palace could boast. As for that insect Dionysius, the Spider, he seemed to have abandoned every other nook in Huis Windenburg for the purpose of weaving his curtains and building his geometrical dens in those sunny Chambers, wherein, for their own sakes, the Twin Brothers had maintained the many coloured and ample casements inviolable and entire. Dim with deep layers of undisturbed dust, through which the broadest and boldest Meridian struggled to find its way, it was here that Heywood might have witnessed what he so poetically portrays—

“ Behold the Battilments! in every Loope
How th’ Ordnance lieth, Flies far and near to fatch ;
Behold how every Piece that lieth there in group
Hath a Spider-Gunner with ready fired match.
Behold, on the Walls, Spiders making rare Watch,
The Watch-Spider in the Tower, alarum to strike
At approach of any Nomber shewing warlike.”
Spider and Fly.

Years rolled away with so much monotony that their flight was scarcely perceptible. The melancholy pinions of Time, all sable and gray to the secluded Brothers, possessed not that varie-

gation to mark his flight which, to the prosperous, makes his plumage seem, all silvery and rose-coloured as it is, only too regretful a Remembrance of Life's swiftness and decay. To *them* those Four great Mansion-halls of Nature, the Seasons, with their many-coloured Dial, the blooming and fading Flowers, existed not; or, if indeed they did, they were all merged in that Winter which made the mangy fur robe and the scanty hearth-fire necessary; and in that Snow which blocked up their dingy windows, needlessly barricaded their iron-banded door, or flung itself, an unheeded visitant, in sullen drifts upon the painted pavements of their unlatticed Saloons!

Years rolled on, but, at length, *not* without a change. By degrees a murmured Report, scarcely audible, and still less credible, at first, arose among their fellow-citizens that the Brothers Baumgarten were beginning to raise their heads above the water. Thereto succeeded a louder rumour that they were warm men. Upon this, in due season, was engrafted the assertion that their wealth was enormous; and by the time that the Twin Baumgartens attained the hoary confines of dotage, and their Palace Home had scarcely a stone to stand upon, all this gossip had settled down in the confirmed opinion, (which the abject penury of their habits tended rather to corroborate than to repress,) that the riches of the Twin Misers, as they now began to be called, far

transcended the power of Fable or the flights of Imagination. Fame said that in the bye-corners and recesses, the countless and unimaginable Hiding-holes of Huis Windenburg,

“ Silver in Bags heap’d up,
Like Billets sawn and ready for the fire,
Unworthy to hold fellowship with bright Gold,
That flow’d about the room, conceal’d itself.
There needs no artificial light ; the splendour
Makes a perpetual day there, Night and Darkness
By that still burning Lamp for ever banish’d.
Each sparkling Diamond from itself shot forth
A Pyramid of flames, and in the Roof
Fix’d it a glorious Star, and made the place
Heaven’s abstract or epitome ! Rubies, Sapphires,
And ropes of Orient Pearl (these seen) I could not
But look on with contempt. And yet I found
A Treasure far exceeding these ; here lay
A Manour bound fast in a skin of Parchment,
The Wax continuing good, the Acres melting,
Here a sure deed of Gift for a Market town,” &c. &c.
MASSINGER.

Now all this Tale of Affluence was about precisely as correct as such reports in general are ; that is, about one half was truth, and one half falsehood.

The first resolution of Raphael and Michael Baumgarten, upon the Evening of their Father’s Funeral, was to strain every nerve and faculty for the retrieval of the Burgomaster’s lost Wealth, even though they should die in the attempt. Their second determination decreed that Self-

Denial should reinforce their Enterprise, and *that* moreover to the very dissolution of Flesh and Spirit.

Accordingly their very inconsiderable remainder of Money was at first embarked in so judicious an Adventure, that its uncalculated success enabled the Brothers to proceed from more to more:—while the inevitable disappointments which occasionally embarrassed their Speculations tended rather to animate than to discourage their aggrandising impulse; and the occasional losses they encountered were far more than counterbalanced by their subordinate Spirit, Parsimony. Like other Familiar Demons, it was for ever at their elbow, until at length, from having been their officious Minister, it became their tyrannical Master.

They had, by this time, become steeped to the lips in all the deleterious consequences resulting from the Flood of Gold,—that tide tenfold more hardening than the waters of Styx, which rendered only the exterior, the skin and flesh, invulnerable; while this communicates its direful petrification to the very heart itself. And yet, all adamant as they were, there was a touch from the holy fingers of Nature, that might have softened even them; a voice of Pity, if not of Affection, that might have found an answer even in their preoccupied bosoms. And that touch *did* affect them, as much as the breath of May doth

the blasted and white Yew tree; and that voice *was* answered, but it was by the reverberation of their own hollow and embrazened hearts!

Raphael and Michael had one only Sister, who dying almost penniless, long after they had surmounted a similar state, implored that her only Boy might obtain that protection and assistance after her death, which she had vainly solicited from her brothers during her lifetime.

Their plea had formerly been the wild unsettled and prodigal habits of the youth. Alas! his poor mother knew that from experiences more painful even than their refusals! But what then? After all, he was the widow's only son; and, amidst all his wild exploits and escapades, never failed to demonstrate by proofs more solid than kind words and embraces, the paramount, the unvarying affection he felt for his mother.

Probably, however, there *might* be something more than the mere influence of their hard and niggardly nature, which actuated Raphael and Michael Baumgarten in their harsh and unrelenting rejection of their only Sister's only Son.

Be that as it might, it cannot at all events be denied, that if Ruprecht van Moërmont appeared to be one of those unhappy scapegoats, to whose devoted head a home for every unappropriated evil deed was sure to be assigned by the common consent of Louvain and its neighbourhood, his reckless and imprudent conduct furnished ample matter for Prejudice and Calumny.

The first of marauders among Orchards and Fish-ponds ; the Coryphæus of every petty civic disturbance ; hated by all Fathers for the seductive influence his good nature and gallant bearing acquired for him over their Sons ; dreaded by all Mothers for the glamour of his merry blue eye, and the accolade of his auburn moustache, which made such wild work among the Daughters ; poor Ruprecht had already been in a variety of scrapes, and was by this time about as fair an aim for the shafts of those deadliest passions, *Aversion* and *Fear*, as can well be imagined.

His situation and prospects wore this discouraging complexion, when the only tie to his affections, and the only check upon his passions, was cut asunder by the death of his Mother. In obedience to her dying commands, he smothered his own feelings sufficiently to apply, once more, to his Miser Uncles ; once more he experienced an unceremonious rebuff ; and without a syllable of invective, or even remonstrance, disappeared from the ominous wildernesses of the Huis Windenburg, as it seemed, for ever.

Well, Time shrugged his round shoulders and went on all the same. The Twin Misers became very old men ; but as they possessed not a particle

“ Of that which should accompany Old Age,
As Honour, Love, Obedience, Troops of Friends,”

so neither had they that quality which is supposed at once to alleviate and illuminate the darkness of increasing years,—increasing Wisdom. Avarice having monopolized every other feeling of human nature, finally barricaded every avenue of sense, in order to preserve its treasure inviolable. They had handled gold until, more unhappy than the Phrygian King, their very Souls became metal-line; and their yellow faces showed it! It is little to say that a couple of more practical fools could not easily be found. Still Folly is sometimes happy; and the Fool's Paradise is nevertheless a Paradise because it is a Fool's. But this was not the folly of Raphael and Michael Baumgarten: their folly was a Tartarus to them; and Phlegethon itself blazed not with such flames as Avarice and Alarm day by day kindled more and more in the bosoms of these miserable Old Men. Yes, the daily accumulation of that wealth, to which they had sacrificed everything, was now a daily accumulation of misery; for in proportion as they doated on its possession, so did they dread its abstraction.

True, much, very much had been invested in various securities both public and individual. But it was not sufficient for these Epicures of Gold to know that they possessed enormous wealth, and that wealth yearly multiplying itself by means unseen by them.

For the stamped and wreathed and crowned

coin they had the passion of Antiquaries; for the acquisition of ingots of precious metal, they were as greedy as the most wasteful Prodigal; and for Jewels, oh! their love surpassed the love of Duchesses and Queens. But it was with this difference; all these courted the public eye of admiration; and the *display* of their treasures was indispensable to their *enjoyment*. But, with the Twin Misers, the grand Arcanum, the Panchreston of their joy was Secrecy. Secrecy such as never threw its inviolate Veil over the Eleusinian Mysteries, or protected from profane beholders, the ineffable worship of Isis. And from time to time, they were punctilious in their worship of their groaning Coffers. Milman surely had them in his eye—

“ I look’d again

From our high window, by mere chance, and saw
The motion of his scanty moping lantern,
And, where his windrent lattice was ill stuff’d
With tatter’d remnants of a money-bag,
Through cobwebs and thick dust, I spied his face,
Like some dry wither-boned Anatomy,
Through a huge Chestlid, jealously and scantily
Uplifted, peering upon Coin and Jewels,
Ingots, and Wedges, and broad Bars of Gold,
Upon whose lustre the wan light shone muddily;
As though the New World had outrun the Spaniard
And emptied all its mines in that coarse hovel.
His ferret eyes gloated as wanton o’er them
As a gross Satyr on a sleeping Nymph.”*

* Fazio, Act i. Scene 1.

Of course all this fire could not but produce much smoke. Hundreds shared the love of all such pretty things with Raphael and Michael Baumgarten, and hundreds more were utterly unscrupulous as to their method of evincing that love. Indeed many went so far as to think that the most satisfactory way of testifying their devotion to the objects of their regard, was to use every effort to make them their own. It was at a period when the hearts (such as they were) of the Twin Misers were shrivelling up like singed parchment, at the partial success of one or two endeavours of this heroic nature, that Ruprecht van Moërmont, now a vigorous young Titan of some five or six and twenty, re-appeared before his Uncles; stated his indignation at the recent attempts, and offered his services, not only as the Dragon of their Hesperides, but also that he might afford them the thousand little attentions which their great Age, their decayed Intellects, and their helpless situation so imperatively required. The Twin Misers eagerly and tremblingly closed with Ruprecht's proposal. All he stipulated for in return was a Lodging in a separate wing of the desolate Huis Windenburg, a place admirably adapted to the mystery and concealment necessary to his perilous life; for alas! Ruprecht was now the Captain of a powerful Band of Smugglers. No pecuniary emolument, not even his daily sustenance, did he demand; and the whole agree-

ment was ratified by a mutual covenant, that neither parties should interfere with the other in those distinct regions of the vast Pile which mutual advantage had made the common residence of both.

Old Father Time shook his head, and went on as usual. But, at this stage of our story, the ugliest, as well as the most menacing symptom of the deadly influence of Avarice, began to develop itself in the Twin Misers. Through every revolution of their fortunes, the mutual affection of Raphael and Michael had continued, if not so conspicuous, certainly quite as potential, as their Covetousness. But now all this was at an end, rival candidates for the favour of their Goddess Pecunia, each envied the other his portion of her gifts. From Envy the Brothers proceeded to Suspicion; in the next place they feared, then they hated one another. They soon went so far as to consider each other's decease as a consummation most devoutly to be wished; till at length they mutually arrived at the secret resolution to *accelerate* such a consummation as clandestinely and as effectually as possible.

A Confidante, however, or rather an instrument was indispensable to the old murderous Dotards. It was known to neither, that Ruprecht was selected for this purpose by both. Each of these imbecile Monsters tampered with his Nephew, to compass the destruction of his Brother; each

endeavoured to persuade Ruprecht that the other was Master of all the Wealth, (although each had a separate hoard) each betrayed his Brother's hiding-hole to the Nephew, and alternately they endeavoured to bribe him to each other's Murder, by the promise of half the Dead Man's Gold. It will hardly be doubted, that the disgusted and indignant Ruprecht rejected with horror these bloody negotiations. But he did more, he communicated to Raphael the tender mercies Michael had in store for him : nor did he leave Michael one whit behind hand, as to a full and clear knowledge of his Brother's truly fraternal intentions towards himself.

This once done, of course the Huis Windenburg was no abode for Ruprecht. They who had been so little chary of a Brother's life, without any motive but a lust for his money, would be little likely to hesitate in removing one whom every feeling of Rage, Shame, and baffled Avarice, pointed out as the peculiar object of Revenge. Accordingly himself and all his appendages did Ruprecht van Moërmont speedily remove from the unsafe haunts of Windenburg ; nor was he visible for a considerable space within its mouldering halls.

Still Time paused not ; like the Damsel in the Epitaph, he "kicked up his heels and away he went." And when, after a year's lapse, Ruprecht returned for the last time to Windenburg, the old

fellow was as busy as ever with his scythe and hour-glass. Despite of Ruprecht's previous acquaintance with the labyrinths and recesses of the ruinous old Sclo, he had much difficulty in discovering his uncles' whereabouts. Their old chamber and turrets were utterly abandoned ; and it was not till after the waste of hours, in exploring the various dark corners of the Castle, that a low groan as of one dying in extreme agony reached his ear. It was from the wretched Michael, whom he found on the pallet of a miserable closet, expiring from numerous wounds ; and at his feet, perfectly dead, was the miserable anatomy his Brother. The gasping survivor had just voice to relieve Ruprecht's natural but horrible apprehension, that they had fallen by each others hands.

Men had broken into their chamber on the preceding evening, and had avenged themselves on the obstinacy with which the Old Men had refused to reveal their treasures, by piercing their shaking feeble bodies with repeated strokes of their knives ; after which they fled.

Poor Ruprecht's was a hard fate ! One of the Misers had, the day before, appointed a Notary of Louvain to attend him that very morning at Windenburg ; and Michael had scarcely expired after an incoherent lamentation over his Treasure-hoard, which was all lost on the bewildered Ruprecht, when that Functionary, with two se-

cretaries, made his appearance in the fatal Chamber, attracted to that quarter after many wanderings, by the Voices and Groans.

Ruprecht, with hands and garments bloody, from his attempts to staunch his Uncle's death-wounds, and his countenance ghastly with surprise and horror, was the only living thing the Officials of the Law encountered in the chamber. He willingly consented to accompany the party to Louvain, although conscious that heavy charges hung over his head in that city. Heavy indeed they eventually turned out! Suspicion lent all her aid to circumstances, of themselves sufficiently hostile; and alas! the less serious offences which had been proved against the luckless Ruprecht, gave body and weight to that heinous charge, which, nevertheless, nothing could have substantiated to his condemnation, but the Confession extorted from his innocent breast by *the Tender Mercies of Torture*.

Ha! mein Herr, the Jackdaw, at all events, has found out this lonely Mansion; and, by his pert, sharp clicking cry, proclaims, pretty clearly, his utter want of sympathy with the melancholy of its gigantic mould, and the terrors of its sanguinary traditions. See! the rounded parapet of yonder Tower is enringed with them like so many huge

beads of ebony. Well, I do respect the Daw for his good taste. You never observe a tall and antique edifice, whether Abbatic or Baronial, wherein this Black Letter Antiquary doth not establish a domicile. Nay, he even carries his affection for high towers so far, that I have seen the white and castled Cliffs of Dover, doubtless from this resemblance, pierced like the windows of a Dovecote with the hollow chambers of this sociable Bird.

The Eagle glares imperious pride
From his dread Aiery Throne,
O'er wilds untamed, untenanted,
He kings it all alone :
His haughty eye commands the sky,
And, in the very Sun,
Affronts a flame that cannot tame
The glance it glows upon.
But of every Bird on tower or tree,
The Daw, the jolly Jackdaw for me !

The Raven loves the dreary Moor,
And the white blasted Tree,
Where dull clouds sweep, and low winds weep,
And the Fern sighs dolefully :
He loves alone the Gibbetstone
With moss embroidered o'er,
Where the Grass grows rank, and the Irons clank,
A Skeleton once wore !
But, of every Bird on moor or lea,
The merry, the merry Jackdaw for me.

The Burgher Rook, sedate and sage,
By Town and Village dwells ;
And there erects, no Hermitage,
But streets and citadels.

O'er Barn and Grange his squadrons range ;
 Old stately Homes he loves ;
 Where'er builds he, prosperity
 Basks by protecting Groves.
 But of all the Birds by land or sea,
 The Daw, the sable Daw for me.

The Raven hates, the Eagle scorns,
 The social Mart of men ;
 And, if the Grove or Grange decays,
 The Rook deserts them *then*.
 But the brisk Daw, with kindly caw,
 Still constant we behold ;
 He cares, not he, how grim it be,
 If the House be high and old !
 And, of all the Birds I ever see,
 The faithful friendly Daw for me.

His banner where the Baron raised,
 Or Priest the censer swung,
 Where Minstrel harps the Champion praised,
 Or Funeral Bells were rung,—
 'Tis a regular law with the jocular Daw,
 To set up his Hostel there ;
 And he builds and dwells above Bowers and Cells,
 Next to the sweet blue Air !
 And of all the Birds that builders be,
 The buoyant, heartsome Daw for me.

For, when the last sad day arrives
 Of Desolation's doom,
 Though all be gone, the Daw survives,
 To animate the Gloom !
 No drear Decay scares *him* away,
 Though Knights and Monks be sped ;
 Flits his black wing, his brisk notes ring,
 By the Downfallen and the Dead !
 O ! then, of every Bird, for glee,
 The philosophic Daw for me.

T. H. W.

The famous 'Crucifixion' of Vandyke adorns with mouldering splendour a transept of the Minster. It deserves a better fate. Oh that the gallery of King Ludwig had it. The Church of Saint John's with its glorious Altar-piece embellished by five paintings of Rubens, we were prevented visiting by the following incident :

I was absorbed in contemplation, lamenting the ravages which time, damp, and neglect had inflicted, and realizing the truth of Sir Joshua's remarks on the fine Chiaro-scuro of the Bad Thief, when on a sudden it was discovered that the little terrier bitch was no where extant in the church ! Mist was missing !

In an instant we all exchanged the dilettante air of Tourist amateurs into amazement and dismay. No sooner had the Lacquey de place heard in distracted accents, "The dog's lost !" than, without a word, away he darted from the Cathedral, while, after a few idiotical interjections, Christina and the Courier unceremoniously followed his example, without so much as a syllable, look, or thought for my disconsolate self. I remained mute, motionless, utterly bewildered. Methought

"The Shrines all trembled and the Lamps grew pale :"

till I was awakened from my trance by a sound like thunder, which was, I well knew, produced by.

the closing of the Great Western gates of the Cathedral! Starting at once from my trance, I rushed in that direction, and reached them just in time to find them inexorably barred and locked, and to hear their Iron Diapason taken up by the minor echoes of every other portal and postern in the mighty Dom.

Here was a pretty business! there was not an atom of uncertainty, not a glimmer of hope. I was indisputably locked in, Mist lost, and her master, who should have sought her from the Cape to the Andes, a detenu of the Church.

Yes! as close a prisoner as if, like Pope's Eurydice,

" Fate had fast bound me
With Styx nine times round me."

Here, however, my Orpheus was the Sacristan who not only led me to a little lurking postern, but could hardly conceal his satisfaction, as he opened it for my departure. Doubtless the man suspected me of some sinister design upon the Saints of Saint Rombauds. Alas! I resembled that Captive of half a century in the Bastille, who, when, by a tardy and useless act of mercy, emancipated from his dungeon, knew not whither to turn! I stood under the great tower (while all its Carillons of the most delicious melody, varying every five minutes, warbled over my head,)—*whistling!* Yes! insanely whistling for the "*Lost one.*" At

this Crisis I discovered *The Forlorn Hope* advancing under the trees. It seems that after a wild and random excursion hither and thither, they thought they might as well begin to look for the *other Dog*—and *a sad dog indeed they found him!* Next appeared the Lacquey black in the face with running from Church to Chapel, and from street to square, calling aloud for “*Mist.*” Since *Æneas* lost *Creusa*, never was there such a coil. I shouted, Christina screamed, we had a mob of passengers, boys and women, stopping to gaze upon us as we stood under the leafless groves of the Cathedral Close, marvelling at the various noises we were making, whose purport was as unintelligible as their tongue was unknown,

“*Pueri et pavidæ longo ordine Matres
Stant circum.*

*Ausus quin etiam voces jactare per umbram
Implevi clamore vias, mæstusque Cræusam
Nequidquam ingeminans iterumq. iterumq. vocavi.”*

Again the Lacquey departed on his search, and, when he left us, he left the most unmeaning Trio that ever stood still on a street *without Singing.*

Suddenly a thought struck us!—we would take different ways, and the Dom Kirch should be our rendezvous! To this there was but one objection;—not one of us knew where to put one foot before another in the magnificent labyrinths of this City of Lace and Gingerbread. At length we trusted

to our good Genius, and parted,—Christina and I to retrace every step of the streets we had already trodden to the station house, and William to roam the gigantic Aisles of the Cathedral, (like a Ghost out of spirits,) in search of the wanderer. With the most bewildered looks, faltering accents, and unutterable French, we accosted the decent Sabbath-clad citizens, demanding “The yellow Dog!” Some professed they had *not* seen him, some protested they *had*: and accordingly, like chaff blown hither and thither by the *gusts* of Autumn, did we, in the *mud* of Autumn, tramp hither and thither through the streets of Malines. For my own part, I can count every door of her houses, and oh, how feelingly remember every stone of her pavement. All was in vain! we were perplexed, but not baffled, desponding, not desperate,

“Pale but intrepid, sad, but unsubdued.”

It was now that we resolved to summon the Town Crier. Our citation was obeyed. He came, that Municipal Herald, that Man of Age, that Peripatetic Voice: he was an old military pensioner. I know not what Eldorado we opened to his expectations; I forget the precise mine of Mexico or Peru which was to remunerate his success. At all events

“We vow’d, we swore, and he believed us:”

and, with a Bell in one hand and a proclamation in the other, proceeded forthwith to fright the Town from its propriety.

Weary and wet through, we returned to the Station-house, and there, the very first thing that we beheld was the little Wretch herself, dragged from nose to tail, couched amidst our own port-manteaux and carpet-bags in the luggage room, and turning upon us a glance from those eyes, (as large and as soft as a gazelle's,) that spoke volumes ! It was a wonderful example of instinctive memory. The creature had never been in Malines before, scarcely five minutes had she rested at the Station-house, before we so incautiously suffered her to follow us, through the gorgeous intricacy of these Brabantine streets, and yet she retraced a labyrinth which (without the clue of an Ariadne) might have puzzled Dædalus himself, with a promptness and accuracy which the Bard of Memory would have loved to record.

“ Hark ! the Bee winds her small but mellow horn,
Blithe to salute the sunny smile of Morn ;
O'er thymy Downs she bends her busy course,
And many a Stream allures her to its source.

'Tis Noon, 'tis Night, that eye so finely wrought
Beyond the search of sense, the soar of thought,
Now vainly asks the scene she left behind,
Its orb so full, its vision so confined !
Who guides the patient Pilgrim to her Cell ?
Who bids her heart with conscious triumph swell,

With conscious truth retrace the mazy clue
Of Summer Scents, that charmed her as she flew ?—
Hail! Memory, hail! thy universal reign
Guards the least link of Being's glorious Chain."

Liege, November 17th, 1844.

IN traversing the high-ways and by-ways of Human Life, and gathering such share of their good things as the circumstance of Genius, Rank, or Fortune, may place within our reach, how little do we reflect on the expenditure of time and the forfeiture of repose, the amount of Toil, and the drain upon Talent which contribute to the elaboration of our every day enjoyments. The Taste, the Smell, Eye, Ear, and Hand, contribute their faculties to feed the appetite or delight the intellect, to embellish, to refine, or to enliven existence as matters of course ; and as matters of course we receive their tribute. Pride *deigns* not, Selfishness *will* not, and Indifference *cannot* investigate the numerous secret fountains from which the broad channel of daily Gratification expects or exacts its supplies—supplies, whose actual or conventional value Habit is apt to depreciate as much as Privation to overrate. To our daily estimate of daily pleasures the words of the Poet are more applicable than we generally imagine.

“ Ask for what end the Heavenly bodies shine?
Earth for whose use? Pride answers, 'Tis for mine :
For me kind Nature wakes her genial pow'r,
Suckles each herb, and spreads out ev'ry flow'r ;
Annual for me, the Grape, the Rose renew,
The juice nectareous and the balmy dew ;
For me, the Mine a thousand treasures brings ;
For me Health gushes from a thousand Springs ;
Seas roll to waft me, Suns to light me rise ;
My footstool Earth, my canopy the Skies.”

ESSAY ON MAN.

What thinks the coronetted Dame about the bevy of overworked and fevered damsels in their lamplit Attic whose cheeks have been robbed of their bloom, whose eyes of slumber, and whose limbs of rest by that night-long toil demanded for the forced production of her Gala Robe? what deems the Gourmand of tempestuous seas, and shattered barks, of the peril and perhaps the loss of human life by which that unctuous piece of the Turbot fin embalmed in Lobster sauce attained his watery palate?—and how little did I reflect (when yesterday enchanted with the Carillons of Saint Rombaud's, I listened as to some first rate performer on the plastic keys of the pianoforte)—how little did I reflect that every note of that Aerial Harmony which, floating from the Cathedral Belfroy over the streets of Malines, converted the whole City into one vast Concert-room,—was the result of painful—aye agonizing human Labour! How little did I think that

those "*Corals for grown Gentlemen*,"—(as Dr. Burney so happily terms them)—were literally produced under that dread primal curse upon all Human Effort,—"*In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return unto the ground.*" Nothing important, or beautiful, or admirable, to be achieved without Pain!—

The erudite Historian of Music thus mentions the labours of a Carillonneur, whose distinguished genius would seem to have merited a less toilsome, or at least a more honourable employment.

"If M. Pothoff had been put into Dr. Dominecetti's hottest human caldron for an hour, he could not have perspired more violently than he did after a quarter of an hour of this furious exercise. He stripped to his shirt, put on his nightcap, and trussed up his sleeves for this execution; and he said he was forced to go to bed the instant it was over, in order to prevent his catching cold, as well as to recover himself; *he being usually so much exhausted as to be utterly unable to speak!*"—

Ostend, 18th November, 1844.

WE should have quitted our very comfortable quarters, in the Hotel de Flandres, at Ostend, with considerable reluctance, but for the nearing prospect of our long abandoned but ever beloved Home. The day was most propitious, the passage

expeditious; and any little ennui or anxiety we might chance to experience, while on board, was pleasantly mitigated, if not thoroughly relieved, by the interesting amusement we derived from a most excellent round of cold boiled Beef, and a tankard of unimpeachable Porter.

How different was my situation, when, five years back, I approached, from a similar Tour, and in the very same direction, the gay, hospitable, picturesque Harbour which is now my Home! I was then not only a *Pilgrim*, but a Stranger; I am now a Neighbour and a Citizen. I was then perfectly new to the "*Sea Change*," which I was destined to suffer, but now I am as thoroughly habituated to its romantic character and exciting incidents as if I had resided beneath these Silvery Rampires all my life-time;—for

I was born in a mighty old Minster Town,—
Among Tenements tall, and tumbledown,—
Oak wainscotted, gabled, red and brown:
Where the old Rooks cawed, and the Jackdaws chicked,
And the drowsy Cathedral Clockdial clicked;
And enormous Trees, in their Druid array,
Wrapt up the deep Aisles from the dazzle of Day;
And the painted Window arch, broad and tall,
Emblazoned with Colour the imaged Wall,
Taking a gorgeous or delicate tone
As the Sunlight or Moonlight glittered thereon;—
At the still Noontide, the Organ's roar
Resembled a hagridden Ogre's snore,
While the Weathercocks whirled, in the azure sky,
Their fans of magnificent argentry.
And the midnight Owl, from the TANTHONY TOWER,

Welcomed the moonshiney hunting hour ;—
And, save when the deep Bell boomed, you heard
The autumnal adieux of the Leaf and the Bird.—

Oh, had I not musings then ! Romance
Mantled my thought in her noblest trance :
And Castles, and Barons, and Murderholes,
And Ghosts, that gibbered and squealed, (poor Souls !—)
And Battle, and Bridal, and Tournament,
Bewildered my head to my heart's content.

But now I have set up my Staff by the Sea ;
And things are as altered as they can be !
The Tide comes in, and the Tide goes out,
When calm with a snivel, when rough with a shout :
Not a Tree to be seen ; and the Sky, I declare,
If it does not scowl, will be sure to glare !
And the loveliest hues of my waking dream
Are alloyed with the odours of Pitch and Steam.
No lofty Horrors !—a capsized Boat,
And the Widow to beg for a black petticoat :—
Or a Boiler burst, and a whole Ship's crew
With several arms and legs too few ;—
Or a sweet little family left to deplore
The Brandy at Sea, and the Sharks on shore,—
Are the only Themes for the heart or the eye,
To enliven its moody monotony.—
Your Dreams turn fishey ; you see, when you nod,
A skeleton Skate, or a goblin Cod.—
The Mackarel Woman's your Faerie Queen ;—
And your Car of Apollo,—a Bathing Machine.—

T. H. W.





SUPPLENDA.





SUPPLENDA.

AS I was prevented by illness from making any notes at Chambery, it may not be unacceptable to the Reader if I substitute the following animated Extracts from the unpublished Papers (*written Sixty Years since*) of an accomplished English Ecclesiastic, principally referring to the lovely, fertile, and romantic Territory of Savoy and its vicinity.

September 22nd, 1783.

* * * * *

WE go from hence to Lyons, where we shall at present only pass a few days, and then proceed to Chambery, the capital of Savoy. We are induced to select Chambery, for the pleasure of rejoining the Baron de Chatillon, a young nobleman of Savoy, whom I fortunately met here, and soon distinguished from the herd of frivolous young Frenchmen about him. He is about eight and twenty, with the most manly and graceful person,

and a countenance as bright and open as the day : to all the politeness of the French, and all their quickness, he unites the frankness of an Englishman, and the insinuating softness of an Italian : his natural talents are highly cultivated, and excellent : he has read much, discriminated much, and seen much : he is a great proficient in music, and speaks the Italian language with as much elegance and fluency as the French. He made us promise to follow him into Savoy, to pass the Vintage there with him at his Country seat, and spend a part of the winter at Chambery, where he has his Town residence, and where his mother and two sisters reside ; this will be an agreeable circumstance for my dear wife, as they are accomplished and amiable women.

Chambery, January 5th, 1784.

I AM lately returned with the Baron de Chatillon from an agreeable excursion into Bouget, a little neighbouring Province of France ; we passed to it by the beautiful Lake of Bouget, which is three leagues long and one broad. On each hand the boldest rocks appeared, sometimes blank and precipitous, at others broken into a thousand fine angles, and adorned with all the various shades of Autumn ; wherever there was an opening between them, you were certain to see it luxuriantly adorned

by the hand of nature, or cultivated by the hand of man : here a deep Dell, dark with Wood, sunk between the white Cliffs, from which a brook gushed into the majestic Lake, and there little Vineyards and Pastures smiled among the sheltering precipices, the latter spotted over with cattle and goats, watched by some poor peasant, who sat knitting at the foot of a spreading tree. But the most picturesque objects of all were the little Villages, Coppices, and Farms that appeared on the slopes, at the base of one stupendous rock, and above the summit of another, and which seemed to hang on dizzy heights, that defied the daring industry of man, whose avarice or necessity had found means to add the smiling graces of fertility to all their wild and awful charms. As we roved at the foot of one lofty and almost perpendicular rock, we saw several peasants cutting faggots from the wood with which it was crowned, and which they had no other means of conveying to the borders of the lake but by tumbling them down its craggy sides, so steep and dangerous was the path by which they had mounted. As we advanced, the Castle of Chatillon rose proudly as it were from the bosom of the Lake, eminently situated on the top of a rocky mount, fringed with underwood, and domineering over the Water on one side, and an extensive and lovely Vale on the other. You will suppose from its name that it belongs to my Friend, and gives him his title; it was once a powerful Fortress, and is now a majestic Ruin. Its date is

very ancient, and it was spacious enough, in the time of Bertoldus, the First Duke of Savoy, to contain him and all his train, it still looks sternly from its mouldering battlements and ivied towers, and seems to bid a haughty though vain defiance to the hand of Time, which has destroyed its strength without destroying its spirit, and which has given it in interest what it has taken from it in grandeur, by leading and leaving amidst its ruins all the Desolate Graces. We slept there one night, it proved a most tempestuous one. I lay in a vast, lofty, and comfortless Chamber, and felt a new and indescribable pleasure in listening to the Storm that beat against the crazy windows, and murmured in all their crevices. All the Spirits of the Lake seemed up in arms and tilting in the furious winds. It was consistent with the style of the old Castle, and sleepless as my night was, I preferred it to the calmest repose on a down bed, amidst all the luxurious concomitants of modern elegance and ease. From Chatillon we passed by the rapid Rhône into Bougët, which is a small province full of great objects. Vast chains of Rocks and Mountains are successively offered to the eye, between which spread immense undivided Meadows, which are too monotonous, and have too much the air of marshes to be pleasing.

The Villages are but thinly scattered, but some of them strikingly situated, and the vast and frequent Forests of Pines, that stand in dark phalanx on the mountains' brows, give them a sombre grace,

and form at once the characteristic feature, and the riches of the Country. In our way to the lofty and noble Chateau of Count d' Angeville, we visited the Monastery of St. Sulpice, which lifts its head with an air of solitary grandeur amidst the Pine-clad mountains. The jolly Bernardines, who inhabit it, gave us a most cordial reception, and proved that they had well studied the virtues of hospitality, and cultivated the convivial graces. In my life I never laughed nor ate more heartily than with those Professors of Fasting and Mortification. They have a large revenue, and spend it freely ; their Gates are always open, and when the luxurious old rogues outrun their rents, the axe is laid to the root of the tree, and twenty thousand stately Pines pay off all arrears. They have a handsome Chapel, and a fine Organ, which one of their Elèves made thunder again, by passing his brawny arm from time to time over the keys, this they seemed to consider as the chef d' œuvre of his musical skill, though I could only consider it a discordant and intolerable noise. Their Kitchen and Cellar are what they shew with most pride, as they derive from them their greatest pleasure. Both in truth are worthy an Heliogabalus, or why should I not say a society of Epicurean Monks ! who never fail to bear in mind that part of the Holy Scriptures which says, " Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

But amongst the sleek and pampered Brotherhood, on whose full cheeks glowed the purple

shades of a smiling Autumn, I distinguished One who had scarcely passed the Spring-tide of his days, but whose blossoms seemed untimely withered in his cheeks, and in whose eyes sat pensive care ; he interested me, and he observed it. The conversation turning on Pictures, my friend begged me to produce my little resemblance of Mrs. Siddons, as a proof of the skill of our Miniature painters ; it passed from hand to hand ; the suffrages of the others in its favour were loud and prolix ; but the young Monk regarded it with fixed and silent attention, and with a rising tear, that shewed it made a deeper impression on him, and recalled painful ideas to his heart. After we had risen from table, he took an opportunity to invite me to his neat apartment, where, opening a little cabinet, he drew from a secret drawer a Miniature Picture, which he pressed (with eyes lifted to Heaven, and a quick flush) to his bosom, and then, with a sigh that spoke more eloquently and touchingly than all language, put it into my hand. It represented a beautiful young woman, with the complexion and somewhat of the features of Mrs. Siddons, I read in it the cause of his emotion, he saw it and said, “ But for that lovely creature, I never should have renounced all the pleasures of the World, and shut myself up within the walls of a Convent.” I supposed that she had jilted him. “ Oh no ! ” he cried with emphasis, “ she was as amiable as she was beautiful, and hence my deep sorrow, which seven years’ penitence and prayer

have not been able to erase. I am the son of a rich merchant at Lyons, I passionately loved this charming Girl, and won her heart, she was of equal birth, our families approved our choice, and the day was fixed for our Nuptials; in the meantime one of my relations gave a Ball, at which we danced together, with all the joy of young and heedless minds, that give themselves up to the transports of ardent affection, which meets no contradiction, and dreads no reverse. After a long and fatiguing dance, oppressed with heat, she went into the room where refreshments were served, and desired me to procure her some warm wine and water; I passed through the crowd to get it, in the hurry and confusion they put a glass of cold Lemonade into my hand, which, through a carelessness I never shall pardon myself for, I did not observe; the Object of all my wishes drank it eagerly, clasped her hands to her head, gave one groan, and dropped dead upon the spot." Tears choked his utterance, I need not tell you mine flowed with them. All I could say was that it was not for man but Heaven to give him comfort. He clasped his hands together, and with a mixture of energy and humility in his countenance replied, "It has taught me Resignation, but can it teach me *Forgetfulness*." He afterwards moved his lips a moment in silent prayer, composed his countenance, and conducted me back to his merrier and happier, but less amiable and interesting brethren. As we returned to Savoy, we visited a famous Convent of the Char-

treux, situated on the top of a precipice, gloomy and melancholy, surrounded on three sides with bleak, barren, and lofty Mountains, while the fourth opened to the lavished beauties of an extensive Vale, and watered by the sweeping course of the majestic Rhone ; it seemed an emblem of the life they led on one hand, and of the world they had left on the other. Given up to fasting, mortification, and prayer, their sunk eyes, their hollow and sallow cheeks, their meek demeanour and humble air were singularly contrasted with the free manners, laughing looks, and rosy hue of the well fed and worldly minded Bernardines. Every thing within these walls seemed to wear a sombre hue, and I fancied that I saw " Black Melancholy" sitting in their Arched Cloisters, and throwing around her

" A death-like Silence and a dread Repose."

We partook of a frugal dinner of eggs and herbs, and were served by one of the Monks with a humility that made me sick at heart, and abased me beyond description in my own eyes. After dinner, we visited their various narrow cells, where nature did not seem to be allowed more than she needs, and of course where necessity took place of comfort.

* * * *

My excursion into the province of the Tarentese was delightful; my companions, two young and very intelligent Italian Noblemen of different characters, and more engaging for that difference. As we approached St. Pierre, a little town between Chambery and Moutier, the capital of the province, the Mountains assumed a bold aspect, and the Vale spread itself between them with luxuriant beauty, everywhere adorned by the fantastic windings of the Izere, whose course was frequently broken into such various branches, that it was impossible to discover its real bed. But mischievous are its seemingly sportive windings; to us they appeared smiling and playful, but to the Tenants of the Vale they are objects of dismay; as they have been formed by wrathful inundations, and as destructive encroachments on verdant fields and fruitful corn-lands, which they threaten with future desolation beneath the smiles that promise to fertilize. We slept at St. Pierre the first night, and next morn arose with the sun to visit the Castle of Miolan, anciently a strong Fortress belonging to the Counts of that name, now a dread Prison of State. It is situated aloft on the very edge of a steep rock, rough with all kinds of underwood, from whence its gloomy Towers sternly command the vale. Immediately behind it the Alps rise rugged and precipitate, and seem to threaten the

Threatener, but the silver brooks that shine and dimple down their shady dells, soften their grandeur and mingle smiles with their frowns. The entrance of the Castle is denied to strangers, but as the young Count Vivaldi, one of my companions, was acquainted with the Governor, I had permission to pass through its massy Gates. From the Terrace of the Governor's narrow Garden, already shaded by Vine-branches, a most magnificent scene presented itself:

“ Hill, Dale, and shady Wood, and sunny Plain,
And liquid lapse of murmuring stream,”

and, added to their soft combinations, the sublime Alps, pile above pile, here gathered together like embattled troops, and there striding one after another like giants that would scale Heaven. Roving over the glorious scene, my eye happened to glance at the grated Window of one of the mouldering Towers, at which appeared the pale haggard face of a hopeless Prisoner, whose pensive looks were fixed on me and my companions; need I say that my transports all vanished at the sight? Alas! thought I, how different this scene to him! to me it appears like Paradise to Adam: he must consider it as Satan did that blessed abode, with eyes of anguish and despair.

How do all the objects of this world take their colouring from Circumstances! and how dark a veil does Captivity spread over the richest Scenes of Nature! It was natural to enquire for what

Crime the poor Prisoner was confined to this hopeless Dungeon, where the eye is continually tantalized by beauties it can never enjoy, and by the cheerful haunts of men with which it never shall mingle. The Governor said his name was Lavin, that he was of a good family in Piedmont, that his uncommon talents and erudition had gained him the appointment of Secretary to the Count of Storbilia, an eminent Nobleman of Turin, at the early age of eighteen. The Count's vices had reduced his finances, and his specious manners had obtained boundless influence over the mind of young Lavin, whom he seduced to join him in Forgeries, which being discovered, he was doomed to suffer with his Master imprisonment for life in these gloomy Towers. Lavin's youth and inexperience, and the perfect submission he was instructed to pay to his master's commands, ought to have been considered, and to have made his Punishment less severe than that of his far more culpable corruptor. But though the Body may be imprisoned in a narrow cell, the active Spirit will often supply unsuspected alleviations. Long after his imprisonment, poor Lavin was denied the use of pen and ink, but he found means with the end of Straws drawn from his hard Bed, to adorn the white walls of his Cell with the most picturesque Drawings, and to write beautiful Compositions in fair and legible characters. He has since found means often to procure those little indulgences, and is continually producing with them something

or other curiously inventive. But alas! the two last years of his Twenty-two of Imprisonment a complication of diseases have tortured his body, and weakened the vigour of his intellects. The Governor shewed us the copy of a letter which this ingenious Unfortunate had lately addressed to the Governor of Savoy, intreating his interest with the king for his removal to Turin, where he might have medical advice and breathe his native air.

Nothing could be more simple and energetic than this letter, but 'tis said this poor boon will be refused him!

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THE Dress of the Peasants in these mountains is as singular as their situation: there has been, time immemorial, a pragmatic rule observed amongst them, which forbids the slightest alteration or difference from each other in their garb. I was present at one of their great Jours de Fête, and saw at least six hundred Peasants assembled, in and about a little rustic Church, built on a pleasant hillock between two rugged rocks. They were in their Holiday clothes, all precisely the same, as to materials, colours, and form; those of the Men were not very remarkable, one of the Women's I shall describe to you. Upon her head a Cap of

Red Cloth, exactly the form of a child's skull cap, and bordered with a tawdry Green and Gilded Ribbon; her Hair that shone with Oil, was combed straight back, and was curled up under her cap before and behind in tight tresses, about the size of a common sausage; then formed into circle within circle, flat upon the head, as broad as a plate; a Vest of Green cloth faced with Red sat tight to her shape, over which was a loose jacket of Red, with short wide Sleeves, under this she wore a Petticoat of Puce-coloured Stuff, that reached to her ankles, bordered with two rows of Red between two of Green, a wide Collar of coarse Linen, edged with a broad flaring Lace, with meshes as large as those of a garden net. It fell back over her shoulders and left her sun-burnt neck bare, which was adorned with a large Yellow Metal Cross. If I was amused with their habits, they were not less so with mine. Three arch and pretty girls, that were huddled together under the shade of a walnut tree, did not cease tittering and blushing at my English dress, a wonder which they had never seen before. The Peasants of these mountains are the richest in Savoy, and derive a considerable trade from their cattle, sheep, mules, corn, cheese, and butter; the two latter of which are excellent. I was too fond of the mountains to return by the vale, as there was a route over them from Conflans to Chambery; and I found I could visit and sleep at three celebrated Convents in my way.

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THE next morn I bid adieu to the gay Count Galate, and attended only by Vincent and a guide, proceeded over the Wilds for the Convent of Bellevaux of the Benedictine order, and about half a day's journey from Tamiers. Nature never formed a more perfect solitude. The Convent is thrust as it seems in a narrow and dark chasm, between thick Woods, lowering Rocks and Precipices, that rise immediately and perpendicularly on every side, so as only to leave space for the humble Building and a moderate Garden. The sun is almost wholly excluded during six months of the year. And the Monks told me, it showed itself not an hour in the day from November to the end of April. The sombre Gloom of the scene seems only to be enlivened, and the solemn Silence broken, by the sullen roar of two Cascades, that rush between the rocks, and the hollow murmurs of the surrounding Pines. Yet in this total Solitude, far from the common haunts of men, dwells the most cheerful, hospitable little Prieur in the world: he thinks he can never do enough for those who have taken pains to explore the remote and rocky Chasm. Perceiving my passion for the Alps, he loaded a mule very plentifully with cold provisions and wine, and climbed up with me to the highest mountain above the Convent, which is reckoned two hundred toises higher than Mount Cenis.

From its extremest summit, the eye shot almost perpendicularly down to the Vale. I durst not regard the swimming scene above a second at a time, and my brain sickened at the tremendous depth. We returned to the Convent in the evening, and after supper he took me to a crystal Fountain in the Wood, where three young Monks played with exquisite taste on the Flute, Violin, and Clarionet. The gurgling of the brook, the fall of the more distant cascades, the perfect calmness of the air, and the dancing Moon-beams among the rocks, formed an enchanting whole. From Belleveaux, on the good little Prieur's own mule, and attended by his servant, I travelled over the mountains to Alençon, a Convent of the Chartreux, in a similar though not so picturesque a situation as that of Tamiers. The Prieur of Alençon and his fraternity were as jolly fellows as if they had been Bernardines; they made me eat a variety of fine fish like an otter, and persuaded me it was right to make it swim in excellent wine. They sent me to Chambery maudlin, and mounted on a beast so full of wicked intentions, that he had like to have broke my neck twenty times down the precipices, he actually did souse me into a shallow river; this same steed was all bedecked and beflounced with fringes and tassels, and a white silk net that covered his clumsy carcass from head to knee. I certainly only wanted rings on my fingers and bells on my toes, to have pranced through the streets in perfect state. I had the satisfaction of

finding my dear wife extremely well, as you have that of being at the end of this unconscionable letter.

P. S. I forgot to tell you, that the oldest Monks of Belleveaux and Alençon had never seen an Englishman at their Convents before.

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Avignon, Feb. 22, 1785.

I HAVE visited the celebrated Fountain of Vaucluse, it is the fullest, purest, and most beautiful source imaginable. So serenely does it sleep in a vast Cavern at the foot of a lofty Rock, that not one intruding breath ruffles its azure surface, even while it is sending out a hundred limpid streams from its secret and immeasurable depth. These streams gush out from beneath a shelving bed of huge mossy stones, in various directions, and unite themselves into one little river. But this is its state only when the waters are low; as soon as the ardent beams of the sun penetrate into the mountain snows, and send them dissolving through the rocky crevices to replenish the springs, the Fountain of Vaucluse swells, and fills completely the ample cavern in which it now slumbers, and then its waters rush out with impetuous fury at the mouth of the cave, and foam over the rough crags, which

now seem to tower far above their reach. Then it is that the overflowing Fountain increases the now gentle Sorgue into a wide and rapid Torrent that often deluges the Vale. In the way back from the Fountain, the Steeple and Curate's House and Garden stand grouped to the eye on a little rising in the most picturesque style imaginable; and in the latter two stately and ancient Cypresses stand side by side, as if weeping over the ashes of Petrarch and Laura, and as emblems of their ever verdant memories. They are the only ones to be seen, and you cannot think how striking a feature they form in the picture, and how much in keeping one feels them with our ideas in such a spot. In an old Chateau belonging to the Marquis de Commond, in the village of Vaucluse, they shew you (as you are assured) the original Portraits of Petrarch and Laura; her features are regularly handsome, but her countenance is insipid, and she sticks up, prim and stiff, holding a Flower, precisely (like an Alderman's Wife on a Holiday) between her forefinger and thumb, which they tell you is an Amaranth, but which I would have sworn was a common red Poppy. What a sentimental nose-gay for Petrarch's Laura! Petrarch himself appears with a rusty Doctor's Hood, a dark, eager, sanguine full fed face, expressive of strong passions, highly animated indeed, but wholly destitute of that tender melancholy and those pensive touching graces, with which fond imagination is wont to paint him. But as those portraits are by

no skilful hand, prepossessed Fancy has still a refuge; and after all, I am apt to think that those portraits, instead of being originals, are only vile copies of those painted by Simon, whom Petrarch has immortalized in two of his sonnets, and with whose performance, (low as the Art of Painting was in those days) he surely would not have been so satisfied had it been so lifeless. I had almost forgot to mention that on the summit of the left hand heights at Vaucluse stand the ruins of what is called Petrarch's Castle, though I believe it is well ascertained that it never belonged to him, and that his was a more lowly roof and situated in a more rural spot, consonant to his situation and taste, at the end of the Village, and on a willowed bank of his favourite River. I was glad to find this Ruin not so inaccessible as Mr. Wraxall thought it, though it cost me many a wearisome and difficult step to reach its mouldering walls. But I was well repaid by a noble view of the whole country far and near, through the ivied Arches of the Gothic Windows. I caught (in the partial manner painters love) the opposite Rocks, the Sorgue, and the Village. At about a mile distant on the high ground on the other side stands haughtily in a barren wild, the Chateau de Sommani, where once dwelt Laura, and which still belongs to her direct descendants; it was lately inhabited by the Abbé de Saade, a very respectable and learned man, who a few years since published a voluminous History of Petrarch, and of which Mrs. Dob-

son is an abridgement. I have just read it, and found it extremely entertaining and satisfactory, though in some parts too prolix, and his translations in verse of the most elegant and celebrated of Petrarch's Sonnets and Odes prove him to be no poet, and not always master of his Author's sense; he has taken true pains to prove that his Ancestress was the real Laura of Petrarch, and seems indeed to have put it out of all doubt.

We have taken a commodious Country House for the ensuing Summer, beautifully situated in the neighbourhood of Vacluse; I shall often wander thither, and whilst I muse over the delicious Fountain, or eat my cold dinner beneath the Mulberry trees, shall not envy the more brilliant and noisy pleasures of the gay and great. We made an agreeable excursion of three days last week to see the Antiquities of Nismes. The Ponte de Garde lay in our way, which is a noble remain of Roman greatness, and enchanted me with its august simplicity, towering with arch above arch over the river Gardon, and uniting the opposite hills. Its height is a hundred and fifty feet from the river; you know that it is really part of an ancient Roman Aqueduct, that conveyed water to the baths and amphitheatre at Nismes, from a fountain eight leagues distant. The drear and arid scenery around, where not one soft or smiling object allured the eye, gave new effect to the stateliness of the principal Object, whose mutilated grandeur seemed to rise up a proud though silent Witness of

Times and Scenes foregone. They have spoiled the noble unity of the architecture on one side, by widening the Lower range of Arches, in order to admit of a commodious road for carriages over them, but on the other, where there are no modern additions, and where the various Arches rise immediately, and in a right line over each other, the eye meets with no interruption. The Town of Nismes is in itself large, and extremely populous, owing to a flourishing trade, and particularly its abundant and thriving manufactories of silk stockings; but, like most other commercial towns, it is dirty and ill-built; the dark narrow streets are full of every thing that is offensive. The Maison-Carrée is a most beautiful piece of Architecture, it is adorned with thirty elegant fluted Corinthian pillars without, and its Architrave, Cornice, and other ornaments are strikingly light and of charming symmetry and execution.

After many disputes amongst Antiquaries on its original designation, it has at last been most ingeniously discovered by a gentleman of Nismes, from a nice inspection and combination of the holes that remain, of the cramp irons that once fastened the Inscription on the Frieze and Architrave, that it had been a Temple erected by Augustus, in honour of his adopted sons Caius and Lucius Cæsar; it is in perfect preservation, and now converted into a Chapel belonging to the Augustine Friars. The Amphitheatre, which is supposed to have been built by the Emperor Antonine, who

was a native of Nismes, is in a most mutilated state, but enough remains to shew its former magnificence, and to impress one with an idea of Roman power and greatness. The Walks without the town are various, finely planted and offering a charming coup d'œil, thronged as they were with several thousand people of all ranks and ages, who seemed determined to pass the last day of the Carnival merrily.

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The great charm of our little habitation is a Green Drawing room, embowered in shade. The little grove of Elms, Planes, and flowering Limes, which veil the windows with their abundant and graceful foliage, are vocal with the pensive melody of Nightingales, and the livelier notes of the Thrush and Blackbird, with other sweet woodland choristers. Between the various and irregular trunks of the trees, the pure waters of the Sorgue are seen flowing, their murmurs, from a little fall just opposite, and their dashings and sparklings from a large Wheel that supplies the house with water, are equally grateful to the eye and ear, and highly refreshing to the sense; the very motion of the Wheel has a happy effect, caught partially through the branches, and a soft daisied turf appears with delicious verdure beneath the shade kept fine by the farmer's sheep. A Shepherd Boy often leads them hither, they frisking and frolicking about him while he plays on his Pipe. I cannot say his

notes are entirely Arcadian, but there is something wonderfully pleasing in them, rustic and unmodulated as they are, from their assimilation to the surrounding objects. Such is our Green Pavillion. Little rambles about the adjacent country, reading, writing, and conversing about absent friends, past scenes, and future pursuits, divide our hours, and empower them to glide calmly and sweetly away. I should have told you, however, that we do not want neighbours, and that those neighbours are English.

We set the ton for summering in this beautiful though very retired part of the country, and were soon followed by the General and Mrs. M——s, Captain and Mrs. B——n, and Captain and Mrs. P——r. The General is polite though somewhat vain, and a thorough knowledge of the world, beating about all corners of it during sixty years, has made the best of a moderate understanding; his first wife was the old Duchess of Gordon, by whom he grew and flourished; his present one is a fine, young, keen, and agreeable Scotchwoman, who coaxes up her auld man, and, like most of her countrywomen, has a sharp eye to her own interest.

Captain B——n is second son to the Admiral, and is all frankness, gaiety, and humour. Captain P——r is the only son of Sir P——r P——r, who is an Admiral. This young man has a ship, and is the very bantam cock of the Navy, nothing can be less livelier, or fuller of self consequence,

but, as he is young, time will mend his faults and improve his better parts. His bride is a charming woman, younger sister to Byron. *The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland are at Avignon, and purpose staying there all the Summer. They did us the honour to dine at our retreat, about three weeks ago, we had all our neighbours to meet their Royal Highnesses, and they brought with them Miss Lutterel and Lady Ferrers, and the Portuguese Ambassador, to Vienna. I had known him before at Avignon, he is natural grandson to George the First, and son in law to the late Lord Chesterfield. His person is a very fine one, and his manners are so courtly, that he seems the very being Lord Chesterfield wished Mr. Stanhope to have been, his father in law's principles seem to have been the rule of his actions, and the study of his life.

The Duke was riotously merry, and will never cease to be his mother's "sputtering, obstreperous, little Harry," as he is described in Lord Melcomb's Memoirs. Had he a few of the Ambassador's graces, they would sit well on his Royalty; but on the other hand, perhaps, he might be able to supply his Excellency with a little sincerity. But what has sincerity to do with Courts? The Duchess behaved with her wonted affability, dignity, and propriety, but if I err not greatly, she is a deep and refined politician. * * *

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* Brother of his late Majesty King George III.

FROM a village, called L' Arbe, to Grenoble, an extent of twenty-five miles, my eye roved from one rich pastoral scene to another with unsated attention. The rapid Izere, which carries destruction amidst its graces through the vales of Savoy, winds innocently here, and while its rolling tides add life and beauty to the scene, its refreshing waters dispense fruitfulness and verdure all around. On the other side of the shady and fertile Vale, which rivalled those of Savoy in beauty, rose the Dauphinè Alps, which, as they form a continued chain with those of Savoy, were similar in grand and picturesque scenery, the same finely broken summits, the same white rocks, and curtains of dark Firs; the same pendant landscapes in their swelling sides, equal verdure, and equal cultivation; on the left, a range of humbler hills reached to the edge of the road, adorned with the luxuriant shade of Walnuts and Sweet Chesnuts, but the most lively and singular features of the scene were sloping Vineyards, trailed at regular distances from Cherry tree to Cherry tree, and forming festoons between them, while the ripe Cherries blushed through the foliage of the tendrils, which, teeming with knots of young Grapes, promised in time to repay the fostering trees with richer colouring, and more precious fruits. Between the Vines appeared alternate stripes of Corn, French Grass, and Beans in blossom.

Grenoble is a large City, divided by the Izere, surrounded on three sides by the Alps, and open on the other to one of the finest Vales in Europe, which runs from thence to Chambery. But I must hasten with you to the Grand Chartreux, which is twelve miles from Grenoble. We mount to it by a steep and tedious ascent; however, on the utmost heights on the way thither the eye finds delight, and the mind repose, from the romantic scenery and rich cultivation with which the good Monks have made the Desert smile. The Villages, Cottages, and Farms, where one would so little expect to find them, closed round by rocks and mountains, have a most picturesque effect, all their inhabitants are encouraged in Industry, cherished in Piety, and supported in Sickness and Sorrow by the benevolent care of the worthy Monks of the Chartreux; from this elevated yet humble and tranquil little world, we descend through a night of shade to the Convent, which presents itself at some distance to the eye, buried as it should seem in Wood, in pen-sive and solitary state. I have seen higher Mountains, and more majestic Rocks, and I have heard the rush of louder Torrents, but I have never beheld such a tout-ensemble, such a mass of Wood, as round this celebrated spot.

The Convent is a vast building, with immense possessions, which are nobly applied to the purposes of Hospitality and Charity. Far removed as its inhabitants are from the nether world, and difficult as is the access to it, they have contrived

to render it as little necessary to them as possible, even for the supply of mere necessities, their Milk, Butter, Eggs, and Garden stuff, are the produce of their own heights. A long range of buildings are inhabited by various workmen and manufacturers, whence they are supplied not only with hands for the repairs of the Convent, &c. but even with shoes, stockings, and their Religious Habits. The number of the Professed amounts to about sixty, but what with Lay Brethren, workmen, and accidental guests, about *four hundred people* are daily fed in and about the Convent. They estimate the annual number of Strangers, whom curiosity leads to visit this Convent, at between *ten and eleven thousand*. My friend, Galate, met me at Grenoble, and accompanied me to the Chartreux. His uncle being Grand Visitor there, we were received with particular distinction by the Pere Coadjutor, whose open countenance, and prepossessing address give pleasing earnest of the informed mind and interesting conversation we afterwards find. Not only myself, but several of my countrymen, as well as the natives of other countries, have been uncommonly pleased with him, and expressed their sense of the civilities they have received, and the light in which the situation of the Convent has struck them, in a book which is presented to them at going away, for the insertion of their names, &c. &c. The unaffected piety, humility, and cordial affection which seems to subsist between the Brethren, and

to breathe as it were one soul through the Con-
vent, is very captivating. * * * *

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The following is a tolerably fair specimen of the Towns and
their environs, on The Cornice.

ABOUT ten miles from Toulon is Hieres. The town is like most other French towns, nasty, gloomy, and of little note, but nothing can be imagined more enchanting than its environs, defended by grand and finely featured Mountains from every nipping blast, and only open to the genial breezes of the South,—Spring, Summer, and Autumn, like the sister Graces, live there in eternal amity. Winter seldom dares shew his rugged face in those happy Shades, or should he approach them with hostile step, would, like Hannibal at Capua, presently feel his rigour softened, and sink, dissolved in pleasure, under the zephyrs, that sport for ever among the branches. Imagine numerous groves, formed wholly of Orange, Lemon, and Citron trees, formed into walks many hundred yards in length, over which the stately Trees form a perfect canopy, glowing with Fruit, and embalming the air with their Flowers. Hills of various cultivation, and rich with Wine and Oil, are drawn round on each side, while the more distant landscape in front offers to the delighted eye Villages and Cottages scattered amidst the verdure of Mea-

dows that stretch to the Sea, whose curling bosom is finely broken by several Islands, and animated by Vessels of all dimensions, and almost all nations, passing to and fro between Italy and France. The common hedges about this favoured spot stand thick with Myrtles, Tamarisks, and Pomegranates, the latter were laden with fruit, through whose cloven sides the bright scarlet seeds within tempted alike the palate and the eye, and though they could not vie in value, at least vied in beauty with the neighbouring Golden Groves ; I may well call them *golden*, as while they delight the possessor's eye and charm his sense, they attach him still more powerfully by filling his purse with that kind of gold which is so much more necessary in the world, and is the master spring of all its actions. One of these Gardens alone, we were assured, yielded a clear revenue of *fourteen hundred pounds a year* to its Owner. From these a great part of France, Savoy, and Switzerland are supplied with Essences and Fruits. What say you to such pleasure grounds ? to such an Eden without the forbidden fruit ? you may imagine my wife's transports in this divine spot ; she has regretted a thousand times that we knew not enough from fame of such a Retreat for the last winter, instead of passing it on the tempestuous banks of the Rhone.

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ON Cottages in general I can never look without a secret, however erroneous, conviction of their owners being at once amongst the happiest and least corrupt of human beings, and should scarcely help despising the man who could view them without a tender delight. I never shall forget the sad revolution my ideas experienced on this subject in Savoy. Amongst my strolls in that beautiful and romantic country, I descried a whitened Cottage, smiling sweetly through its Walnut shade, on the side of a soft hill. The golden Corn waved abundant in its little inclosure, round which the luxuriant Vine wantoned with interlaced tendrils, and laden with the fair promise of a plenteous vintage. Before the door an Arbour was formed, the whole roof of which was embossed with the already swelling clusters; the evening sun sparkled amongst without piercing through its thick foliage, and in it sat an Elderly Man just returned from labour. I accosted him with all that dilation of heart which one feels at the presentiment of humble comfort and content, and asked him if the field, and the Vineyard, and the Walnut trees, and the Cottage were all his own. He answered: "Yes." "How happy are you," cried I, "to possess Corn, and Wine, and Oil, at your own pleasant door, and sufficient for your wants." He shook his head, and smiled as one does at a person who errs in judgment, but from a respectable motive.

“ Ah Sir, I possess it, it is true, but others enjoy the fruits of all these.” “ How,” cried I, “ do you not eat your own Grapes, and your own Bread, drink your own Wine, trim your winter’s lamp with your own Oil?” “ Credit, Sir, the word of a poor but honest man, our taxes are so grievous that I am obliged to sell the produce of all I possess ;” and here he entered his cottage, but returning in a moment, continued : “ The money it yields me, after the kind is paid, hardly suffices to buy me this bread and this oil, and it is rarely that I drink any thing but the water from that brook ; God grant me strength to labour still and I shall be content, for many of my poor countrymen have not even this bread to eat.” And what was it ! black and disgusting to the eye, and nauseous to the taste, for I tasted it that I might retain a deeper sense of my error. You will readily believe that in all my future rambles, whenever I saw a nest of picturesque cottages, the image of the old man started up like a bug-bear to damp my feelings and darken my enjoyments. But I have scarcely left room for my most interesting subject, the famous physiognomist Lavater, of whom you have doubtless heard, and from whom I have received many attentions. His face is pale and penetrating, like Sterne’s monk, but not mild ; keen and eager Attention and Observation hurry about his thin lips, and in his eyes, which search you to the soul, and are yet tempered with so much Benevolence, that you are not afraid of their fire.

Every motion, every look, every gesture, and almost every word marks Enthusiasm engendered by glowing Fancy, active Knowledge, and exquisite Sensibility. Intense thought has forestalled time in furrowing his cheeks, and the fervors of an ardent imagination, continually kindled by new and deep researches, seem to have consumed his flesh, and burned up his colour to ashes. His manners are at once open, vivacious, and simple, with the information of a first rate Understanding, and the captivating cordiality of a warm and good heart, disdainful of little forms, but from right feeling never neglecting those more essential points, that win your confidence and respect. You will not laugh at me for being earnest to hear this extraordinary Genius preach, though wholly ignorant of the German language. Do the Voice, the Air, the Eyes, the Gestures of such a man say nothing? yes! they speak always in the most forcible, and often in the most intelligible language. Mr. Lavater was born an Orator, he seems to move the Passions at his pleasure. His tones are finely varied according to his feelings, and when turned to the pathetic, are irresistible. His Action is equally animated and graceful, so far from being affected or studied, to set off his own eloquence, and work upon the feelings of others, it apparently proceeds from the impulse of the moment, and his natural fire and sensibility. As he preached without notes, his hands were at full liberty; he used them just enough and no

more, without flourish of false pathos, or one wild gesture of flaming enthusiasm. How did I regret that I could not comprehend his words, but I have been well informed that his style is what I suppose it, eloquent, energetic, and full of fire. In short, of all the Preachers I ever saw in the pulpit, he came the nearest in my idea of Apostolic Dignity and Inspiration. He has been a voluminous writer, but his favourite, most extraordinary, and most celebrated work is that on Physiognomy, which he has reduced almost to a system.

You have heard that it is not confined to Man, but extended through the whole living Creation. Of the former, as more strongly marked by the hand of his Maker, and apter for observation, he judges not only from the real presence, but by the portrait, and even shadowy profile, seeming to prefer the latter, as more true to the lines of nature, however wanting in colour and animation, to any thing but the viva persona. In general, he appears to judge of the degrees of Understanding, Genius, and Taste, from the form of the head, the proportion of the fore with the back part of it, the shape of the Forehead, and the angles formed between it, and the other feature, especially the Nose. The leading passions, qualities, and dispositions of the heart he rather reads from the play of the muscles and expression of the countenance, seeming to lay more stress on the mouth and brows than on the eyes. In some points one is inclined to think that his natural warmth of temper has made him push his darling System too

far, yet how be able to decide this without his Science? and how venture to declare against any thing he has advanced from personal knowledge, without having studied his particular subjects as profoundly as himself, and with equal talents and penetration? one thing is certain, that his virtuous, upright, and every way respectable principles exclude, in the eye of candour, the slightest suspicion of Imposture, or a wish to erect a Fabric to Vanity on the sandy foundation of Credulity and Poverty. Nor is it less sure that his Divinations have in a thousand instances been surprisingly just. I had almost forgotten to mention among Lavater's excellencies his fine talent for Poetry; he has written a great number of Songs in praise of the Government, Simplicity, Courage, Manners, &c. &c. of his Country, and a commemoration of the most famous Exploits of his Countrymen, which are esteemed the best in the language, and sung with enthusiasm at all the public Assemblies in Switzerland; but his other arduous studies prevent his cultivating this charming Talent as much as one could wish. I have seen the celebrated Poet Gesner, his eye marks Genius, but he is a coarse vulgar every day man to Lavater.

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As there is a kind of Knowledge which is apt to be dogmatical and disgusting, so is there a species of Ignorance that is interesting and almost sacred. The poor Peasant's simple offering of Flowers to his humble Saint, in a nich by the way-side, has often interested me, and their perfumes are, I doubt not, often wafted to heaven; but I look with cold contempt on the costly offerings of the Great, which are generally the tribute of Ostentation, or wrung from them by Terror in the hours of sickness and peril. Of the latter, an immense treasure is preserved, and with great delight and vain glory displayed at Enseidlen. Nothing can be more absurd than these arrangements, or heterogeneous than their forms and nature. To pass over the rest,—would you not start back with mingled emotion and derision, disgust and scorn, from the sight of all kinds of Human Bones, sanctified with the name of some Martyr, and dressed up in Satin and Velvet, and sparkling with Gold and Silver. But what are these to half a dozen entire Skeletons of pretended Saints, arrayed in sumptuous robes, their poor skulls plastered all over with Coloured Stones, and discovering through their open breasts (which are *hollow* like many other of their vaunted Brethren) their ribs and back bones embroidered with Jewels in the most clumsy and fantastic manner. Several had Green Silk gloves on, and seemed to step daintily in Velvet shoes, with Roses of Jewels, while

their mouths grinned horribly the ghastly smile of Death, and the Sockets of their Eyes goggled at you with protuberant lumps of large Pearls. What a shocking prodigality of Riches ! and how absurd and loathsome to see the wretched Carcasses of the Dead adorned with the pomps and vanities that even dishonour the Living.

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NEAR Soleure, and deep in the shady dells of Mount Jura, we visited a Hermitage happily placed under the protection of a bold and bare Rock, adorned with a tufted topknot of Firs. Another rock of similar height and feature, leaned forward as if to meet it on the other side, and a murmuring Brook of limpid water edged the narrow path between them with its winding course. A Chapel, of different features, springs as it were out of the side of each rock, to one of which we mount by a light Bridge thrown across the stream ; and by a steep flight of Stone Steps to the other.

One of these Houses of Piety was laboured out of the very bosom of the Rock, by the First Hermit who fixed on this sweet solitude, and is of considerable depth ; the entrance roomy and lofty,

but narrowing and lowering as we advance to what may be called the Choir.

I fear the fervour of my Devotion would ill defend me from the humidity of the spongy roof and walls. A little Platform at the entrance, which is covered with a Portico, supported by four light Columns, has a most pleasing effect. Nor less picturesque is the Bell which appears at the summit of the Cliff, suspended in a Turret which peeps partially through the dark shade.

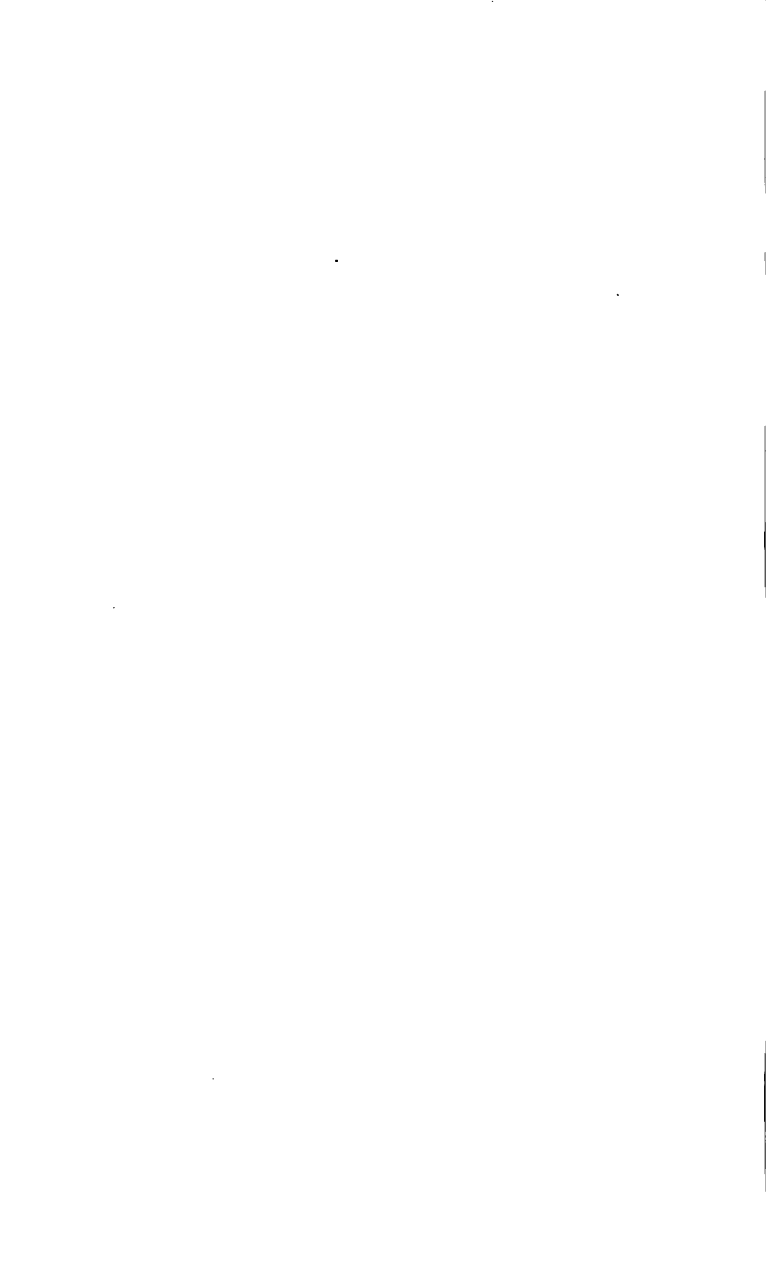
Hard by, and beneath the arching extremity of the same rock, is an Oratoire enclosed with palisades, within which are seen full length figures of our Saviour and His Apostles, reclining on a bank of moss, with miniature models of the Old and New Jerusalem over their heads. The Lamp depending from the roof, has a soothing and solemn effect, especially in the Evening.

A little wooden Bridge, with a picturesque Portal, and a Fountain at its threshold, leads over the brook to the Hermit's simple Cell, and to a little walled Garden overshadowed by a few old Walnut Trees. An aged Dog and two Hens compose his entire establishment, the sole companions of his melancholy hours. His Costume much resembles that of an ordinary Rustic; he is far advanced in years, and his manner is simple and subdued.

The winding path which leads to this romantic Retirement, the deep impressive shades around, the solemn moaning of the Wind, and the plaintive

cadences of the Streamlet, enhanced by an *échappée de vue* between the rocks of a few quiet pastures, quickly shut in by the semicircular heights of Mount Jura, altogether perfectly realize our conceptions of Eremitical Solitude, and its sublime repose.







Note.

THAT indefatigable and single-hearted Commentator on the Ancient Things of The Catholic Church, whom Warburton superciliously or enviously calls "*Fuller the Buffoon*," hath the following passage upon Painted Glass so quaintly moralized, that it seems well worthy of a place among memorials wherein the eulogies of that gorgeous manufacture of the Monastic Ages are so profusely emblazoned.

"I was lately satisfied in what I heard of before, by the confession of an excellent Artist, (the most skilful in any kind are most willing to acknowledge their ignorance) that the mystery of ANNEALING OF GLASS, that is, baking it so that the Colour may go through it, is now by some casualty quite lost in England, if not in Europe.

"Break a piece of Red Glass, painted some* Four Hundred years since, and it will be found as red in the middle as in the outsides; the Colour is not only on it, but in it, and through it.

* Observe, Fuller wrote this exactly Two Hundred years ago. His "*Good Thoughts in Bad Times*," was printed at Exeter, in 1645.

“Whereas, now all Art can perform is only to fix the Red on one side of the Glass, and that ofttime so faint and fading, that within few years it falleth off, and looketh piebald to the eye.

“I suspect a more important Mystery is much lost in our Age, viz. the transmitting of true Piety clean through the Heart, that a Man become inside and outside alike. Oh! the Sincerity of the ancient Patriarchs, inspired Prophets, holy Apostles, patient Martyrs, and pious Fathers of the Primitive Church! whereas only outside Sanctity is too usual in our Age. Happy the man on whose Monument that character of Asa, 1 Kings, xv. 14., may be truly inscribed for his Epitaph: ‘Here lieth the Man whose heart was perfect with the Lord all his days.’ ‘HEART PERFECT,’ OH, THE FINEST OF WARES! ‘ALL HIS DAYS,’ OH, THE LARGEST OF MEASURES!”



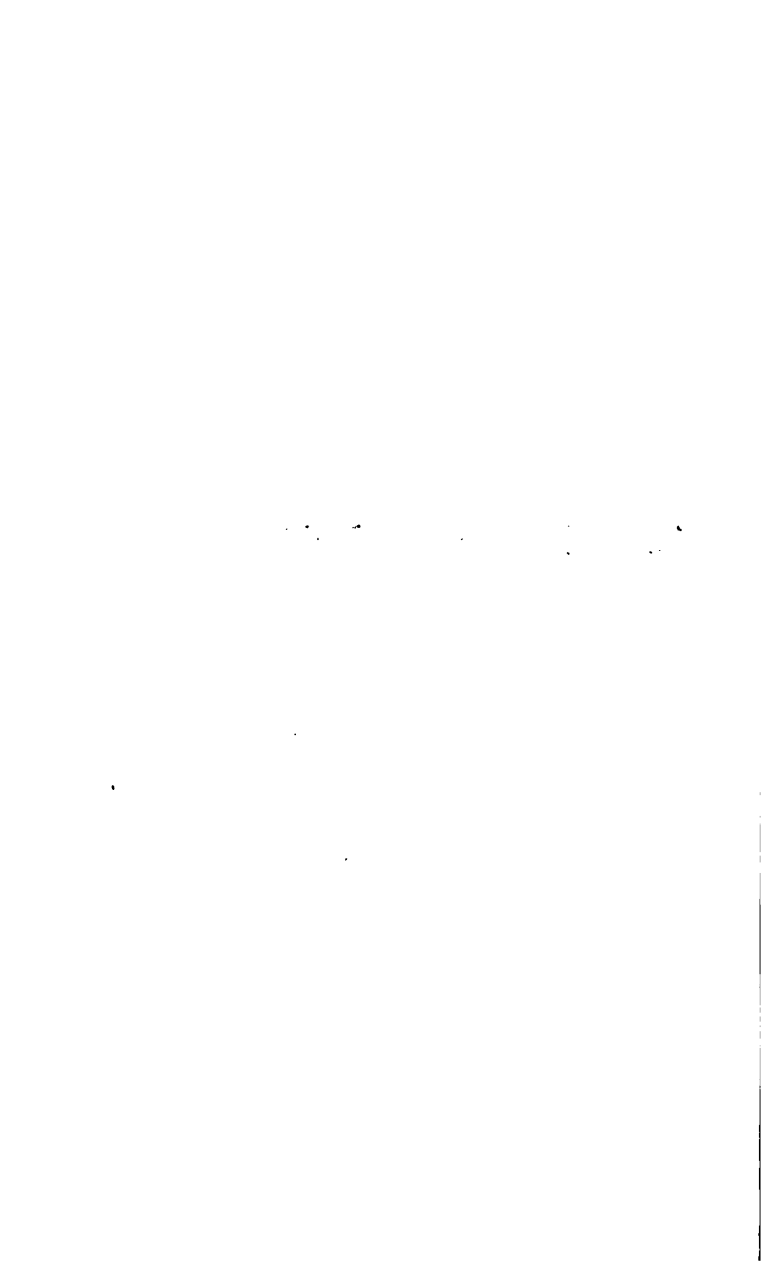




The Box of Pandora.

A Colloquy with Erasmus.







" Must it be so? And must I ravel out
My weaved-up Follies? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy Offences were upon Record,
Would it not shame thee, in so fair a Troop,
To read a Lecture on them?"

KING RICHARD II.

HEAR, O illustrious Desiderius! from thy grass-grown
Sepulchre, among the red Cloister-arches and Ar-
morial Monuments of *BASILIA*;* hear me beneath the
mighty Woodlands and Manorial Palaces of Kent, de-
sirous to cleanse my pages of much perilous stuff by an
Interview with thy venerable Shade.

And to whom should I so reasonably appeal, in my
present predicament, as to thyself, seeing thou wert the
Great Coeval of The Press, the Bosom Friend and House-
hold Guest of Aldus Manutius at Venice, the Agamemnon
of the Reformation, as Luther was its Achilles, the dread
Antagonist of Error, and so intolerant of *Errata*, that thou
art known to have protested thou wouldst rather have
given a Pursefull of Golden Crowns, than have overlooked
a grievous Typographical Misdemeanour which tarnished
the lustre of a Treatise dedicated to a certain Dame of
Quality, thy munificent and honoured Patroness.

True, I cannot carry my predilection so far as to cry,

" Malle^m ERRARE cum Erasmo!"

* The Italian name for Basil or Basle.

but thus much I may say, without hazarding the imputation of Sycophancy, that

“ Since to my share some ‘ *Printed* ’ Errors fall,”

I would infinitely prefer the shelter of thy great Name for the unlucky Changelings, to exposing them before the invidious scrutiny of the public, unprotected by such a Telamonian shield.

Exposed, somehow or another, they inevitably must be; and I have always profoundly revered that Machiavellian Maxim,

“ EVER BE THE FIRST TO AVOW SUCH FAULTS IN YOURSELF,
AS MUST BE DETECTED, WHETHER YOU AVOW THEM OR NOT;”

the Confession itself gives an air of charming Candour to your character, disarms the surliness of criticism, and drops a coquettish veil over the very Defects it professes to divulge.

Nevertheless I cannot endure the nauseous practice of placarding the poor things upon a loose slip, like the Label on the Apothecary’s Phial, more distasteful than the Draught which it indicates within.

No! let me rather communicate to thee, O sublime Shadow! what I cannot ultimately conceal from the world; so that the humiliating disclosures emerging, as it were, from the solemn sanctuary of thy Cathedral Home, and, in a manner, enmantled with thy majestic Shroud, may experience a degree of compassionate respect, which, under a less illusory guise, they could scarcely anticipate.

“ To *err* is human,” singeth the Poet; ah, would it were not also *diabolical*! as, in reference to the Ministering Angels of Faust and Güttemberg, it too often is.

“ But this eternal Blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. *List, list, O list!*”

First of all, then, Page 39 shews me, and through me, *thee*, O redoubtable* Professor of the Cam! that I have permitted to pass muster the chronological term "Olympiad" in place of the triumphal lay, "Olympic"—that clarion epithet, associated with all the glories of Elis; the refulgent meridian, emblazing with sightless gold the Temple of Jupiter; the blue rushing of the Alphæus beneath his aged Olive groves; and the broad meadows of Olympia surrendering their verdure to those brazen Chariots of rich Heroic Sculpture, Steeds worthy the immortality of Pentelic Marbles, and Youthful Candidates for glory, naked and radiant as that great Luminary, in whose full blaze they strove. For this Bæotian delinquency, if I do not kiss the Rod *now*, the Rod, of a surety, would have kissed *me* some years ago; or if my skin had then escaped from jeopardy, my feathers would have suffered at a more recent period, when I should infallibly have forfeited all title to that mystic Password of The Schools, "TESTAMUR;" and realizing Plato's definition of a Man, been reduced to the condition of a Michaelmas Goose.

To continue! as the Beadle said to the Cutpurse, when he gave him the first lash.

At Page 53, I find myself, through the malignant agency of the subordinate Genii of the Press,—placed, to my infinite disgust, in the prædicament of a modern Iconoclast, barbarously exorcising the umbratile divinity from her Grotto, and enshrining on her pedestal an empty name.

It should have been *Numen*—it is *Nomen*! And I asseverate, O Seer of Rotterdam! that no Men but those

* Erasmus was the Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity at Cambridge.

Men, who are in reality no Men,* would have perpetrated such an outrage on "The Nymph with azure eye" as to thrust her from the wall into the kennel, or maybe drown her in the waters of her own Fountain! Why it is a case for that tremendous Rhadamanthus, THE TIMES himself, to take up, heading it, "Ruffianly Assault," and concluding with an admonition to the Sitting Magistrate!

Since, however, through thy humane (or rather angelical) interference, New Men will now supersede No Men, we may trust that the Roman Undine will be satisfied with NOMINAL DAMAGES.

Next, cast thy regards upon Page 75; there wilt thou find that cerulean jewel surnamed from the turban and scimitar of the Turcoman (where it loved to appear), Turquoise, metamorphosed into the Barbaric Collar or Torse of twisted gold, which caused that Roman Murderer of his son to be called Torquatus. Well might I exclaim with Shylock,

"Thou torturest me, Tubal!

It was my Turquoise!"

MERCHANT OF VENICE, ACT III. SCENE I.

If this stir thee not, behold the Hundred and Fortieth Page, or rather, *listen*, if those melancholy gusts, moaning round thy Sepulchral Quadrangle, will permit thee,—listen to the discord of this line:

"While Wilds immeasurably spread,"

which should have been, as every shiney urchin knows, "*Where* wilds." Ugh! I protest a Railway Whistle were an Æolian Lyre compared to such a dissonance!

And now, oh Encomiast of Folly! awake, arise, and, from those twilight Woods of the Aldobrandini, glide

* To wit, the Imps aforesaid.

through the wizzard Frescoes and monastic Corridors of Pisa, at Page 151, and thou wilt, in more than one sense,

“ Destroy thy sight
With a new Gorgon !”

forthere thou wilt discover The Campo Santo, that honoured freight of the Mitred Ubaldo's fifty well manned barks, as completely “ *unsexed*” as Lady Macbeth herself could have wished to be ; and, in fact, as Fanny Squeers says of Nicholas Nickleby, “ A disgrace to his Gender !” See ! they have printed it Campo Santa !!!

By this time I perceive that my Tale of Horrors (for “ *Horrors*” read “ *Errors*,”) has produced a due impression, for

“ Thy canonized and inhearsed Bones
Have burst their cearments ;”

and, at Page 158, thou art clambering up The Superga, just in time to find thy ci-devant Brethren of the Cowl and Cell comfortably settled in the category of Nonentities by the omission of the single word “ but.”

Thence pass we on to the Münsterthal at Page 193 ; that Valley of Nature's Architecture, where Church, and Castle, and Tower, and Portico, and Terraces of pillared Arcades, have been modelled from the Mountains by Time and Tempest ; and thy sardonic smile will point out the word “ stream ” repeated thrice in twelve lines :

“ Insatiate Archer ! * could not one suffice ;

Thy shaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain.”

But this error was perfectly suicidal ; 'twas “ an aspersion on my parts of speech,” which my own grey Goose-quill alone could have perpetrated .

Enough ! I tremble beneath thy supercilious sternness ; but spare me this once :

* Young's Night Thoughts.

“ *Nec tange sublimi Flagello !*”

and, hovering over the nonpareil Palaces of Nuremberg, thou wilt discern at Page 242 a Verb singular married to, and (of course) governed by, Two Nouns plural. Now, whether it be Grammatical, Connubial, or Sacerdotal, can there be a Singularity more highly reprehensible than such a Plurality ?

Then, too, at Page 248, right ruggedly will thine Eido-lon knit its discontented brows to observe that

“ The farcéd Title running 'fore the King,”

in the Quotation here misprinted, so far from *running*, doth not even *stand* before the King ; and, indeed, is indebted to this humiliating Catalogue of Blemishes for the privilege of appearing before him *at all*. This is the more intolerable, because hitherto the Word has uniformly shared the enviable distinction enjoyed by Madam Blaize in the Ballad :

“ The King himself has followed her
When she has walked before.”

FINALLY, (oh joyful word ! oh happy hour ! whether at the close of a somnolent Homily, or a tedious Brochure !) finally cast thy Parthian glance upon Page Two Hundred and Sixty-five,

“ Which else LIES ;”

it does indeed !

“ And lies like Truth, and yet most truly lies !”

Forbid the Banns, oh thou Pillar of Erudition ! forbid the Banns of this unseemly Alliance, decline to conjugate this False Concord,

“ Which else lies ”

open to that anathema of the Lady Constance, launched against all unequal Matches :*

“ Gone to be married ! Gone to swear a Peace !
False blood with false Blood joined !
It cannot be ! Thou hast misspoke, misheard ;—
Be well advised ! *Tell o'er thy Tale again.*”

With this summary and somewhat comprehensive suggestion for a *Revisal of Mistakes*, I close the Inventory, to my great contentment ; and the rather, since I perceive, O much enduring Spectre ! that thou art meditating a retreat, *bongré malgré*, to thy peaceful Lair in yonder old towery Temple of the Rhine. At any rate that evident approximation of thy venerable Visage to the dread dimensions of a yawn, too plainly intimates that if I have not discovered the Longitude,—*Thou hast !*

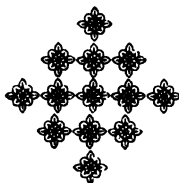
Return, then, to thy Repose ; the volatile contents of my Pandora's Box, have, by this time, made themselves air—

But Hope, the Charmer, lingers yet behind.

Return to thy Repose ! and now,—

Laissez Aller !

* Tragedy of King John, Act iii. Scene 1.







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* This amiable enthusiasm of the Florentine Prelate is not altogether without a precedent, since we find the illustrious Syrian Leper, in the first transports of gratitude for his miraculous recovery, soliciting from Elisha a freight of Israelitish Earth; in order that he might transport, to the Palm Groves of Damascus, a memorial of that Palestine, compared with whose balsamic Waters the vaunted tides of Abana and Pharphar shrank into insignificance, and a fitting foundation for that destined Altar of which he had protested—

“Thy servant will henceforth offer neither Burnt offering nor Sacrifice unto other Gods, but unto THE LORD.”—2 KINGS, v. 17.

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